







FRONTISPIECE.



Albenia,
OR
A TRAGICAL POEM,
ON THE
OPPRESSION OF THE HUMAN SPECIES;
AND
INFRINGEMENT
ON THE
RIGHTS OF MAN.
IN FIVE BOOKS.

With Notes Explanatory and Miscellaneous.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

—A NEW EDITION.—

*To which is added the Constitution of the State
of Pennsylvania.*

BY THOMAS BRANAGAN.

Author of Preliminary Essays, Serious Remonstrance, Penitential Tyrant, &c. &c.

"Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter and his prey was man."

POPE.

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DESCRIPTION

OF

THE FRONTISPIECE.

IT is intended as a contrast between practical slavery and professional liberty, and suggests to the citizens of the American States the following important distich:

*" Sons of Columbia, bear this truth in time,
He who allows oppression shares the crime."*

The temple of Liberty, with the motto of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which would as well become her sister states, is displayed: the Goddess, in a melancholy attitude, is seated under the Pillar of our Independence, bearing in her hand the Sword of Justice surmounted by the Cap of Liberty, while one foot rests on the Cornu copiar, and the Ensign of America appear at her side. She is looking majestically sad on the African Slaves landed on the shores of America, who are brought into view, in order to demonstrate the hypocrisy and villainy of professing to be votaries of liberty, while, at the same time, we encourage, or countenance, the most ignoble slavery.

Sept - Miss Sue Quinlan

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ADVERTISEMENT

THE dignity and importance of the subsequent Poem, as it respects its DESIGN and not its COMPOSITION, encourage the author to offer this edition to the patronage of the citizens of America; being convinced that they will not be deficient in their characteristic generosity, when the circumstances which gave rise to the publication are impartially considered.

The cause of freedom is their own cause, and must attract the notice of every republican, and every votary of religion and humanity.

The author anticipates particular satisfaction in the opportunity this edition affords him of acknowledging with the most grateful sensations, the generous patronage afforded his antecedent publications — a patronage which far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and which can only be equalled by the unfeigned thankfulness and sentiments of respect, with which he subscribes himself the public's most obliged servant.

PREFACE.

OF all the diversified publications which may be productive of public utility, there is none more deserving of general attention than the subject of our choice. The primary cause of the annihilation of modern as well as ancient republics, was the lassitude of their citizens, in not guarding with indefatigable assiduity, the Palladium of their social and religious rights, and investigating the basis of their political and unalienable privileges. The freedom and happiness of Adam's family, are objects which equally merit the consideration of the savage and the sage, the peasant and the philosopher, the historian and the divine. On a subject of such importance, many authors, both in the old and new world, have written; several of whose performances are justly eulogized as works of sterling merit.— But I must say few have had the opportunity

of gaining the practical information on this subject, which providence has put in my power ; and none can be under more cogent obligations to expose the barbarities of my accomplices in tyranny, than I undoubtedly am. It will appear evident to every discerning mind, that I am perfectly correct when I affirm, that this subject is imperiously momentous to the people of America, and is essentially connected with their interest and their honour. Liberty, disrobed and in tears, has been chas'd round the globe, has been banished from every government in the world, but the federal government of the United States.— Hither has she fled for refuge, here she hopes to find a permanent assylum ; here she looks to be defended from the incursions of tyranny.

What must forcibly interest the reader, is, the melancholy consideration that the following poem is drawn from real life; it is, alas ! far from being the phantom of a novelist or

romancer. The principal scenes depicted are transacted every year. The catastrophes resulting from the *inhuman* commerce of the *human* species, are in reality far more tragical. Many of the events recorded I have been scrupulous in particularizing, and no matter is admitted in the notes, but what is of undisputed authenticity. In rendering an account of those famous, or rather infamous tyrants, who have so long signalized themselves by their unparalleled brutality, I have, in conjunction with my own personal knowledge, availed myself of the most unexceptionable documents which my obscure situation and local circumstances would allow me to procure. Perspecuity instead of elegance, utility instead of method, the development of truth instead of the flowers of rhetoric, have been my primary objects in the prosecution of the work.

In the present performance, in common with many others, literary inaccuracies and de-

viations from the rules of composition, will no doubt be recognised ; but the reader must remember that in the execution of the work, I have laboured under many formidable disadvantages, and interruptions, resulting from domestic avocations, &c. that part of the poem was written some years past, when I had little expectation of submitting it to the inspection of the public ; and in transcribing it for publication, I found it utterly impracticable to arrange it systematically ; and that I could not without the basest ingratitude procrastinate the work, especially as its objects were, the vindication of injured innocence, not reputation ; the good, and not the praise of man. For the plaudits of the great I will not sue, their censures I do not fear. Without spending one thought on those futile considerations, I will advocate the rights of man, being well convinced that when I drop the curtain of mortality I will be perfectly insensible both to the one and to the other. These considerations, with others that might be ad-

duced, will no doubt apologize for obvious imperfections in my arrangements ; and let it be remembered, that many sanguine animadversions, and literal repetitions in this work are the spontaneous effusions of a grateful heart, dictated by the unutterable thankfulness I feel to that wise beneficent Being, who—great in goodness and good in greatness, wrought that conviction in my mind, which enabled me to relinquish the wages of unrighteousness, and to prefer virtue clothed in rags, to vice arrayed in gold, and who now strengthens and stimulates me for to forego my native diffidence and pride, and regardless of the despot's frown, and the critic's sneer, to exhibit to popular execration, the legal barbarity of the traitors and tyrants of mankind.

Whatever reception this work may meet with, the Omniscient is my witness that my motives are disinterested and pure, and that I have used my very best endeavours to ac-

commo-date it to the various tastes of the different classes of readers. They whom an enlightened taste and liberal education have made proficient in literature, will be thoroughly sensible how very difficult it must be to accomplish such an object ; and they will no doubt, not only be the first to discern, but the most ready to pardon those errors, into which so hazardous an attempt may perhaps have betrayed me. They will nurture, rather than nip, the smallest bud of genius, to its full blossom, and will finally with the soft and gentle hand of candour, draw a veil over literary errors, and permit the merits of the cause and the purity of my motives to plead my excuse.

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ADDRESS

To the Public.



THE present edition of *Avenia*, has been corrected and revised by a respectable physician of Philadelphia, of course it will be more acceptable to the benevolent, and to the intelligent reader, than those hitherto published. No doubt in future years, when the villany concomitant with the slave trade, is properly ascertained and detested by mankind, the present poem will be more generally admired and circulated than it has yet been. The ingenious and judicious critic perhaps will recognise errors in composition, even in the present revised edition ; but when he remembers for a moment the circumstances of the poem, the discouragements and impediments the author laboured under in the prosecution of the work, as well as

his obvious philanthropy, surely he must be void of a particle of candour, tenderness, or even humanity, if he will not draw the mantle of love over such inaccuracies. What renders it doubly his duty thus to act, is the humble acknowledgments of the author in two of his subsequent publications, relative to Avenia, and which I beg leave to subjoin to the present address. The first is taken from the second edition of the Penitential Tyrant, page 47, and reads thus: “As a final answer to the animadversions of critics, who may be inclined to censure me for taking Homer for my model and pattern as a poet, I will here transcribe a paragraph applicable to this point.

“It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet as in Homer,” says Pope in his preface to the translation of Homer’s *Iliad*, page 6—9, “though all have assisted themselves with a great quantity out of his works: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce

any comparisons which are not drawn from his master. They have followed him in every episode and part of his story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archimorus. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be sent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil, and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of

Troy, were copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason, with several others in the same manner."

"If, therefore, the greatest and most celebrated authors have been allowed with impunity to copy the writers who preceded them, surely the same privilege may be allowed to the least, and most obscure. Yet I must say, the plan and arrangement of the subsequent poem are perfectly original. It is a well known fact, however unwilling pedantic writers may be to own it, that all authors, without exception, are dependent upon their predecessors for information.—Some can transpose more perfectly—can imitate more acutely than others, but all are nevertheless dependent. Indeed a man of a remarkably retentive memory, may write the sentiments of authors he has read without any references, which the critic may recognise, although the writer may be ignorant of such sentiments being another's. In short, it is utterly im-

possible for any author, painter, musician, or mechanic, to become a proficient in his particular art without imitation.

If the most censorious critic would candidly consider the motives by which I am actuated in taking up my pen to vindicate the cause of suffering humanity, would he but for one moment reflect on the cogent obligations I lie under so do to, these considerations would no doubt be able to shield me from the shafts of criticism. However, if good men approve of my philanthropic endeavours for the welfare of my cotemporaries, critics may disapprove with the greatest welcome ; the plaudits of men I do not solicit, and their sneers I do not deprecate ; for I endeavour to be equally indifferent to transitory fame, as I am to mercenary accumulation, which any person may easily ascertain to be a fact, from the unsystematical arrangement of my writings."

The second quotation is taken from his preface to the *Pleasures of Death*, page 10, and reads as follows :

“ The diction and arrangement of the Paternal Dirge needs an apology. Although I have written much poetry, I absolutely disclaim the title of Poet. Nature alone can make one. There are many who write verses in the commonwealth of literature, but few, very few of them are poets. I remember when I was a novice at composition, that I thought myself a considerable poet. And it was this vanity which induced me with the boldness to write my *Avenia*, a tragical poem in five books, in imitation of Homer's *Iliad*. And I now in the face of the world, debit myself for all the inelegance of composition and doggerel versification in that work, and credit my master with all the beauties in it; and also in the *Penitential Tyrant*.

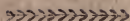
“ There are many such boobies, who because they can write a few doggerel verses in a Hymn or Elegy, fancy themselves excellent proficient in the art, when in fact they are no more poets than kings.”

“ In the present enlightened age, a man must truly be an original genius, if he ever shine as a poet, and merit the laurel crown to grace his brow. Nevertheless I feel a great predilection in favour of the subject matter of *Avenia*, though the most imperfect as well as the first of my works ; because I know by experience, it is as true as it is tragical. And when African slavery is generally exploded, I hope it may be corrected and revised by some literary friend, and pass through more editions than it has yet done.”

PUBLISHER.

AVENIA.

BOOK I.



ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION....A short description of the fertility and beauty of Africa, and the simple pleasures of its inhabitants...The arrival of the slave ships...Hospitality of a Native....Treachery of the traders...They surprise the inhabitants in their artless jolity....The youths resist and are murdered, and the females conveyed to the ships....Warriors in a distant town receive the intelligence by a youth who escaped....They fly to arms...The war commences...Description of the leader of the sable forces....His lamentation for his murdered wife.

AVENIA.

BOOK I.

AWAKE my Muse, the inharmonious strain !
I sing of arms on Afric's crimson'd plain :
Of war, 'gainst Afric's sons by Christians wag'd,
With all the accursed love of Gold enrag'd.
What pen can half their villanies record !
What tongue can count the slaughters of their sword !
Give me, my muse, thy melancholy bard,
Give me to paint their guilt and their reward !
But ere these deeds of carnage I rehearse,
Aid me to trace in less discordant verse
The native virtues of the sable train,
And grandeur of their own paternal plain :
Where, fraught with fragrance, crops luxuriant grow,
Where cornels, blushing on the hawthorn glow.
Where with soft tendrils the rich clust'ring vine,
Doth round its friend, the aged elm entwine,
And tow'ring oaks their shadowy branches spread,
O'er the fat herds that on their fruit are fed ;
Where stately palm trees form a cool retreat,
To screen the native from the sultry heat ;
Where all the various tenants of the wood

Prowl on in safety, and enjoy their food,
Or satiate by the limpid streams abide,
And slumber, as the murmuring waters glide,
Where each harmonious warbler of the grove
Recounts its Maker's wisdom, truth and love,
While the rich flow'rets spread their varied dyes,
And from ambrosial groves sweet odours rise:
There *Heathens* made terrestrial bliss their own,
To *Christians*, and their bloody arts unknown;
Each humble cottage was a calm retreat,
Ne'er purchas'd by the riches of the great;
With happiness and peace, and plenty crown'd
The artless Natives led their daily round:
No soldiers here in glittering armour stood,
To guard the despot or await his nod.—
Fearless they tripp'd along the verdant meads,
While crimson garlands crown'd their sable heads;
Or from the meads, along the briny main,
Or silver rills that bubbled through the plain,
Or nodding woods with purpled beauties crown'd,
Breathing their aromatic fragrance round.
The aged Monarch on the peaceful throne,
Rul'd with a sway to *Christian* kings unknown,
His boundless reign the distant realms confest,
His people blessing—by his people blest
To cheer his age, the sweet AVENIA strove,
With all the blandishments of filial love,

His only daughter she—his only joy ;
 And brave LOUVERTURE was his eldest boy.
 But for AVENIA, kings and heroes burn'd
 With ardent love, and still their passion mourn'd :
 For ANGOLA the royal maid address'd,
 Whose birth, youth, beauty, far excell'd the rest.
 They saw and lov'd, and still their passion grew,
 More pure and tender at each interview.
 While brave ANGOLA void of lust or fears,
 Express'd his hope, or spake his joy in tears.
 Oft in the jess'mine bower, or sylvan grove,
 They spent the fleeting hours in virtuous love——
 To crown their hopes : to dissipate their fears,
 The long expected bridal day appears !
 And now perform'd the hymeneal rites,
 With rustic pomp the nuptial feast delights ;
 Thro' flow'ry fields the new made bride is led
 With songs of triumph to the spotless bed.
 While joyful dancers in a circle bound,
 To the soft lute, and banjoe's silver sound.
 The sable Nymphs now trip the scented mead,
 With myrtle wreaths adorn *Avenia's* head ;
 The joyful youths, engag'd in harmless play ;
 And games heroic, pass the hours away ;
 These raise the warlike sound, and those advance,
 In measur'd steps to form the mazy dance ;
 On beds of roses some are stretch'd along,
 And charm the enraptur'd ear with sweetest song ;

Others beneath the scented groves are laid,
And quaff, and feast them in the fragrant shade.
The generous palm wine the short joys enhance,
And moves them to renew the mazy dance ;
And as they sing and symphonize around, ||
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

But soon, alas ! will sounds of anguish flow,
And joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe.
For while they fearless trip the flow'ry plain,
The artful *Christians* plow the liquid main;
Approach the golden coast—the whistling gales,
Drive their huge ships, and fill the swelling sails ;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil the blustering sky,
Through darkness, clouds and hurricanes they fly ;
Tho' tempests rage and swell the surging main,
The seas e'en swell, the tempest rage in vain.
One blissful day and night was all the share
Of happiness allow'd the wedded pair ;
For now each twinkling star had fled away,
Before the glory of the dawning day !
And bright Aurora left her watry bed,
And rear'd above the waves her dazzling head,
When lo ! the Golden Coast appear'd in view,
Near, and more near the treacherous vessels drew ;
And tilting o'er the waves that heav'd below,
Reach'd Afric's coast—Dread ministers of woe !
So from the beach are mighty serpents seen.
Rolling incumbent on the troubled main,

By the fierce tempests borne, their spires they raise;
 Fold above fold, in many a tow'ry maze:
 Beneath their speckled breasts the waters glow,
 Their crimson crests inflame the deep below;
 O'er the vast flood, extended far and wide,
 Their curling backs, lie floating on the tide;
 Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
 As the tremendous monsters reach the shore.

The ships now anchor'd in the winding bay,
 As the devoted towns in prospect lay;
 The *baptiz'd ruffians* meet in council join'd,
 While dreadful plans engage each hellish mind.
 And all in horrid unity conclude
 To entrap by fraud, then bathe their swords in blood.
 Forth from the ships they send their boats well mann'd;
 Which quick disgorge their contents on the land.
 Five artful villains now direct their way,
 Thro' woodland shades (the rest in ambush lay)
 And as by streams with cedars overhung,
 Or through the groves they cautious steal along,
 Like hungry wolves when clouds involve the day,
 Their savage eyeballs glare in quest of prey;
 Not sought in vain—for at his rustic gate,
 Unconscious of alarm, old *Ango* sate,
 Around his mansion, in a circle rear'd
 With honest toil, a portico appear'd,
 Of mud and stone. A fence of native thorn,
 Serv'd to defend his hut, and to adorn.

Soon as th' impostors near th' inclosure drew,
With open mouths three furious mastiffs flew,
To arrest their course, while the insidious band
With feign'd humility, at distance stand,
Till beckon'd to approach the good man's door ;
They obey, and thus his succour they implore :
“ Helpless, defenceless, on a foreign land,
Behold keen misery before thee stand,
Outcasts we rove, familiar with the storms,
Inur'd to wretchedness in all its forms.
O let soft pity touch thy generous breast,
'Tis what the happy owe to the distressed :
'Tis what our God requires—our God revere,
The poor and strangers are his constant care.
'Twice ten tempestuous days we roll'd resign'd:
To roaring billows, and the boistrous wind ;
Heaven bade the deep to spare—at heaven's com-
mand
The winds and waves have borne us to your land.
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
Ours is the suffering, but the sin is thine.”

This said the generous *Ango* thus began,
In accents soothing, gracious and humane.
“ Welcome, unhappy strangers, to my gate,
Forbear a while your sorrows to relate ;
But enter this my homely roof and see,
That 'tis not void of hospitality.
Enough of woes already have I known,

Enough of others' sorrows and my own."
 He spake and seconding the kind request,
 Conducted to his hut each unknown guest ;
 A brindled lion's hide beneath them spread,
 And with fresh rushes heap'd the ample bed ;
 Girding his garments round his sable waist,
 Forth hied the swain with hospitable haste ;
 Straight to the lodgment of his herd he sped,
 Where, for his faithless guests, the fattest bled ;
 Which, dress'd in haste, on hissing coals he threw,
 And, smoking, back the savory viand drew.
 Then with delight he on the board display'd,
 The ready meal, before the strangers laid,
 And sat, companion of the friendly feast,
 With open look, and thus bespake each guest :
 " Now, take with freedom what our hands prepare,
 Such food as falls to simple servant's share.
 'Twas heav'n that sent you to my humble door,
 'Tis heav'n relieves the stranger and the poor ;
 Taught by the parent of the human race,
 Whose image shines in every human face,
 To colour, unconfin'd, my bowels move,
 To the distress'd in sympathetic love."

The villains swill the wine, devour the feast,
 While schemes of treach'ry ripen in each breast.
 But skilled in simulation they forbear—
 And thus to their inquiring host declare :
 " Through various seas by various perils tost,
 And forced by storms unwilling to your coast,

Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Behold the relics of a Russian band.
No base design, no meditated end,
Lurks in our breast, thou sympathizing friend ;
Sincere our aim——witness thou God of love,
And all ye first born sons of light above ;
Witness O earth, and thou great orb of light;
And ye fell subjects of the realms of night,
Who punish sinners, and dread woes prepare,
For all that lie, and all who falsely swear ;
If we deceive, may heav'n its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike each guilty head.”
To whom good *Ango*. “ Friends relate no more.
Welcome ye tread our hospitable shore ;
Mine be the task your sorrows to relieve,
To cheer your hearts, nor let affliction grieve.
Bear ye with souls resign'd the will of Jove ;
Who lives must mourn, our woes are from above.
Of all that breathe, or grov'ling creep the earth,
Man is most vain ; calamitous by birth ;
To day with power elate, in strength he blooms ;
The haughty creature on that power presumes :
Anon from heav'n a sad reverse he feels,
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heav'n the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful as his bliss or woe,
Too high when prosp'rous, when distress'd, too low.
Man then should ne'er be proud, but firm in mind,
Bear blessings humbly : be to ills resign'd.”

He spake—The ruffians all at once display, }
 Their arms, and evil for his good repay, }
 Force him, with all his family, away. }
 His wife and daughters serve their brutal lust,
 His sons resent, and bite the crimson'd dust.
 With pond'rous chains they load his generous hands,
 And drag him from his dear paternal lands.
 Their course they now pursue along the main,
 And as they approach the artless sable train :
 With their smooth tongues they gain them to their
 mind,
 For words deceive the best of human kind ,
 As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
 The artful fisher casts the insidious food,
 With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
 And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies ;
 With equal artifice, with equal care,
 The treach'rous foe the sable maids insnare.
 A sudden trust now confidently grew,
 And smiling children round the ruffians drew ;
 " Give me some beads," the fearless damsel cries;
 " Haste then," the cunning slaver thus replies,"
 " To yon grand ship, there riches we'll bestow,
 Nor doubt our word, nor fear an artful foe."
 Each siez'd a youthful maiden's willing arm,
 Who smiling followed : none suspecting harm;
 Now to the boat they bear them safe away,
 A noble prize, and to the ship convey.
 Quick they ascend the vessel's lofty side,
 Tow'ring majestic o'er the briny tide.

There on the deck their trinkets they unfold
The amber chains, the toys resembling gold,
The beads, the links: and while their ravish'd eyes
View, and review, the fascinating toys,
The ruthless sailors seize the ill fated prey,
And, screaming to the hold, with force convey.
The ambush now approach the distant plain,
Where thro' the groves they spy the dancing train;
Four at a distance lurk, to watch the scene,
And view their movements on the flow'ry green.
Around their youthful queen the nymphs advance,
She moves majestic as she leads the dance;
In form and mien superior to the rest,
With sacred transport glows *Avenia's* breast,
While with the swains her lov'd *Angola* sings,
And wakes to love, the banjoe's well-taught strings:
Behind irreg'lar move the chaunting train,
And time the voice, and answer to the strain.
Twice twenty warriors as their guardians stand,
Six shepherd's dogs complete the rural band,
And fleecy flocks that crop the tender green,
Skip, o'er the lawns and heighten all the scene—
When lo! the *Christians* suddenly arise
In arms, and furious rush upon their prize;
The sable nymphs they seize to sate their lust,
While heaps of slaughter'd swains bestrew the dust.
One youth escap'd of all the warrior train,
Swift speeds his flight across the ensanguin'd plain.

While brave *Angola* by the Fiends oppress'd
Undaunted wields his weapon—bares his breast—
That breast which heaves with sorrow not his own,
But for his lov'd *Avenia*—her alone.

To rescue her he strives, but strives in vain.
O'erpower'd by numbers, to the galling chain
He yields reluctant, and from her he loves,
Toward the floating dungeon, pensive moves ;
While from his numerous wounds the noble blood,
Slow streaming, marks his footsteps thro' the wood,
The widow'd bride, in misery complete
Now swoons a victim at the tyrant's feet
Impatient he beholds the royal prize,
While lust and rapine swell his brutish eyes,
Grudging he views her short reprieve from woe—
And waits, till life's returning current flow.

Avenia now to hated life restor'd,
In plaintive sounds bewails her absent Lord :
“ Where have ye borne my soul's far better part !
She said, while anguish fill'd her widow'd heart,
Ah, tell me, *Christians* ; whither have ye borne,
My *Angola*, from his lov'd partner torn.
If pity ever mov'd a *Christian* breast,
If, of one gen'rous principle possest,
Oh, bear me to him”—more she strives to say,
But the fierce ruffians hurry her away ;
While bound with chains amid the hapless slaves,
With frantic and delirious grief she raves.

The youth arriv'd, now hastens to impart,
With weeping eyes and agonizing heart ;
To listening warriors as they stand around,
The melancholy tidings—grief profound,
And rage, and vengeance agitate each breast,
While thus the panting youth his woes express'd :
“ Sad tidings, friends and fathers, must you hear,
And I, alas, must be the messenger ;
The bloody *Christians* in unequal fight,
Have robb'd your children of their natal right ;
Your ravish'd daughters to the ships they bore,
And your brave sons lie weltring in their gore ;
And I alone oppress'd with mighty woe,
Scarce with my life escap'd the savage foe.”
He spake—when lo, in arms the warrior train,
Rush from the town, and scour the distant plain,
Swift as on wings they flew, or seem'd to fly ;
And drifts of dust involv'd the golden sky ;
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade ;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day :
So wrapt in gathering dust, the sable train,
A moving cloud, swept on and hid the plain.
They stop to listen, and they hear from far,

Dire shrieks—they fly again to meet the war;
 And soon the Christians reach the silver flood,
 Heap'd with the slain, and red with human blood !
 They view their gasping sons, extended die,
 And tears of rage stand trembling in each eye.
 Awhile they weep, then to the battle turn ;
 Breathing revenge, and for the combat burn.
 The intrepid prince his myrmidons inspires,
 The brave *Louverture* by example fires.
 Amidst his host the royal hero stood,
 And sent his voice before him as a flood;
 Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes,
 While fir'd with fury to the camp he flies:
 So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
 Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
 Impatient for the war with fury burns,
 And tries on ev'ry tree his angry horns;
 Bends his stern brow, and pushes at the air,
 And paws the flying sand, the prelude of the war.
 The shrieks of maidens and the shouting foe,
 Swell his bold heart, and only make it glow;
 Fearless of death he views the *Christian* bands,
 Pants for the battle and the war demands.
 Amid his host, majestically tall,
Louverture stands and far outtops them all ;
 And with a voice heroic, loud and strong,
 He thus harangues and animates the throng :

“ Fellows in arms, whose deeds are known to fame;
And you, whose ardor hopes an equal name,
Though not alike endow’d with force and art,
Behold a day for each to act his part:
A day to fire the brave, to warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old;
For lo! on this momentous day, depend
The fates of father, brother, wife and friend.
Let each reflect who prizes fame or breath,
On endless slavery, or on instant death;
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims alike the fearful and the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare,
The impious foe; nor urge your souls to war.
But since disease, and age, and death will come,
And all must meet th’ inexorable doom,
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame, what we to nature owe.
Your ancient valour on the foes approve,
Jove is with us, and we will trust in Jove.
’Tis not for us, but our proud foes to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on each perjur’d head.
And O!” he cries, “ thou ruler of the sky,
Who holdest in thine hand our destiny,
Who o’er me, oft, thy guardian shield hast spread,
While dawning conquest play’d around my head,
Thou, only thou, canst bless my bold design,

Inspire my breast and make the vict'ry mine."
 Then on his lance the hero cast a look,
 And firmly grasp'd it, and with ardor spoke:
 "My trusty weapon, faithful to my hand,
 Still wing'd with death, to answer my command,
 Which once brave *Langa's* arm was wont to wield,
 And mine now throws, the terror of the field,
 In this dread moment fly, nor fly in vain,
 But stretch yon haughty tyrants on the plain."
 He spoke and arm'd with death in either hand,
 His sword and lance, he speeds from band to band.
 The enemy, resolute, their onset dare;
 Condense their powers, and meet the coming war.
Louverture leads; all fix on him their eye,
 Resolv'd with him to conquer or to die.
 And now, my Muse assist me to proclaim,
 Who fac'd him first, and press'd the purple plain
 Imperious *Hodge*, advancing, void of fear,
 First met the vengeance of his thirsty spear;
 Prone in the dust the panting tyrant lay,
 While brave *Louverture* lopp'd his head away.
 The fight begun, promiscuous shouts arise,
 And dreadful clangors echo through the skies;
 Next the fam'd *Dundas* felt the fatal wound;
 Sudden he fell, and falling bit the ground.
Louverture left him in the shades of night,
 Then press'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight:

A haughty pamper'd ruffian, dead to fame,
Oppos'd his way, and *Peacock* was his name.
Soon as the prince he saw, the coward fled,
And in his flight was number'd with the dead ;
For, from behind, the chief's unerring dart,
Enter'd his back, and quiver'd in his heart ;
From the torn fount the crimson torrent flow'd,
And his knees sunk beneath their dying load.

The natives now in phalanx firm unite,
And mix with dying groans their shouts in fight :
O'er heaps of carcasses and clotted gore,
The heroes press toward the distant shore.
The brave *Louverture* with resistless hand,
Pursues, o'erturns, confounds the Christian band ;
On strong *O'Brien* next inflicts a wound,
And lays proud *Thompson* gasping on the ground.
While he lay foaming on the purple plain,
The far fam'd villain, *Barrington* by name,
Wing'd with wild fears, in vain did strive to fly,
The ships too distant and the foe too nigh :
The eager dart transfixt him as he fled,
And soon enroll'd him with th' ignoble dead.
At *Brinton* next the hero hurl'd his spear,
Which flew unerring through the yielding air,
The chief rush'd on regardless of the sound,
Till in his breast he felt the fatal wound.
Mondingo now, a chief well skill'd in arms,

Leads forth to combat his infuriate swarms;
 He fights, he conquers, prodigal of breath,
 And seeks the certain, glorious path to death :
 See, while he fires the brave victorious throng,
 Prince urge on prince, and chief drive chief along ;
 Heaps upon heaps, the slaughter'd *Christians* lie,
 And hideous shouts of conquest rend the sky.
 The vengeance of his arms proud *Otto* feels,
 And to the sable chief his life he yields ;
 By the keen blade his head was lopp'd away,
 And rolling lifeless midst the dead it lay;
 So quick the stroke, awhile the body stood,
 Then fell and ting'd the yellow sand with blood.
 Next came *O'Conner* at his squadron's head,
 A chief well suited to the men he led;
 Scarce had he met *Mondingo's* troops, before
 He fled, with all his dastards to the shore.
 Next *Sir John Standford* dead to virtuous fame,
 A deer in heart with an illustrious name,
 Succeeds to fate ; the sword his belly rends,
 And to the shades his guilty spirit sends.
 A ruffian stopt and *Taylor* was his name,
 To meet in arms this terror of the plain;
 For the proud foe the prince directs his course,
 But pale with fear he dreads superior force :
 Full in his eye, the flying spear he drove ;
 His staggering feet deny him power to move

His loose head tottering as with rum oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding strikes his breast;
And as he reels towards his sandy bed,
Mondingo from his shoulders cleaves the head;
To earth at once the head and jav'lin fly,
The quiv'ring lance still sticking in the eye.
The prince now seiz'd it, and aloft he shook,
While to his sable myrmidons he spoke;
" Ye far fam'd Africans, behold your foe,
Such is the fate proud *Christians* soon shall know."
He spake no more, but toss'd the head on high;
The tyrants see, they tremble, and they fly.
Now haughty *Bridges* met the flying death,
Fate sent the dart to rob him of his breath,
Swift to perform Heav'n's righteous will it sped;
Just at the juncture of the neck and head,
It enter'd deep, and sever'd them in twain;
Hat, wig, and head all tumbled to the plain.
Now hiss'd the spears by sable heroes flung,
And feather'd arrows from the bowstrings sung,
Some drank the spouting blood of tyrants slain,
Some, missing, thirsted for their blood in vain.
The brave *Louverture* now appears in sight,
Forbids to plunder, and commands to fight,
Then with a furious voice the hero cries,
" Who dares to linger, by this hand he dies.
No weeping sister his cold lips shall close,

No friendly hand his funeral pile compose,
 Who stops to plunder on this signal day,
 The birds shall tear him, and the beasts shall slay.
 The Christians hear the voice with wild despair,
 Confus'd each face, and fill'd each heart with fear;
Mondingo rush'd amid his sable crew,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew,
 Loud as wild winds, or as the bellowing roar,
 Of mighty surges thundering on the shore:
Duncan beheld the Prince come furious on,
 And thus in vaunting words his speech began,
 "Pierc'd by my sword, to endless darkness go,
 Thou proud black savage, to the realms below."
 At this the hero cast a dreadful look
 On the vain man, and thus he briefly spoke:
 "Come Tyrant meet thy fate." To him no more,
 But struck the boaster gasping on the shore,
 Fixing the arrow to his well strung bow,
 He sent the flying vengeance at the foe,
 His frowning face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The mouth and nose its fatal barb it fix'd.
 Headlong he falls, and falling bites the ground,
 Hell groans to meet him in the dark profound.
 Viewing the monster death in wild affright,
 His Soul with shrieks rush'd to the realms of night.
 And now another shaft the hero drew,
 The other shaft another tyrant slew;
 Again he twangs the string, the vengeance flies,

Death on its point, and sings along the skies.
An honourable villain's face it tore,
And dip'd its feathers in illustrious gore;
Between the cheek and eye the arrow went,
The skull it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent;
The son now rushing furious through the fight,
Beheld his Sire, and sicken'd at the sight,
Down from his eyes the filial torrents flow,
And the rash youth defies the intrepid foe.
Ev'n while he weeps, the vengeful weapon flies,
But erring sings along the vacant skies.
He sees it fall, and deprecates his woe,
Curses the lance that spar'd the savage foe.
But not in vain *Mondingo's* dart is thrown,
It wounds the stripling to the shoulder bone.
Prone on his knees, oppres'd with pain and fear
He sinks, and sees the intervening spear;
The hapless youth in suppliant posture press'd,
The Hero's feet, and thus his prayer address'd:
" O spare my youth, and for the life I owe,
A gen'rous ransom shall my friends bestow;
Rich silver trinkets, beads, and brass, and gold,
Shall without measure in your town be told.
Mild pity touch'd the Hero's yielding heart,
Who still suspended the destroying dart ;
And with compassion beaming from his eyes,
He spares, and bids the trembling youth arise.
Meantime his consort on the distant plain,
Seeks her *Mondingo*, and believes him slain;

“Where is my Prince?” she cries, “my only joy,
Where does he fight, or where his arms employ?”

A tyrant view’d her as in haste she ran,

A wretch unworthy of the name of man,

Hawkins by name, precipitate he flies,

In close pursuit, o’ertakes his hapless prize;

With rage relentless fells her to the ground,

And rips her belly with a ghastly wound.

Against the bloody foe with wild affright,

Mondingo rush’d distracted at the sight;

“To me alone,” he cries, “thy rage confine,

Here sheath thy sword, or bravely challenge mine;

By yon bright sun, and by the silver flood,

Her hands, her thoughts are innocent of blood;

Her only crime (and oh, can this offend?)

Is too much love for me, her dearest friend” ———

In vain he spake——the ruthless foe, impress’d

With rage, transfix’d *Ovenal’s* panting breast.

Like a fierce Tiger o’er the plain he bounds,

And frantic he beholds her streaming wounds;

Hangs o’er his wife —— while tears with eager pace

Flow down his cheeks——and in a fond embrace,

Watches with eager look, her languid eyes;

She sobs——she gasps——and in his arms she dies.

Now round her waist his loving arms he threw;

And from the bloody combat gently drew;

And as with mournful heart the corpse he bore

Toward the town, his path was mark’d with gore.

Slow he advanc’d—— At length approaching near

Her breathless body plac'd upon a bier,
 A shower of tears reliev'd his grief-swoln breast,
 And thus aloud his sorrows he express'd:
 "Ye wretched Dames and Sons of Africa,
 Turn hither, and behold with sad dismay
Mondingo's consort murder'd by the foe,
 And share with me in this our common woe.
 Oft have you rush'd in crowds, with great delight,
 To hail your hero, glorious from the fight;
 But now, alas, your sympathy impart,
 To sooth the sorrows of my bursting heart."
 Then on the ground the Chief his body threw,
 And grov'ling seem'd, as to the earth he grew;
 His tortur'd breast he beat, and tore his hair,
 While bitter cries and wailings rent the air.
 The sympathizing natives gather round,
 Beat their black breasts, and lost in grief profound,
 With their lov'd chief lie scatter'd on the ground. }
 Each relative now pours a social flood,
 And for *Mondingo* cries and weeps aloud;
 But most his mother bears the tender part,
 She mourns his anguish with a mother's heart.
 My much lov'd Son, I haste thy woes to share,
 And sooth thy sorrows with a parent's care."
 Deep groaning with unutterable grief,
 And agonizing woe beyond relief,
 He strove to speak, and as he strove he shed
 A flood of pearly tears, and thus he said:
 "Ovenal——Ah, my Mother, all is lost——
Mondingo's chiefest treasure——Afric's boast!

O'venal dead! thy Son now lothes to live,
Nor friends, nor earth itself, can pleasure give.
Let me avenge it on proud *Hawkins* heart,
Let his curst spirit smoke upon my dart;
On this condition will I breathe——'till then
I blush to walk among the race of men."

" Ah, cease my Son " the anxious mother said,
Let me not see thee number'd with the dead;
When *Hawkins* falls thou dies't." " Let *Hawkins* die,
And let me fall," *Mondingo* made reply;
My dear, dear, consort! on her natal plain
She fell, and falling sought my aid in vain.
Oh then, since from this miserable day,
I cast all hope of happiness away;
Since, unreveng'd, my murder'd wife demands,
The life of *Hawkins* from *Mondingo's* hands:
'Let me——But oh, ye mighty powers above,
Wrath and revenge from mortal man remove——
Revenge——by far too dear to every breast,
Sweet to the heart as honey to the taste;
Yes. I must slay the murderer of my wife,
Or (if the heavens ordain it) lose my life;
Let me this instant rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields."
But now the hostile armies quit the plain,
For Sol, approaching to the western main,
Deep in the Ocean sinks his golden light,
And yields his empire to the Queen of Night;
The conq'ring natives mourn the absent day,

While vanquish'd Christians skulk in shades away;
The frighted tyrants panting from the war,
A sudden council call upon the shore:
Each chief conven'd in dread dismay appears,
Standing and trembling, for to sit he fears;
'Twas now no time for eloquent debate,
They fear'd *Mondingo*, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood, till *Cunningham* at last,
Skill'd to foresee the future by the past;
The friend of *Hawkins* and of equal years,
With solemn sadness thus express'd his fears:

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak,
For me I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp; too dangrous here our post,
Far from our ships, and on a naked coast.
Thus fierce I deem'd not negroes, while engag'd
In mutual feuds their prince and hero rag'd;
Then while we hop'd our squadrons might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside twice twenty sail.
I dread *Mondingo* now, his rage of mind,
Not long continues to the town confin'd
Nor to the field, where long in equal fray,
Contending armies won and lost the day;
For blood, for blood, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest, not for fame, but life.
Haste then on board, while yet the favoring night
Detains those terrors; keeps that arm from fight:
If but to-morrow's sun behold us here;

That arm, those terrors, we shall feel not fear.
 And hearts that now disdain, with joy shall leap,
 If heav'n permit them to regain their ship.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue;
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought or reason can supply."
 He spake. When thus the *Blinking Chief* address'd
 His myrmidons, and thus his fears confess'd:

"Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain;
 We'll launch what ships lie nearest to the main,
 Leave these at anchor 'till the morning light,
 Then put to sea, and hoist all sail for flight:
 Better from evils well foreseen, to run,
 Than perish in the danger we may shun;
 Of partial heaven with justice I complain,
 That bless'd with victory the sable train:
 Now shameful flight alone can save our host,
 Our blood, our booty and our cargoes lost.
 So GOD directs, resistless Lord of all,
 At whose command whole nations rise and fall;
 He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And towns and armies humbles in the dust.
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
 And scarce insure the wretched pow'r to fly:
 Haste then, nor hope to see the negroes fall;
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call,
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,

Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd ships may yet transport us o'er,
Tho' without slaves, to our paternal shore."
Thus spake the chief, when lo, in youthful pride,
Lambert the brave, with eloquence replied;
Lambert, in raiment beauteous to behold,
Of crimson hue, and fring'd with flow'rs of gold,
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets waving in the wind;
In perfect symmetry appear'd the man,
And to the listening council thus began:

"Return!" he cries, and looks with stern disdain,
What! coop whole squadrons in our ships again.
Was't not enough, ye valiant soldiers, say,
Nine months imprisoned in these towers we lay?
And now arriv'd, to arms our int'rest calls,
Yet you would pen us up in wooden walls!
To better council then, attention lend,
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend,
Soon as the morn yon purple orient warms,
Fierce on the negroes we will turn our arms.
If great *Mondingo* rises in his might,
His be the danger, we will stand the fight."
He spake. When thus his noble Sire began,
The vet'ran Chieftain of the *Christian* band;
Casting on *Hawkins* his disdainful eyes,
And to his former speech in brief replies:

What shameful words base dastard as thou art,

Fall from that trembling tongue and tim'rous heart !
 Oh ! were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours.
 Say, wilt thou thus desert the fertile plain?
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
 In such base counsel if thou couch thy fear
 Speak it in whispers, lest a soldier hear ;
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dare
 To think such meanness, or the thought declare ?
 And comes it from an officer, whose sway
 Our banded troops implicitly obey?"

Thy just reproofs (thus *Hawkins* calm replies,)
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise ;
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
 I force you not to leave the hateful coast ;
 Glad I submit. Let either young or old,
 Aught more conducive to our weal unfold,"
 Brave *Lambert* stopp'd him short and thus began,
 " Such counsel if thou seek, behold the man
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
 Young though he be, disdain not to obey ;
 Then what for common good my thoughts inspire,
 Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
 Though sore of battle and with wounds oppress'd,
 Let each go forth and animate the rest ;
 Advance the glory which he cannot share,
 If not partaker, witness of the war."
 With voice effeminate and stammering tone,

Thus *Hawkins* answer'd when the youth had done :

“ Intrepid soldier, and my youthful friend,
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend ;
 On better measures then employ thy thought,
 In such distress if counsel profit aught ;
 Arms cannot much, though courage may incite,
 Our gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
 We strove to conquer slaves, and now we yield ;
 'Tis time when routed, to forsake the field.
 Black fate hangs o'er us from th' avenging God,
 We feel his judgments and vindictive rod.
 Then let us flee, our sails and oars employ,
 And dream no more yon army to destroy ;
 Haste then, forever quit these fatal fields,
 Haste to the joy our native country yields.”

He said....Deep silence held the Christian band,
 Awhile unmov'd in dire dismay they stand,
 A pensive scene ; till *Willmore's* warlike son,
 Roll'd on the chief his eyes, and thus begun ;
 “ If I oppose thee, yet thy wrath withhold,
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
 And have we cross'd the deep, the stormy main,
 And have our heroes fought and bled in vain?
 Shall we inglorious quit the field of fame?
 Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry soldier's breast?
 Confiding in our want of worth he stands,

And if we fly, 'tis what our chief commands.
 Go thou poltroon, desert the embattled plain,
 Thy ship lies nearest to the surgy main ;
 A nobler care our soldiers shall employ,
 To fight, to conquer, and return with joy ;
 Here let us stay, or if our troops retire,
 Myself will fight, and with my valiant sire,
 In deeds of prowess gloriously expire.” }
 He ceas'd....The troops loud acclamations raise,
 From rank, to rank resounds brave *Lambert's* praise;
 Fierce *Willmore* then his lofty figure rear'd,
 And while the chiefs in still attention heard,
 The noble hero on his spear inclin'd,
 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind :
 “ Form'd by kind heav'n in all things to excel,
 And first to act what you advise so well ;
 The wholesome counsels which you wisely move,
 Our soldiers all with common voice approve ;
 Chiefs thou canst blame, a bold but prudent youth,
 And blame e'en chiefs with praise, because with truth;
 But let me add what yet remains behind,
 A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind :
 The chief it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear;
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
 And ratify the best for general good ;
 Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine;

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment and my past:
Improve the night, and use her peaceful hours,
Our troops t' encourage and refresh our pow'rs;
Straight in the vessels be provisions sought,
And to th' exhausted men be quickly brought,
Let the physicians, medicine prepare,
And be the wounded their peculiar care;
Wide o'er the fields high blazing to the sky
Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply;
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her orient light displays;
To keep strict watch must now command our care,
But soon as Phœbus rides through fields of air,
Refresh'd in arms, let every troop engage;
And yon fir'd town behold the battle rage."
The leader spake. From all the troops around,
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.

Meanwhile around their lov'd *Ovenal* slain
In solemn sadness mov'd the sable train.
Stern, in superior grief *Mondingo* lay,
And clasp'd in mute distress the lifeless clay;
Then from his turgid eyes impetuous start,
Salt tears, while sighs burst from his swelling heart.
In accents wild, his mighty grief he vents,
And thus his murder'd consort he laments:

" My dear *Ovenal*, yet awhile I stay,
Then swift pursue thee in the darksome way;

Thus let me lie till then——thus closely press'd
Bathe thy cold fate, and sob upon thy breast.

No—let me rise and meet the bloody foe—

With fell revenge I feel my bosom glow.”

Eager he waits the slow returning light,

Reviews the corpse, and sickens at the sight ;

Bids the obedient maids and matrons round

To cleanse the body, wash each gaping wound ;

And then with cautious and with pious toil,

To adjust as usual and anoint with oil.

“ Farewel—alas ! Farewel,” *Mondingo* cries,

As to the corpse again he turns his eyes ;

“ Accept these tears—for thee—for thee, they flow,

For thee, who ever felt another's woe ;

Thy heart was tender, and thy bosom kind,

Joy of my life, and solace of my mind ;

I left thee fresh, and beauteous, and gay,

Now find thee cold inanimated clay ;

Alas, what woes my wretched life attend,

Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end ;

Thy sweet society, thy winning care

Oft stay'd *Mondingo* rushing to the war ;

What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,

What more, though hoary *Lango* were deceas'd.

I hop'd *Ovenal* might survive to rear

Our tender infant, with a parent's care,

But now, alas, to death's cold arms resign'd

What banquet but revenge can glad my mind !



AVENIA.

BOOK II.



ARGUMENT.

Before daylight **LANGO**, the king's youngest son leaves the town and joins the warrior train....His youth, filial love, and courage described....The battle commences with the rising sun....Number of men that fall on either side....**LANGO** is slain by **WILLMORE**...His mother frantic, laments with the old king over the corpse when borne to the town....**LOUVERTURE** pursues **WILLMORE**, kills **LAMBERT** his son, then **WILLMORE** himself....He is described as an Atheist, fears to die....Slaver's army completely routed....The Africans while pursuing them to their boats, behold twenty Guinea ships standing in for the shore...They are discouraged, and give up the pursuit....The sun sets.

AVENIA.

BOOK II.

And now bright Venus hails th' approach of day,
Before Aurora spreads her purple ray ;
Or Sol triumphant on his golden car,
With loosen'd reins ascends the atmosphere ;
E'er his fierce steeds high bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils snorted beams of day ;
The monarch's youngest son, athirst for fame,
The noble *Lango*, scours across the plain, }
To join his brothers and the warrior train.
Soon as the little sable boy could go,
On his young shoulders hung a slender bow ;
A small light quiver at his side he wore,
And in his hand a painted jav'lin bore
No rich embroidery did his limbs enfold,
Nor was his hair adorn'd with gems or gold ;
The spoils of a fierce tiger wrapp'd him round,
That from his head hung trailing to the ground ;
Ev'n then his tender hand the dart could fling,
Or with the pebble from the sounding sling,
Strike the long crane or snowy swan on high,
Or fetch the tow'ring eagle from the sky.
Such was the youth. Swift to the camp he ran,

F 2.

And thus to brave *Louverture* he began :

“ A glorious zeal, my Brother, breaks my rest,
Some great exploit lies throbbing at my breast ;
Permit me now to join the bloody fray,
And die or conquer, on this signal day.

The prince beheld him, and devoid of pride,
First shed a tender tear, and thus replied :

“ And wilt thou, *Lango*, ah too thoughtless boy,
Thy mother's comfort and thy father's joy—
And wilt thou thus thy tender life expose,
To the relentless rage of Christian foes?
Canst thou unmov'd thy loving sire bereave
Of such a son, and force him to the grave ?
Say, wilt thou cause thy mother's soul to know,
Heartrending pangs——unutterable woe ?
Thy dear fond mother, whom the loss of thee,
Would plunge in woe and sov'reign misery—”

“ In vain (he cries) my courage you restrain,
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Thy self can witness to my courage tried,
We've vanquish'd woodland monsters side by side;
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame,
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame ;
And thinks if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.”

“ Let not one jealous fear alarm thy breast,
(The chief replies) thy valour stands confess'd,

But rather let the task devolve on me,
 In such a war I dare not think on thee ;
 No, let me fight the cruel Christian train,
 Then come, victorious to thy arms again,
 But should it be by righteous heav'n decreed,
 That thy *Louverture* by the foe should bleed,
 Live thou; in death some pleasure it will give:
 Live for thy Brother's sake, I charge thee, live!
 Thy tender youth a longer term demands,
 Live, to release my corpse from hostile hands;
 And decent to the silent grave command,
 The relics of thy brother and thy friend;
 Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
 A vacant tomb in honour of the dead ;
 But if thou art resolv'd the war to wage,
 And rise the *Zanga* of the future age,
 Thee henceforth nothing from my soul shall part,
 Still at my side and ever at my heart."

" Tho' heav'n, (replies the youth) alone can bless,
 Yet still my courage shall deserve success;
 One only boon I ask thee, e'er I go,
 The greatest I can ask, or thou bestow:
 My mother ever tender, fond and good,
 Thinks I am hunting in the distant wood.
 Such is her love, she fears to let me see,
 The dire effects of Christian villany,
 And such is mine that I must keep unknown
 From her, the danger of so dear a Son;

To spare her anguish, lo, I quit the place,
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace.

If I should fall, thy pity I implore
For her, ah, comfort her when I'm no more;
With this dear hope, imbolden'd will I go,
Brave ever'y danger and defy the foe."

Phœbus had now dispers'd the shades of night,
And scatter'd o'er the earth his sacred light,
When brave *Louverture* rush'd to meet the foe,
While for his brother tears unbidden flow;
And as impetuous he moves along,
He exhorts, harangues, and animates the throng.
His men all follow; echoing clangors rise,
In peals successive, thundering to the skies.
Then, nor till then, in fight young *Lango* bore,
His twanging bow, employ'd on beasts before
His vengeful shaft a noble victim found,
And stretch'd imperious *WATSON* on the ground,
He first by *Lango's* poison'd arrows bled,
Next *Starges*, then proud *Sanderson* fell dead;
Fierce *Peters* next fell groaning to the ground,
The pile of carnage cruel *Nelson* crown'd
Heaps fell, the glorious trophies of his art,
A Christian Ghost attended every dart.
Twice twenty arrows from his hand had fled,
And full twice twenty brigands he laid dead.
A ruffian now approaching, base and proud,
Meets the brave youth, and vainly boasts aloud;

"Hence, you young Savage, to the town again,
 And play with children and the female train;
 Go to the town, your sire awaits you there,
 And leave to *men* the business of the war."
 He said, and aim'd a meditated blow;
 But *Lango* shun'd the disappointed foe;
 And thus undanted spake; "Such words employ,
 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy,
 Such I could give, defying and defy'd,
 Mean interchange of obloquy and pride:
 I know thy force to mine superior far,
 But Heav'n alone confers success in war;
 Young tho' I be, great *Jove* may guide my dart,
 And give it entrance to a braver heart:
 Plung'd when an infant in the fringed stream,
 I feel its influence animate each limb;
 Well skill'd the woods to range, pursue the boar,
 Nor fear the woodland monsters when they roar.
 Long thirst and hunger, youths like me can bear.
 Hunt, fight, and shake embattled towns with war;
 Nor flags our gen'rous warmth by years declin'd,
 Still flames the noble ardour of the mind;
 Ev'n the grave sire with martial vigour glows,
 Scorns fear, and longs to meet his country's foes:
 But *you* delight to profit by our toils,
 Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils,
 Eager ye seek our nation to destroy,
 And place in dying groans your cruel joy.

Your *sable souls* your *ruddy forms* disgrace,
Hence then ye Tyrants, to your native place;
Haste to your bloodstain'd Christendom, away
Ye hypocrites, pollute not Africa."

He spake, and now prepar'd his well-strung bow,
And closely view'd the boasting Christian foe,
And then to heav'n address'd his ardent pray'r,
With reverential awe and heart sincere :

" My bold attempt, Almighty Sire, succeed,
And let this Tyrant by my weapon bleed."
At once the twanging bow young LANGO drew,
And hissing fierce the feather'd vengeance flew;
Nor flew the youthful Hero's shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his nap and stung him to the brain.
As the huge Shark just hook'd and brought to land,
Beats with his quiv'ring tail the yellow sand;
So writh'd the foe, and lash'd the bloody ground,
While his life issued from the fatal wound.
Mondingo now, who ere the golden light,
Had rush'd impatient to commence the fight;
Like vivid lightning quick attacks the foe,
Impell'd by grief, and strengthen'd by his woe.
Heaps fall on heaps, as to the war he leads,
And by his hand the lofty ruffian bleeds;
Tall *Edwards*, from his native home expel'd,
From his paternal cottage, where he dwel'd,

In peace, till banish'd by a scolding wife,
 Hither he came and basely lost his life.
 Swift thro' his jaws the vengeful weapon glides,
 Pierces his tongue, his grinning teeth divides;
 Prone on his face he falls, with hideous cries,
 And in a foreign land death seals his eyes.

Confounded and dismay'd they flee or fall,
 Some seek the Ships and some for quarters call;
 Some trembling fight, while others pant for breath,
 And o'er the wounded stalks gigantic Death.
 Onward he speeds, and gloomy as the night,
 By deeds, not words, he animates the fight;
Hawkins he seeks, while from his search he flies,
 And guilty fear activity supplies:
 As doth the hound the fearful lev'ret wind,
 Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;
 Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
 And from the herd still turn the flying prey;
 So fast and with such fears, the murd'rer flew,
 Thus close and constant did the chief pursue.
 And many a chief, and many a hero dies,
 By fierce *Mondingo's* weapon as he flies..
 As warring winds in *Sirius* sultry reign,
 From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies;

Thus by despair, guilt, rage, together driv'n,
Fly the red troops, and flying darken heaven.
Miller now fell beneath his thirsty dart,
Which pierc'd his satin vest and panting heart.
Brindley and *Everhard* his fate soon shar'd,
And from *Mondingo* met the death they fear'd.
But now his trembling host brave *Lambert* warms,
And by his eloquence inspires to arms,
And fiercely rushing on the sable band,
Drench'd with the natives' blood the thirsty land.
Mingo, *Onoko*, *Bango*, *Pero* fell,
Beneath the dreadful vengeance of his steel:
Rank upon rank the Africans were slain,
And all their former victories were vain.
Meanwhile *Louverture* at a distance fought,
Nor once of *Lambert's* conquest had he thought;
He and *Mondingo*, chiefs of matchless might,
Were absent, the fierce bulwarks of the fight:
Lambert still raging, spread the slaughter round,
And gasping warriors bite the bloody ground.
At one fierce charge three sable chiefs he slew,
And ten that moment from his presence flew;
The trembling *Hawkins* at a distance stood,
And saw the Hero bathe in hostile blood:
On him, and him alone, the natives ran,
With all their darts, an army on a man.
Louverture, now arrived, beholds with woe,
The dreadful carnage of the Christian foe;

And while proud *Hawkins* boasts and vaunts aloud,
 He eyes another chief amidst the crowd,
 And thus he cries, " Whoe'er thou art, remain,
 This jav'lin, else shall fix thee to the plain.
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which whizzing err'd, and o'er his shoulders pass'd,
 Then fix'd in earth.—against the quivering wood,
 The foe stood propp'd, and trembled as he stood;
 A sudden palsy siez'd his turning head,
 His loose teeth chatter'd and his colour fled.
 The raging prince approach'd the dastard foe,
 And horrible high rising to the blow,
 Cleft his proud head with a redoubled wound.
 His batter'd brains fell smoking to the ground,
 An iron sleep came low'ring o'er his sight,
 And wrapp'd the villain in a cloud of night.
 Back thro' the cleaving ranks *Mondingo* flies,
 That moment, swift as lightning thro' the skies;
 He calls his chief by name, exhorts the train,
 And with his presence fires the host again:
 Soon as the furious Hero came in view,
 The dastard *Hawkins* from the combat flew.
 Aw'd by no shame, by noreproach controul'd,
 Busy in cruelty, in malice bold;
 With witty envy studious to defame,
 Lust all his joy, and money all his aim;
 But chief he gloried with licentious style,
 To lash the good, religion to revile;

Potent and rich, in factious councils skill'd,
Proud at the board, a dastard in the field;
His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking and one leg was lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
A long tail'd wig conceal'd his shaven head.
Spleen to mankind his treacherous heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best,
A hypocrite, a coward dead to fame,
Blood his delight, debauchery his theme.
The chief now foremost in the thickest war,
Harangues his men, dispels their anxious fear;
Clamours on clamours, tempest all the air,
They shout, they whoop, and thicken to the war.
First falls fierce *Picket* at his squadron's head,
The chief was cruel, and the men he led;
The hero wields his sword, the head divides,
The visage parted, fell on equal sides.
His soul he trampled out, his body tore,
And stain'd the verdure with no vulgar gore.
High o'er the scene of death *Mondingo* stood,
All grim with dust, and brains and clotted blood;
He sees young *Lambert*, with his flaming eyes,
And in an instant in pursuit he flies;
Lambert beholds this terror of the plain,
Consents to fly, nor heeds the voice of fame:
Then first the youthful warrior's breast knew fear,
Even then he paused amidst his full career

As turns the Lion from the nightly fold,
 Tho' high in courage and with hunger bold,
 When gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
 Stiff with fatigue and fretted sore with wounds,
 Till late reluctant at the dawn of day,
 Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey:
 So mov'd fair *Lambert* from his dang'rous place,
 With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
 When on the left his valiant Sire he found,
 Cheering his men and spreading death around.
Mondingo saw, and furious at the sight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the thickest fight.
Lambert retreats, but with a tardy pace,
 Tho' the fierce chieftain thunders in his face;
 As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train,
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe,
 Retires majestically stern and slow;
 Tho' singly impotent the crowd to dare,
 Repel or stand their whole collected war,
 Grim he looks back, he rolls his glaring eye,
 Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly:
 So *Lambert* paus'd and by degrees retir'd,
 While shame, disdain and rage the hero fir'd.
 Retiring yet his whistling lance he threw,
 Swift to the mark the faithful weapon flew;
 Whose forky point the brave *Ressongo* tore
 Deep pierc'd his arm, and drank the spouting gore.

And now the wounded chief, his foe address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his breast,
But first embrac'd his knees and tried with art,
To move his tender sympathetic heart:
"By thy great father's love thy suppliant spare,
By all the hopes of his intrepid heir,
Preserve, victorious chief, this life alone,
To glad a living father and a son;
High in his hut, are bars of silver roll'd,
With heaps of golden dust and labour'd gold;
These to procure my ransom, he'll resign;
The war depends not on a life like mine:
But one poor life can no such difference yield,
Nor turn the mighty ballance of the field."
He touch'd the hero with his tale of woe,
Mov'd his kind heart, while tears began to flow,
And instant he releas'd his panting foe. }
Meanwhile young *Lango* on the distant plain,
Sent feather'd deaths among the Christian train;
Twelve poison'd arrows from his bow had fled,
And by their points, twelve officers lay dead,
When the great *Willmore*, *Lambert's* noble sire,
Beheld the youth and his determin'd fire;
"Soldiers forbear, nor touch my due, (he cries)
For gallant *Lango* is your gen'ral's prize;
To me, to me, belongs the envy'd fight,
Oh that his sire could view the pleasing sight.

Thou, *Lambert*, thou young *Lango's* arms shall bear,
A lasting trophy of my deeds in war."

He said, and at the word the Christian train
Retir'd at once, and left an open plain;
The youth with wonder saw the parting band,
Heard the proud challenge and the stern command.
Then view'd his limbs, and his gigantic size,
And to his haughty foe in brief replies ;

" Now, by thy glittering spoil I shall acquire.
Immortal fame, or gloriously expire,
Then vaunt no more, for know, Almighty Jove,
Beholds the fight, impartial from above,
The strength you boast from him alone is giv'n,
And know proud chief, my fate depends on heaven:
To thee presumptuous, as to me, unknown,
Or what must prove thy fortune or my own;
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall *Lango* die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue at my breast."
Thus *Lango* spake, and from his spangled sheath,
Drew forth a feather'd messenger of death;
Fierce he surveys the foe, the bow he bends
To the full stretch, and joins the double ends,
One hand approach'd the point, one drew the bow,
And to his breast strain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the whizzing feather'd vengeance flies,
And fiercely hissing parts the yielding skies.

Pierc'd through the hat, and bore the wig away,
Then on the crimson'd ground it harmless lay.
His glittering sword then from its sheath he drew,
And all collected on the tyrant flew;
And graz'd the shoulder of the haughty foe.
Willmore then shook his lance, prepar'd to throw,
And as he shook it, "see, (he cried) if mine
Reach not the mark, a surer dart than thine."
Fierce and sonorous flew the fatal dart,
Pierc'd his young breast and lodg'd within his heart;
His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes and vibrates in the wound.
The lovely youth lay grim with dust and blood,
The soul came rushing with the purple flood,
Winging to long eternity its way;
And left its beauteous tenement of clay,
The thronging Christians view with wondering eyes
His matchless beauty, and proportioned size;
And as in death the youth extended lay,
They lopp'd his head and quivering limbs away.
Proud *Willmore* strode triumphant o'er the dead,
And to the sable chieftains thus he said;
"Go, be this message to your monarch known,
Such as the sire deserves, I send the son;
Unbrib'd, unsought, his relics I bestow,
If funeral honours can relieve his woe."
His belt he now beheld, a glorious prey,

And tore it from his mangled corpse away.
 In this rich belt with golden dust inlaid,
 Her utmost art his mother had display'd.
 The spoil proud *Willmore* views with joyful eyes,
 He wears and glories in the glittering prize.
 Vain man too haughty in a prosperous state,
 Grows blind and heedless of his future fate;
 The time will come when *Willmore* in dismay
 Shall mourn these spoils and this triumphant day.
 His eyes shall shed for what he proudly bears,
 And for young *Lango's* blood, a sea of tears;
 Shall wish too late, the golden belt unsought,
 And curse the trophies he so dearly bought.
 Now had *Louverture* on the bloody plain,
 Fought three fierce squadrons of the Christian train;
 Their chiefs he slaughter'd, and their ranks he tore,
 And dy'd his vengeful jav'lin in their gore.
 Here haughty *Cosgrove* fell. The dart was flung,
 Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
 Then on his neck the glittering falchion sped,
 And from his spangled shoulders lopp'd his head.
 Now to *Louverture* the sad tidings came,
 That gallant *Lango* in the fight was slain;
 With his huge trusty spear, without delay,
 Through bleeding ranks he clears an ample way.
 As when a torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
 Pours from the mountains o'er delug'd plains;

And pines, and oaks, from their foundation torn,
A country's ruins, to the sea are borne ;
Louverture thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Soldiers and generals roll in heaps along.
Thee, *Willmore*, thee he seeks through all the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless *Lango* slain.
He rush'd impetuous where his brother lay,
While the base foe affrighted, flee away ;
With grief fraternal bending down his head,
He pours his sorrows o'er his brother dead.
His frantic mother too, in wild despair,
Nor heeds the spear, nor dangers of the war,
And as through cleaving ranks with shrieks she flies,
Thus with unutterable grief she cries :

“ And do I see thee thus, my darling boy,
Thy father's comfort, and thy mother's joy ?
Why didst thou fly, my son midst war's alarms,
To certain death from thy fond parent's arms ?
A prey to beasts thy head and body lies,
And ev'ry bird that wings the azure skies ;
Nor did thy mother close thine eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath ;
Nor bathe thy wounds, nor cleanse away thy gore ;
Nor throw the rich, the beauteous mantle o'er,
The work which charm'd the cares of age away,
My task at night, my labour through the day.
How on thy face these ravish'd eyes I fed,

How oft embrac'd—but ah! my *Lango's* dead!
 Ye bloody foes who slaughter'd my dear boy,
 Hither, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
 Here, here, direct in pity every dart,
 Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
 Life has no joys for me, haste, let me go,
 This moment to my lovely boy below,
 That there I may behold my murder'd boy
 Far from the Christian's rage in endless joy:
 Strike, and I'll bless the stroke that sets me free,
 'Tis ease, 'tis mercy to a wretch like me."
Louverture now sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns his brother with a warrior's heart.
 His aged mother with a weeping train,
 Collects his members on the bloody plain,
 And slow conveys them to the town again. }
 Loud shriek the matrons when the corpse appears,
 And the whole town is melted into tears.
 The feeble monarch, sees his people's fright,
 Beholds the corpse and sickens at the sight;
 He hears the Christians breathe revenge and war,
 He hears his chieftains shouting from afar.
 O'ercome, the languid powers of life decay,
 He trembles, falls and falling swoons away.
 At length recover'd, to his son he flew,
 And to his breast the mangled body drew;
 Round tears pour down amain, "and oh," he cries;

Tears stop his words and drown his aged eyes.
Now all collected he attempts to say,
What anguish dictates, but few words find way.

“ Is this thy promise then, my son, with care,
To shun the fight, nor mingle in the war?
Thus must thy glory end, but just begun?
Would, I had died for thee, for thee, my son!
The years of haughty *Willmore* had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Willmore had stood conspicuous to the sight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
But why with grief have I so long withheld,
Wretch that I am, the chieftains from the field.
Go tell *Louverture* to avenge the dead,
On his base murderer *Willmore's* guilty head;
'Tis all he now can to his father give,
'Tis for this only I endure to live.”

Louverture hears his royal sire's command,
And hastes to battle with his conquering band;
Soon as proud *Willmore* the fierce prince beheld,
From a high mound, approaching o'er the field,
Him and his troops a general fear confounds,
They shudd'ring hear the shrill advancing sounds.
The sable squadrons wedg'd in close array,
In one firm body cut their desperate way,
On *Willmore* now *LOUVERTURE* calls aloud,
To fight and hunts him in the bloody crowd.

Now here, now there, the foe appears in sight,
 And now he turns him from the fatal fight.
 When long the prince his cowardice had view'd,
 (For still the tyrant fled as he pursued,)
 No more he follow'd thro' the thickening fight,
 But cried aloud, "Escape thou wretch by flight.
 Hide thee inglorious, but for thee this day,
 Whole hecatombs of Christian ghosts shall pay."
 Rushing amidst the warrior train—no bound,
 His vengeance knew, but spread the slaughter round.
 The treacherous foes he thinks it vain to spare,
 Fir'd with his rage, he gives a loose to war.
 Now crowds of tyrants perish on the plain,
 By sable chiefs and great LOUVERTURE slain;
 Here proud imperious *Alexander* falls,
 And shrieks with fear, and loud for mercy calls;
 First slightly wounded by the whizzing dart,
 His sword he dropp'd to mitigate the smart,
 His hand he quickly to the wound applied,
 And a keen arrow nail'd it to his side.
 Swift thro' the wound it cut an ample way,
 In dust and blood the glittering coward lay.
Mason and *Vineyard* next were doom'd to feel,
 The vengeful fury of his flying steel,
 Mondingo from this scene of slaughter far,
 Raged on the left, and rul'd the horrid war,
 The woeful tidings to the hero came,
 Of *Lango* his brave younger Brother slain,

His grief impels him furious on the foe,
While from his eyes the silent sorrows flow.
The Christians now and sable squadrons wage,
A horrid war with undistinguish'd rage;
Here great *Mondingo* sweeps the fields, and there
Storms beauteous *Lambert*, the renown'd in war:
No stop, no check the mighty heroes knew,
Still with their toils their kindling ardour grew:
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear.
The brindled Lion, or the tusky Bear;
With voice and hands provokes their doubting heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So gallant *Lambert* prompts his men to dare,
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
And now *Louverture* saw his foe from far,
Safe midst the ranks, and glittering thro' the war,
Array'd in scarlet, fring'd with flow'rs of gold,
With epulets all beauteous to behold;
He tower'd aloft with more than mortal pride,
His son the charming LAMBERT by his side.
The blooming son, illustrious virtues grace,
By birth as gen'rous as the sire was base.
A silken string constrains his locks, that deck,
In glossy flaxen curls his beauteous neck:
All lov'd his person, all admired his parts,
Both brave in arms, and well approv'd in arts.
When *Willmore's* son harrangued the list'ning train;
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full without a fault,
 He spake no more than just the thing he ought.
 Whene'er he rose, in solemn thought profound,
 His modest eyes, he fix'd upon the ground;
 As one unskill'd or dumb he seem'd to stand,
 Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his beauteous hand;
 But when he speaks, what elocution flows,
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows!
 The copious accents fall with easy art,
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.
 Wondring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.
Louverture views the sire with stern delight,
 His soul enkindles at the pleasing sight;
 So joys a lion if the branching deer,
 Or mounting goat, his bulky prize, appear;
 In vain the youths oppose, the mastiff's bay,
 The Lordly Savage rends the panting prey.
 Now to relieve his sire, with a fierce bound,
Lambert flies furious o'er the slippery ground.
Willmore the foe perceiv'd with fear and dread,
 Saw him advance, and coward like he fled.
 But with preventive speed *Louverture* ran,
 Turn'd short, and forc'd the combat, man to man:
 Compell'd he stands, collected in his might,
 Defies the generous prince, and waits the fight.
 Soon as he saw the sable chief advance,
 Within due distance of the flying lance;

“ Now, now my spear and conq’ring hand, (he cried)
For Willmore owns no deity beside,
Assist my vows, succeed my martial toils,
And strip yon negro of his bloody spoils,
My noble *Lambert* his bright sword shall bear,
His golden belt, his quiver, and his spear.”
Thus said, his fate the vaunting chieftain tries,
Glancing oblique, his jav’lin erring flies;
But in its dreadful course, tho’ starting wide,
It lodg’d its thirsty point in *Zimbo’s* side.
The prince invokes the sov’reign of the skies,
“ Avenge my honour’d father’s wrongs,” he cries, }
And with the words the hissing jav’lin flies.
It pierc’d his thigh, and there its fury staid,
The spouting blood the prince with joy survey’d;
Then from the sheath his flaming sword he drew,
And all collected on the ruffian flew.
And now brave *Lambert* his illu’trious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
Incumber’d with his spear now *Willmore* reel’d,
And tir’d, and slow, and pain’d, he quit the field.
His friends all busied in the cares of war,
Thro’ haste or danger, had not drawn the spear.
Fierce sprang the son against the foe; no word
He spake, but rush’d beneath the threatning sword;
Strove to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe;
Just w.

Now mov'd with pity the brave gen'rous man
Exhorts, and threats, and prays the youth in vain:

“Whither to death, ah whither wouldst thou run,
And tempt an hand far mightier than thine own:

Imprudent Lambert, from the field remove,

Nor seek thy ruin, urg'd by filial love;

This gen'rous love I honour and revere,

Ah, then depart, and listen to my prayer:

Depart in peace, nor tempt my dreadful ire,

Now, while thou may'st from certain death retire.”

He warns in vain, the thoughtless youth defies,

The prince, till all his wrath begins to rise:

“Then die” the hero cries, and at the word,

He wields and lifts aloft his vengeful sword,

And rising to the blow, with force applied,

The blade he buried in his milk white side;

The dress his *Anna* had embroider'd o'er,

And his fair breast, was drench'd with purple gore.

The prince beholds the languid youth with woe,

And from his eyes the gen'rous torrents flow;

He seiz'd his palsied hand and thus he said,

“To worth like thine what honours can be paid?

To future times thy matchless name shall live,

And ev'n thy foes to thee the praise shall give;

Lo, I restore thine arms, unhappy boy,

Thy spangled falchion, late thy only joy:

Yet, Lambert, ev'n in death be this thy pride,

Thou by the great Louverture's hand hast died.

Then round the corpse he call'd a gallant train,
And rais'd, himself, the body from the plain:
But ah! how chang'd, with blood disfigur'd o'er,
His snow white limbs all horrible with gore,
Stain'd were the circlets of his flaxen hair,
Which ev'n a princess might be proud to wear.
As the young olive in the sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with unfading green,
Lifts the gay head in snowy flowrets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
Soon as a whirlwind from high heav'n invades,
The tender plant, and rifles all its shades:
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead:
Thus young, thus beautiful, brave Lambert lay,
His honours wither'd in lifes early day.
Meantime the sire had reach'd the shore, and there
Bath'd in the flood his wounds, in deep despair;
He groan'd and languish'd on the sandy shore,
And dry'd his sweat, and wash'd away the gore,
And paus'd, and panted, while the gentle gale,
Convey'd the freshness the cool seas exhale.
Against an oak the chief his head reclin'd,
And caught the enlivning freshness of the wind;
When lo! he saw approaching from afar,
His slaughter'd son, borne from the field of war.
Deep in his side he view'd the fatal wound,
And while his friends attendant mourn'd around,

In anguish tore his hair, and beat his breast,
 And thus his mighty sorrows he express'd:
 "Have I then lost thee! oh my murder'd son,
 Lost thy dear life, and basely sav'd my own?
 In my defence would such a son expire,
 A son like him for such a guilty sire?
 Now, now I feel a weight of woe, the smart
 Of this dread wound lies raging at my heart,
 On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain,
 My much lov'd son, by fierce Louverture slain }
 'Twas I who lur'd thee to this hostile plain. }
 Fierce rage succeeds, his choler swelling high,
 The gen'ral rais'd him on his halting thigh,
 Prop'd on his spear, and with his body bent,
 Resolv'd on vengeance to the field he went;
 Halting and slow the groaning tyrant past,
 But aided by his spear, he reach'd the plain at last.
 Thrice on Louvertures name he called from far;
 He heard the challenge, and prepar'd for war,
 Leaving the ranks, he made his bold advance.
 Fierce o'er the plain and shook his mighty lance,
 And while the wounded chieftain hung his head,
 The intrepid prince with noble order said:

"Why, at mine hands wilt thou thy ruin seek,
 Inglorious chief, the cause this instant speak."

"And why (the chief replied) this vaunting strain!
 The father perish'd when the son was slain!"

I come to die—but let me first bestow,
This parting present on the murderous foe,
Then strike, and use thy present fortune, strike,
Death and the fabled god I scorn alike."
Swift as he spake, the vengeful dart he sped,
Which miss'd the mark, and onward singing fled.
"Where now the vaunting strain, (Louverture cried,)
Of haughty *Willmore*? where his scornful pride?"

With complicated woe the chief replies,
And as he speaks, stares furious at the skies,
"Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath,
On one determin'd and resolv'd on death;
With that one hope to battle did I fly,
And fought, far less to conquer, than to die,
But if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave,
For well my guilt and folly have I known,
Then guard my corps, and lay me by my son.
Ah! grant this comfort ere I yield my breath,
To share his sweet society in death."

He strove to hide the anguish of his soul,
But down his cheeks the tears resistless stole:

The prince indignant whirl'd aloft in air,
His massy sword, and hew'd away his ear
In pomp terrific now black furies stand,
Around the Atheist, waiting heaven's command;
Aghast he shakes and trembles with affright,
While all their native horrors blast his sight;

Such flaming fronts the sable demons spread,
 So dreadful hiss'd red serpents round his head,
 Stiff rose his hair, and lo, a copious stream,
 Of deathly sweat ran down from every limb.
 Fierce, and more fierce the gnashing furies rise,
 And hell, all hell, now open'd on his eyes.

“Earth, earth! (he cries) thy centre open throw,
 And screen a sinner from impending woe.”

Thus while he lay and agonizing shook,
 Th' intrepid prince the gen'ral thus bespoke:

“What methods, *Willmore*, yet remain for flight?
 'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight;
 Try all thy arts and vigour to escape,
 Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape,
 Wish for the morning's rapid wings to fly,
 Shoot down to liell, or vault into the sky.”

“Not these insulting, empty vaunts I dread,”
 Replied the trembling chief, and shook his head;

“Nay let the fear of GOD my bosom move,
 Alone my grèatest foe, Almighty Jove!
 My crimes, my unbelief (the tyrant said,)
 Have forc'd reluctant vengeance on my head.”
 He spake, and upward cast his glaring eyes,
 Tow'rd the blue vault, and curs'd the azure skies.

The prince with indignation mark'd the part,
 And aim'd his sword directly at his heart:
 It lopp'd his arm, and plow'd his ribs profound,
 And stretch'd him languid on the purple ground.

His hands the vanquish'd tyrant faintly rear'd,
And to the chief this moving prayer preferr'd:

“ Prince I deserve, not deprecate my death,
Then use thy fortune, take my forfeit breath,
Yet if a parent's tears move sympathy,
Think what thy father is and pity, me.”

His melting tale the generous warrior heard,
Repress'd his rage, and sheath'd his reeking sword,
His words and tears to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When lo! by chance the glittering belt he spied,
His brother's belt, still shining at his side,
Which from the bleeding youth the ruffian tore,
And the bright spangled prize in triumph wore;
His eyes fierce flaming o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumbering vengeance in his soul,
Then in loud accents, and with dreadful look, -
Stern and severe, the raging hero spoke:

“ Thou wretch accurs'd, canst thou to grace pretend,
Clad in my brother's spoils, my murder'd friend?
No, to th' unhappy who unjustly bleed,
Heav'n gives posterity to avenge the deed:
Haste then, appease my father's vengeance, go,
Go then, a victim to his son below,
‘Tis *Lango*, *Lango* gives the righteous blow.
Thus is my sire aton'd,” (the hero said)
And buried in his breast the thirsty blade.

A groan that moment echo'd to the shore,
 Another follow'd and he groan'd no more.
 The soul, tho' long to the dull clay confin'd,
 Unwilling leaves the spangled corpse behind;
 Drag'd furious by the gnashing fiends away,
 Thro' sable clouds far from the solar ray,
 Loud and more loud the dreadful shrieks they hear;
 As to the infernal regions they draw near.
 A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
 O'er boiling with a blue sulphureous tide,
 Expands its jaws terrific to survey,
 And roars incessant for the destin'd prey.
 And floods of sable smoke, and ruddy flame,
 Burst out in volumes o'er the dark domain.
 Here while the Atheist tastes eternal woe,
 They plunge him flaming in the realms below,
 "As far beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ætherial world."
 In words like these the captive soul complains,
 With all the eloquence of hellish pains:

"Ah, mercy, mercy, oh! indulgent Jove,
 Is love extinguish'd, in the source of love?
 Wretch that I am! did heaven stoop down to hell,
 Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
 Yet have I been industrious to provoke,
 From my Redeemer's kind embraces broke,
 Blasphem'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
 Earn'd my damnation, labour'd out my fate,

Annul'd his groans, as far as in me lay,
And flung his agonies and death away;
My voice, which was ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
Once curs'd my GOD, now blows the flames of hell.
Just is my lot, but oh, must it transcend,
The reach of time, despair a distant end?
And must my punishment be ever strong,
My constitution too, for ever young?
Curs'd with returns of vigour still the same,
Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame,
Wretch that I was to doubt heav'n's word divine,
Nor think if truth dictated every line,
What woe, what endles miseries were mine."
Lambert, the brave, and *Willmore* being slain,
The Christians flee in terror from the plain,
The fierce *Louverture* rushing stern before,
His chieftains follow, thundring to the shore;
Shout as they go, the distant forests rend,
And waves of moving troops his march attend.
Full twenty stumbled as in haste they fled,
Their souls were trampled out, their bodies bled.
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
Bearing grim death upon its dreadful wings;
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' affected deeps tumultuous mix and roar,
The waves behind burst on the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, & tumbling to the shore,

Then, in the tumult wedg'd with terror rush'd,
On their own swords, by their own soldiers crush'd;
Some drove headforemost in the sands, and there
Their heads stood fix'd, their quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the soldier's feet,
As they rush'd panting to the painted fleet,
Louverture's fierce approach they think they hear,
In every wind, and ev'ry moment fear:

He like a fury toss'd the scattering throng,
Drove heaps on heaps of trembling foes along.
So flees a herd of cows that hear dismay'd,
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade,
On heaps they tumble with successful haste,
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last.

But now, the prince beholds far on the sea,
Full twenty ships direct their watery way;
Straight for the shore the tilting vessels stand,
Then furl their sails and anchor near the land.
Each held full forty troops, a cruel train,
And each prepar'd to scour the ill fated plain.
And while the sight the sable host appals,
The vanquish'd robbers gain their wooden walls.

Now whirling down the skies, the purple day,
Shot thro' the western clouds a dewy ray,
Imperial Sol, hid his refulgent light,
Then rose majestic, Cynthia, Queen of night:
Wide o'er the mighty globe with pomp she drew,
Her silver chariot hung with pearly dew.

All night in arms each valiant warrior lay,
Forgetful of the past or coming day,
All but the prince with anxious thoughts oppress'd,
His father's cares revolving in his breast!
Sighs following sighs, his inward grief confess'd.
Now o'er the fields dejected he surveys,
From fifty ships as many fires blaze;
And looking forward to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for his father's host:
Inward he groans, while duty and despair,
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
And while a thousand cares his breast revolves,
To seek sage *Quaco* now the chief resolves;
With him in wholesome council to debate,
What yet remain'd to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and straitway cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet in haste his sandals bound;
A lion's yellow skin his back conceal'd,
His warlike hand a painted jav'lin held.

AVENIA.

BOOK III.



ARGUMENT.

MONDINGO leaves his couch in pursuit of his brother---their interview---LOUVERTURE'S generous treatment of HAWKINS' son---Council of the chiefs--MONDINGO and SAMBO before daylight reconnoitre the foe--A reinforcement of the Christians land---Some of the neighbouring blacks are bought over by the Christians as allies---The chiefs resolve on victory or death---Battle commences, LOUVERTURE proves victorious, but is slain by stratagem.

AVENIA.

BOOK III.

MEANWHILE *Mondingo* press'd with equal woes,
Alike refus'd the gift of soft repose;
Wept for his sire, who for his son before,
So much had suffer'd, yet to suffer more;
A panther's spoils he round his shoulder spread,
The sharp white teeth grinn'd horrid at his head.
He grasp'd his jav'lin in his hand, and ran
To meet his brother, and he thus began.

“ Why wakes *Louverture* midst these silent hours?
Sends he some spy to watch the Christian powers?
But say, what warrior shall sustain the task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shades to go,
And from the hostile shore explore the foe.”
To whom the prince. “ In such distress we stand,
I see this moment all our cares demand;
Our all to save is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, policy and art;
Then speed thy hasty course along the plain,
Make no delay, but all our chiefs convene,

Myself to hoary QUACO shall repair,
To keep the guard on duty be thy care."
To whom *Mondingo*, "these thy orders borne,
Say, shall I stay or with despatch return."
"There shalt thou stay, (the mournful prince replied)
Else we may miss to meet without a guide,
Still with thy voice the slothful warriors raise,
Urge by their fathers' fame, their future praise.
Forget this night thy state and lofty birth,
Now works, and works alone, must prove thy worth."
This said, each parted to his several cares,
The prince to QUACO instantly repairs;
And as he moves among the heaps of dead,
Where late the frightened Christians wounded fled,
He hears a groan, and as he hears he stands,
And grasps his sword and jav'lin in his hands.
There lay in gore the cruel *Hawkins'* son,
Large drops of sweat from all his members run,
An arrow's head still rooted in his wound,
The crimson blood in circles mark'd the ground.
Mov'd with soft pity at the Christian's woe,
Louverture in the man forgets the foe.
"Ah! hapless man," he cries, "where now thy boast?
Thus must thou perish on a foreign coast?
Is this thy fate, to glut the beasts with gore,
Far from thy friends and from thy native shore?
Unhappy man, doom'd thus to die in shame,

Thus end the period of thy life and fame!
 But since 'tis so, what now remains to do?
 Th' event of things great Jove alone can view;
 Charg'd with my country's good, with speed I fly,
 For lo! the cruel enemy is nigh,
 But thy distress this instant claims relief,"
 He said and in his arms uprais'd the chief;
 His guards the prince's slow approach survey'd,
 And on the ground a lion's hide they spread;
 There stretch'd at length the wounded chieftain lay,
 While good *Louverture* cut the steel away:
 In his kind hand a bitter root he bruis'd,
 The wound he suck'd, the styptic juice infus'd;
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.
 Then to the guards the godlike hero said:
 "While now I haste beyond those heaps of dead,
 To meet our chieftains near the silent wood,
 Nourish the wounded man with wine and food;
 What for yourselves you'd wish, for him provide,
 None other rule has Jove impos'd beside,
 The wretched and the poor by heav'n are sent,
 To prove us men, relent then guards, relent.
 What for ourselves we need, is always ours,
 This night let due repast refresh his pow'rs;
 With tepid water wash his gore away,
 With healing balms his raging smart allay:

And thou poor Christian, thus o'erpowr'd with woe,
 Thy anxious cares that nourish grief, forego;
 Steep'd in thy blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Neglected hadst thou lain on piles of dead,
 None to weep o'er thee, to relieve thee none,
 Had we like Christians, hearts of flinty stone!
 Since Jove impels us thus our grace to give,
 Then share our bounty and consent to live:
 Ye guards, relieve him, till the god of day,
 Strikes the blue mountains with his golden ray."

The hero said, and strode in haste away.
 The anxious chief the aged QUACO found
 Stretch'd on a lion's hide, his men around:
 And leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary warrior rubb'd his eyes and said;

"Who art thou speak, that on designs unknown,
 While others sleep thus range the fields alone,
 Seek'st thou some friend or nightly sentinel?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell."

"Ah, rev'rend QUACO (thus the prince rejoind)
 Pride of my sire, and glory of thy kind,
 Lo! here the wretched prince *Louverture* stands
 Th' unhappy leader of my father's bands;
 Scarce can his knees his trembling frame sustain,
 Scarce can his heart support its load of pain;
 No taste of sleep my heavy eyes have known,
 For him I sadly wander thus alone;

With fears distracted, with no fix'd design,
 And all his people's miseries are mine.
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 Since cares like mine deprive my soul of rest;
 Impart thy counsel and assist thy friend,
 And let us jointly to our chiefs descend,
 At ev'ry post the fainting guards excite,
 Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night;
 Else may the sudden foe our towns invade;
 So near, and favour'd by the midnight shade."

Thus QUACO answer'd, " Trust the powers above,
 Nor think proud *Hawkins'* hope confirm'd by Jove;
 He sees our sov'reign's wrongs, our misery,
 He sees but not without kind sympathy:
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 With the wise counsels of the Eternal Mind?
 Lo! faithful QUACO thy command obeys,
 Thy care be next, our other chiefs to raise.
 To rouse *Mondingo* I myself decree,
 Dear as he is to us and dear to thee :
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share
 With his great brother in the general care."
 To whom the prince. " With reverence we allow
 Thy just reproofs, yet learn to spare them now;
 My generous brother is of gentler kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
 Through too much def'rence to his brother's sway,

Content to follow when he leads the way.
Early this night he sought me thro' the plain,
And now convenes our chiefs of ancient fame."
The lion's skin the sage, then round him spread;
The teeth grinn'd dreadful on his hoary head;
Marching with caution thro' the sleeping croud,
They stopp'd where *Kimbo* slept, and call'd aloud.
Fierce *Kimbo*, sudden as the voice was sent,
Starting, awak'd, and to the heroes went:

"What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wandering thro' the shades of night?"

"Oh! valiant chief, (the prudent sage reply'd,)
Brave as thou art, be now thy valour tried;
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever councils can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly, or fight,
All, all depend on this important night."

He heard, return'd, and took his trusty spear,
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd void of fear.
They now approach'd a chief of glorious fame,

Mondingo's uncle, *Sambo* was his name,
A grove of spears, around him fix'd upright,
Shot from their deathful points a quiv'ring light.

A bear's black hide compos'd the warrior's bed,
A wolf's grey spoils was roll'd beneath his head.

Now with his foot, old *Quaco* gently shakes,
The slumbering chief, and in these words, awakes

“ Rise, valiant *Sambo*, to the bold and strong,
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long;
 But sleep'st thou now, when from you ships the foe,
 Threaten our nation with impending woe?”
 The hero heard, and sudden rais'd his head,
 That moment slumber from his eyelids fled,
 The warrior hail'd the hoary chief, and said:
 “ Wond'rous old man, whose soul no respite knows,
 Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose;
 Let younger chiefs our sleeping warriors wake,
 Ill fits thy age this toil to undertake.

“ My friend (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
 These toils young heroes, and my sons, should bear;
 Their tender thoughts and pious love conspire,
 To ease a chieftain and relieve a sire.
 But now, alas! despair surrounds our host,
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost,
 Each single chief, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
 Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age,
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest,
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.”
 He spake. The chieftain o'er his shoulders flung,
 A leopard's spoils, that to his ancles hung,
 Then grasp'd his sword, and lance and strode along,
 And now they all approach the distant guard,
 Brave wakeful heroes, each in arms prepar'd,

The watch unwearied, and all listning, keep
A sharp look out, nor heed invading sleep.
The prince with joy the watchful band survey'd,
And thus address'd them thro' the gloomy shade

“Tis well brave men, your nightly cares employ,
Neglect must prove our fall, the town destroy,
Watch thus and we shall live.” The hero said,
And o'er the plain the anxious chieftains led;
And now they pass'd thro' piles of dead around,
And in sad state the solemn council crown'd:
A field there was, not stain'd with human gore,
Where fierce *Louverture* stopp'd his rage before,
When night descending, from his vengeful hand,
Repreiv'd the relics of the Christian band;
There stood the mournful chiefs when *Zango's* son,
The council op'ning, in these words begun:

“Is there amongst us one so greatly brave,
His life to hazard and his country save?
Is there a chief who singly dares to go,
To yonder shore, and seize some straggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night, approach so near,
Their speech, their councils, and designs to hear,
Spy yonder fleet, a bold discovery make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take,
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night.
If to destroy our town they now prepare,
Our fields once more must be the seat of war.”

This could he learn, and to our chiefs recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night,
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise.
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow,
 What must not we to our deliv'rer owe!
 He who is boldest, speak, nor be afraid,
 To birth or office no respect be paid;
 Let worth determine here." The hero spake,
 And inly shudder'd for his brother's sake:
 As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
 The mild winds curling the wide wat'ry plain,
 The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps;
 Thus heard the chiefs, and shudder'd at the sound,
 Propp'd on their spears and standing mute around,
 Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Mondingo spake; "The man you seek is here;
 Tow'rd yon black fleet to bend my dangerous way,
 'Tis Jove commands—and promptly I obey,
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes and second my design;
 By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
 Great deeds are done and great discov'ries made,
 The wise new wisdom from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire."
 Contending chieftains at the word arise,
 And each for glory with the other vies,

So brave a post each warrior strives to gain,
But most great *Sambo* strives—nor yet in vain.
Then thus the Prince in brief the contest ends;

“Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
The brave *Mondingo* in this cause to join,
This arduous enterprize, be only thine.

The prince invincible, in brief replied:

“My choice demands no other aid beside,
How can I doubt when mighty *Sambo* stands,
To lend his counsel and assist our hands.

A chief whose safety is the Spirit’s care,
So fam’d, so dreadful in the works of war;
Blest in his conduct what can I desire!

Wisdom like his might pass thro’ flames of fire.”

“It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Replied the Sage) to praise me or to blame;
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know;
But let us haste, night rolls the hours away,
The redd’ning orient speaks the coming day:
The stars shine fainter in the æthereal plains,
And of night’s empire but a third remains.”
Thus having spoke, with noble ardor press’d,
To explore the distant shore the heroes haste,
A two-edg’d falchion, *Louverture* the brave,
With poison’d arrows, to his brother gave.
The furious *Sambo* took a well-tried sword,
A bow, and quiver with sharp arrows stor’d;

And now, thus arm'd, the council they forsake,
And dark, thro' paths oblique, their course they take,
As thus they slowly mov'd *Mondingo* pray'd,
To heav'n, and thus the filial hero said:

“Thou Spirit, ever present in my ways,
Who all my motions, all my toils surveys,
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to the shores convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Christians yet unborn;
Avenge my country's wrongs, the hero said,
And march'd undaunted o'er the heaps of dead,
Fix'd and resolv'd, the tyrants to explore,

They seek the winding of the distant shore:
Approach the ships, and lo! amaz'd they see
Full fifty boats landing the enemy;
Thousands already marching on the shore,
And still the boats employ'd in landing more;
Now quick retreating, from the awful sight,
They leave the beach before the approaching light.

Meantime an army from the distant plain,
Of natives, allies for the thirst of gain,
Approach the shore; the Christian's arts succeed;
Now first the natives by the natives bleed.
Toward the ships they bend their shameful way,
And on the left the panting chiefs survey:
'Tis for some base design these men appear,
Declare (they cry) from whence, and who you are,

What moves you say when sleep should close the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Perhaps some foes, by hopes of plunder, led
Thro' heaps of carnage to despoil the dead."
Nought they reply, but take their instant flight,
To the thick forest thro' the gloom of night,
And haste to meet the warriors on the plain,
To join the council and respire again.

Louverture saw them first; forth from his breast,
He heav'd a sigh, and thus the chiefs address'd:

" Ah! hapless leaders of our warlike host.
Your visage tells us, all our hopes are lost.
Say, great *Mondingo*, shall we bravely stand,
Resist the Christians and proud *Hawkins'* hand,
Or are our heroes doom'd to die in shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame."

" No more, my honour'd brother, and my friend,
(Replied *Mondingo*,) here our glories end.
For lo, ev'n now a host of foes they land,
Nay, hosts already march the yellow sand.
A sable army from the distant plain,
Our neighbours join them for the thirst of gain."
Mondingo ceas'd; when with a murmur'ing groan,
And long, loud sighs, each warrior made his moan.
With new-born courage brave *Louverture* broke,
The gen'ral murmurs, and undaunted spoke:

" Chieftains, be bold, before the op'ning day,
 Shall gild the mountains with a purple ray,
 Let each brave chief his panting troops inspire,
 And with new ardour by example fire.
 So shall our arms with just success be crown'd,
 And our proud foes lie panting on the ground;
 We'll charge them home, nor will we charge in vain,
 But fight or fall, a firm embodied train;
 Him whom the fortune of the field shall cast,
 Dead on the plain, the next succeed in haste,
 Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
 This rais'd their ardour, this preserv'd their force.
 Remember chieftains, on this signal day,
 The fates of all our sires and infants lay;
 And we must fight the foe or hence retire,
 Till *Congo* blazes with their hostile fire.
 Thus spake the prince; fierce shout the sable train,
 And with one voice return him loud acclaim.

The morning star now with a golden ray,
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n and promis'd day,
 When *Silvan*, brave *Louverture's* tender spouse.
 Rose from her couch, and silent left her house,
 Close to her breast she held her charming boy,
 The mother's comfort, and the father's joy,
 Pensive she climb'd a mountain's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the foe preparing for the fight.
 But yet she saw not whom her soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd her, as his valour fir'd,

Along the plain her trembling steps she bent,
And thro' the sable myrmidons she went,
Where late the mournful council made resort,
And where *Mondingo* made his sad report:
She heard the tidings with an aching heart,
And trembled for her soul's far dearer part.
To seek *Louverture* now she screaming flies,
Fear on her cheeks, tears gushing from her eyes,
And while his welfare all her thoughts employ,
She bathes her babe in tears, her infant boy.
The prince this heard, and march'd without delay,
Swift o'er the plain, and trod his former way;
Bidding *Mondingo* haste were glory calls,
And watch the Christians by their wooden walls,
 " E'er yet I mingle in the bloody fray,
(He cries) my consort claims a moments stay,
This day the last perhaps that sees me here,
Demands a parting kiss, a tender tear;
This day perhaps, I press my native land,
Slain by some treach'rous foe, some Christian's hand."
With haste to meet him, sprang the mournful dame,
As now she spied him o'er th' adjacent plain,
And as she ran, in close embraces press'd,
The lovely babe hung smiling at her breast;
With joy extatic to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
Touch'd to the soul the prince with anguish hears,
Her sad complaints; and speaks his grief in tears.

Quick thro' his heart her mighty sorrows ran,
Grief seiz'd the prince and wrapp'd up all the man.
H' embrac'd his mournful consort and resign'd,
To solemn sadness all his noble mind.

The charming *Sylvan* cast a wishful look,
Hung round his neck, and thus dejected spoke:

“ My lov'd *Louverture*! whither wilt thou run,
And leave thy weeping wife, and smiling son?

Ah! think how miserable we shall be,

A widow I, an helpless orphan he;

Thy furious courage length of life denies,

This day thou falls't thy country's sacrifice :

Proud *Hawkins* and his armies strove in vain,

But hosts invade us, and thou must be slain.

O may I, ere *Louverture* meets his doom,

With my poor infant seek the silent tomb.

So shall my days their race of sorrow run,

And end with anguish as they first begun;

No parents now remain, my woes to share,

Nor shall I feel a tender brother's care :

The cruel Christians wrapt our town in fire,

Laid *Eso* waste, and sold my warlike sire;

By them my twenty valiant brothers fell,

And none return'd their mighty wrongs to tell;

While herds and snowy flocks they fearless fed,

Amidst their flocks th' intrepid heroes bled:

My sister liv'd to bear the robber's bands,

Was dragg'd in tears from her paternal lands,

The hapless maiden ne'er beheld again,
Her dear, dear country, and her native plain;
But press'd beneath her complicated woe,
She fell a victim to her lustful foe.
Yet while *Louverture* still survives I see
My mother, sister, brother, sire in thee;
Alas, my father, mother, brethren, all
Again must perish if my prince should fall."
LOUVERTURE hears her plaints with silent woe,
And as he hears the tears unbidden flow;
Then lifts his smiling infant high in air,
And breathes to heav'n his humble fervent prayer.

"Immortal Sire, who fills th' æthereal throne,
From lawless ruffians save my wife and son,
Pity the orphan's and the widow's woe,
And save them from the savage Christian foe;
My bleeding country save, our warriors lead
To certain victory." The hero said,
Then fondly gazing on his consort's charms,
Restor'd the smiling infant to her arms:
Soft on her heaving breast the babe she laid,
Kiss'd his sweet lips, and with a smile survey'd;
The transitory joy, soon check'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a silent tear.
The tender prince with kind compassion mov'd,
First dried the falling tear, and thus pursued:
"Ah me! my SYLVAN, how thy griefs I dread,
Ev'n now, methinks I see thee captive led;

To bear the Chistians' hard commands, and forc'd
To plow their lands, serve their promiscuous lust,
May I be cold before that fatal day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay.

"But, SYLVAN, why, my soul's far dearer part,
Say, why for me thus heaves thy panting heart?

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till Jove condemns me to the silent tomb;

Depend on him, to him for succour run,
His will is just, and let his will be done;

No more, but hasten to my sire at home,
He needs thy comfort, mournful and alone;

Tell him this moment to the fight I fly,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die."

This said, the prince while tears in torrents fell
Kiss'd wife and child and took his last farewell;

His consort parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwillingly, and oft reverts her eye;

Tears gush'd at ev'ry look, then moving slow,
She join'd the matrons and indulg'd her woe,

The dames in sympathy their sorrows shed,
And mourn'd their prince as tho' he now were dead.

And now returning with a dauntless air,

The mighty chief anticipates the war;

Thro' all his martial myrmidons he moves,

Some he encourages and some reproves.

"Brave men (he cries) your gen'rous hearts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame;

Think of your homes, yourselves, and all the care,
Your wives, your infants and your parents share,
Think of each living father's rev'rend head,
Think of each glorious ancestor, now dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue,
They ask their freedom and their fame from you,
Your fate and theirs on this one action lay,
We all are lost if you desert the day.
Our ravish'd daughters soon shall curse their chains,
Our slaughter'd chieftains strew the mournful plains.
Dread not your num'rous foes, to Jove belongs,
Our righteous cause, and the revenge of wrongs."
He spake, when lo, a youth unknown to fame,
Yet wise and cautious [MIXGO was his name]
Viewing the ships with a dejected look,
With humble diffidence the prince bespoke:
 " How oft my leader, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere;
True to the counsel which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast;
To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace, in war, in council, or in fight,
And all I move, defering to thy sway,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey:
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain,
Seek not this day the Christians' boats to gain,
For hosts oppose us, and we must be slain.

Tho' we may threaten yon grand painted fleet,
 Tho' tyrants fall on tyrants at our feet,
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer are decreed;
 This day I fear will see our heroes bleed."

To him *LOUVERTURE* with disdain return'd,
 And as he spake, his eyes with fury burn'd:

"Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, or thy reason wrong.
 Or if the purpose of thy mind thou vent,
 Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsel would thy madness move?
 Jove can defend: may we not trust in Jove?
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause,
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less.
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon boats expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire;
 I and my chiefs may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests,
 Spread their cold poison thro' our heroes' breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."
 The sable chief with fix'd resentment, eyed
 The martial leader, and sedate replied.

"Say is it just my prince that *MINGO's* ear?

From such a hero, such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a gen'rous mind:
I shun the Christians, I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain.
March to yon vessels, let us hew the way,
And thou be witness if I fear to day."
" Debate no more [the prince replies] but fight,
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;
Conquest, not safty, fill the thoughts of all,
And let us sally on each wooden wall:
For Jove's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
The strong he withers and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow."
Furious he spake and rushing to the wall,
Alarms his chiefs, his chiefs obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies,
Redoubled clamour thunders in the skies.
Meantime the foe still land their lawless train,
Some watch impatient the retreating main;
Then vault and sieze the half recover'd shores,
Some slide more ventrous down the bending oars;
From boat to boat in haste the ruffians fly,
But with less speed, the breaking waves too nigh.
So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead,
Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,

Drives four fair coursers practis'd to obey,
 To some great city thro' the public way;
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
 He shifts his seat and vaults from one to one:
 And now to this and now to that he flies;
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
 A place at length their proud commander spied,
 Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide;
 Thither his boats all from the deep he drew,
 And thus exhorted the attentive crew.

“ Now, now brave boys exert your utmost force,
 Ply your swift oars, and urge your furious course;
 Pull, heave your desp'rate long boats to the strand,
 Plow with your stems and keels the hostile land:
 My sole ambition is to gain the coast,
 And then no matter if the boats are lost.”

So spake their chief LECLERC, and as he spoke,
 They ply'd their oars and rose to ev'ry stroke:
 Full on the land the rushing long boats bore
 Till with their keels they clave the sandy shore.
 Safe to the shelving beach the long boats run,
 All scap'd the dangers of the rocks but one:
 LECLERC's amidst the shallows rush'd, and there
 Dash'd on a rock and sloping hung in air;
 Press'd by a war of waves her shatter'd sides,
 Burst, and the troops plung'd headlong in the tides,
 They swam, assisted by their floating oars,
 Till the long surges bare them to the shores.

The troops all landed in the yellow sand,
The ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand.
Whose bay the fleet unable to contain,
At length beside the margin of the main,
Close to the shore beneath the waving scene,
Of groves that paint the checquer'd floods with green,
Rank above rank the painted ships they moor,
Who landed first lay nearest to the shore.
And now LECLERC his eager soldiers warms,
Urges his myrmidons to blood and arms:
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
In rank and file, a grim terrific band.
High in the midst their artful leader stands,
Directs his orders and the war commands:
His stern command his officers obey,
Himself supreme in valour as in sway.
His raging troops he views with joyful eyes,
And rears majestic his gigantic size:
His pondrous sword with studs of jewels crown'd,
Full four feet long he grimly wields around,
Nor speaks like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands:
“ Friends, officers and soldiers ever dear,
Brave, bold and valiant, thunderbolts of war;
Now, now be mindful of your old renown,
Your fathers' long tried courage, and your own,
Be bold, brave lads, this day your fortune's made,

March on invincible, be not afraid:
 Each lift his cutlass for a noble blow,
 Nor heed the vaunting of the savage foe.
 What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
 What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
 Our countrymen behold on yonder plain,
 All horrible with gore, and newly slain.
 "No troops, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,
 No friends to help, no city to defend;
 This spot is all you have to lose or keep,
 There stand the negroes, and here rolls the deep."
 He spake, and forthwith gave the dread command,
 To march his forces o'er the hostile land,
 Dreadful the sight and glittering from afar,
 Of great *Leclerc* now marching to the war.
 While slow and silent move the Christian bands,
 No whisper but their officer's commands;
 These only heard with awe, the rest obey,
 As if a god had snatch'd their voice away.
 Not so *Louverture*; from his host ascends,
 A mighty shout that all the region rends;
 And breathing death in terrible array,
 The close compacted legions urg'd their way.
 Soon as the prince the spangled chief beheld,
 He rush'd impetuous o'er th' embattled field;
 Each host now joins, and each dread rage inspires,
 These liberty incites, those mammon fires;

Their force embodied in a tide they pour,
The horrid combat sounds along the shore:
By passions various now together driv'n,
Meet the fierce hosts, and meeting darken heav'n,
And dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
With woods of upright spears that flashed afar.

The prince begins the fight—his bosom warms,
The field grows awful with the clash of arms;
The glitt'ring sabres flash, the arrows fly,
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Thrice fierce *Louverture* midst the ruffians flew,
And thrice five robbers at each onset slew.
'Th' impatient Africans, a gloomy throng,
To meet the foe embattled roll along,
They vow destruction to the Christian name,
And in their hopes the boats already flame:
Louverture fights, nor from his stand retires,
But with repeated shouts his army fires;

“Heroes be bold—this arm shall hew your way,
'Thro' yon square body, and that red array;
Stand, and my sword shall rout their scattering pow'r,
Strong as they seem, embattled as a tow'r.”
He said, and rais'd the soul in ev'ry breast,
Urg'd by desire to strike before the rest.
Whole squadrons the intrepid hero fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought.
His thirsty lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motive of the master's mind;

Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And longs to slay the treachrous enemy.
 The Christians bleed where'er *Louverture* turns,
 Their groans still deeper as his fury burns.
 Now man to man, with squadron squadron clos'd,
 Chief against chief, and sword to sword oppos'd;
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 Victorious shouts and dying groans arise,
 With smoking blood and brains the fields are dy'd,
 And murder'd chieftains swell the mighty tide.

Now saw the chief who led the Christian band,
 What numbers fell by great *Louverture's* hand;
 Fierce he advances in the front of fight,
 Harrangues his troops, and stops their shameful flight:
 "And where (he cried, and rais'd his voice on high)
 Where, to what ramparts will you panting fly?
 Shall one, and he a negro, make us fall,
 One rash, intrepid warrior vanquish all?
 Calm you look on and see the savage foe,
 Plunge crouds of soldiers to the realms below.
 Still shall your chief, ye base abandon'd train,
 Still shall *Leclerc* demand your aid in vain?"
 Rous'd by his words, they rally from afar,
 Breathing revenge, and thicken to the war.
 The chief beholds, and kindling at the view,
 Now fires his host the Christians to pursue,
 And like a mighty giant leads the van;
 The fierce battalion follows to a man.

Twice on the sable host he dauntless flew,
And twice a chieftain at each onset slew.
RAMBO first met him in his furious way,
The tyrants sabre lopp'd his ear away:
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The ruffian's knees and thus his prayer address'd:
 " Oh spare my youth, and deign to let me live,
And for this boon large gifts thou shalt receive" —
He sued in vain, the victor wav'd around,
His sword, and gash'd his belly with a wound.
That moment when the fatal blow was sent,
The soul rush'd plaintive thro' the gaping vent:
This saw *Ornoko*, and therewith enrag'd,
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd,
Arm'd with a spear he meditates the wound,
In act to throw but cautious looks around,
Struck at the sight *Leclerc* now backward drew,
And heard the whizzing Jav'lin as it flew:
A youth stood nigh, who from Hibernia came,
Brave, bold and fierce, and *Bennet* was his name,
The weapon enter'd just below his ear,
And thro' his temples hiss'd the flying spear.
He shriek'd that moment, and resign'd his breath,
His eye-balls darkning with the shades of death,
His mouth and nose eject a flood of gore,
That floats around him on the slippery shore.
Next hapless *Ambo* felt the victor's steel,

It plow'd his side, the warrior shrieking fell.
Leclerc ran furious as he gasp'd for breath,
 And thro' his navel drove the pointed death.
 Nor less unpitied young *Bunanno* bleeds,
 In vain his youth, in vain his valour pleads:
 Unhappy boy, no prayers, no moving art
 E'er bent to mercy his obdurate heart.
 While yet he tumbled at his feet and cried,
 The ruthless sabre op'd his tender side;
 He lopp'd his head, and kick'd it midst the throng,
 It rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
 At *Dingo* next his flying spear he cast,
 But o'er his head the singing weapon pass'd:
 The youth on bended knees assayed with art,
 To bend his stern inexorable heart:
 " Preserve, victorious chief my life alone,
 To glad a hoary father, and a son."
 Nought mov'd the chief, he aim'd the fatal blow,
 Full on his neck, and laid the stripling low.
 His brother saw him fall, and shed a tear,
 Full in the ruffians front he dar'd appear,
 And in a moment felt the deathful spear.
 He also pray'd and begg'd his life in vain,
 His head was lopp'd and roll'd along the plain.
 That moment flew poor *Gazoo* o'er the field,
 The spear o'ertook him as his course he held;

Down sunk the warrior with a horrid sound,
And grim with blood lay panting on the ground.
“Die, savage negro die,” the monster said,
And buried in his breast the smoking blade.
The princes from this cruel slaughter far,
Rag’d on the right, and rul’d the dreadful war;
Deep groans proclaim their progress thro’ the plain,
O’er hills of carnage, mountains of the slain;
Louverture issues out his stern commands,
Nor trusts the war to less important hands;
The ruffians see him come, with wild despair,
And ev’n *Leclerc* himself consents to fear.
The furious prince the van of battle led,
And by his sword twice fifty tyrants bled.
The foe dispers’d, their bravest soldiers kill’d,
Fierce as a torrent now he sweeps the field;
Still like a fury the brave prince proceeds,
Both armies wonder at his dreadful deeds;
Before his rage still fled the panting foe,
And many haughty, powder’d heads lay low.
While in black waves each sable squadron rolls,
Slashing their foes, and crushing out their souls.
The flying Christians shake the trembling ground,
The tumult thickens and the woods resound;
Sweating, the hosts engage, while shrieks arise
In frequent peals, and echo thro’ the skies.
Long as imperial Sol increasing bright,
O’er heaven’s clear azure spreads the golden light,

Commotual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse army gor'd with equal wounds:
But when he to the height of heav'n ascends,
Each ruffian to his ship his footsteps bends.

Leclerc beheld, and thundring his commands,
Now strove to rally his affrighted bands;
With this reproach his flying host he warms,
"Oh, stain to honour, oh, disgrace to arms.

Forsake inglorious the contended plain,
This hand unaided shall the war sustain;
The task be mine, this negro's strength to try,
Who thus resistless makes our squadrons fly."

He calls aloud his flying troops from far,
Then turns and sternly waits the coming war.
Pride, conscious valour, av'rice, rage and shame,
At once set all the tyrant in a flame.

"And now ye cowards, I'll no more delay,
(He cries) but go where fortune leads the way,
Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
I'll meet this negro hand to hand in war:
No longer will I see my army's shame.
Pursu'd and flying o'er the field of fame:
Resolv'd at once, impell'd with martial fire,
To conquer, or triumphantly expire.

Yet watch the time when I defy the foe,
Move swift behind, and give the fatal blow.
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away,

While ye stand by, spectators of the fray.”
Thus spake *Leclerc*, and with an eager bound,
Rush’d from his men, and measur’d back the ground;
And while his troops seem’d lost in sad despair,
Sprang thro’ the storm of darts the prince to dare:
Now shook the dastard ranks by fear oppress’d,
And sad forebodings work’d in every breast;
With dread they view’d their chief o’ermatch’d in
 might,
And curs’d the terms of the unequal fight;
Their dread encreases as the Prince draws near,
And *Leclerc’s* looks augment the gen’ral fear.
Shuddring, aghast, he moves with tardy pace,
A guilty paleness overspreads his face:
With courage forc’d anticipates the fray,
Rallies his pride, reluctant breaks the way:
Then to his troops he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus bespeaks the trembling band:
 “ To me, ye soldiers, the whole war resign,
All, all the fortune of the field be mine.”
Back, at the word, the armies are compell’d,
And for the champions form an open field:
And now the martial Prince at *Leclerc’s* name,
Fierce from the ranks, in all his terrors came,
Left ev’ry second work of war behind,
While nought but vengeance fill’d his fearless mind.
He strides majestic, furious to engage,
His fathers foe: his eye-balls flash with rage;

Elate with hope, and glorying in his might,
The sable prince moves forward to the fight.
In military purple, fring'd with gold,
Leclerc approaches, gaudy to behold;
A radiant belt around his waist was tied,
And held the sword that glitter'd at his side,
His satin vest, white as the driven snow,
Seem'd less for use design'd than useless show,
Instar'd with beamy buttons in a row.
Now death stands still, and o'er the slippery plains,
Thro' all the ranks a solemn silence reigns:
Soon as the squadrons from the fight withdrew,
Forth rush'd th' incensed combatants to view;
Leclerc first aim'd the meditated blow,
The hero shunn'd the disappointed foe.
The chief now foil'd, with agonizing eye,
Beholds his troops and longs for wings to fly,
No force, no courage the pale tyrant shows,
He pants with dread, his colour comes and goes;
Against his bosom beats his trembling heart,
Terror and death in his wide eye-balls start,
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiffning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair,
Not so *Louverture*; dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his valour, and unmov'd his frame,
Compos'd his thoughts, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul to conquer or to die;

If ought disturbs the tenor of his breast,
'Tis love of country robs his soul of rest.
Louverture now his dreadful sword prepares,
In act to strike, but first prefers his prayers:
" Give me, kind Jove, to punish lawless lust,
And lay this monster gasping in the dust;
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws;
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair virtues holy name;
Avenge my sire, thou ruler of the skies,"
He spake, and on *Leclerc* he fix'd his eyes,
Then with his eager sword he struck the foe,
On his full stretch, and aim'd a mortal blow,
A peal of groans was heard, each army bent,
Their eager eyes to wait the great event.
The wary Christian, bending from the blow,
Wards off the death, and disappoints the foe;
He wav'd again his thund'ring sword, and struck
Full on the ruffian's sword——his body shook.
Louverture's steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short, the fragments glitter'd on the sand:
The raging warrior to the lofty skies,
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and vengeful eyes:
" Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust,
And is it thus that heav'n assists the just?
When wrongs provoke us, Jove success denies,
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies:

If from thy hands the fate of mortals flow,
 From whence this favour to an impious foe;
 A bloody crew, abandon'd and unjust,
 Still breathing rapine, violence and lust?
 The best of things, above their measure, cloy,
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy,
 The feast, the dance, what'er mankind desire,
 E'en the sweet warblers in our vallies tire;
 But Christians ever reap a dire delight
 In thirst for money, and in lust of fight,
 Curs'd gold! how high will daring Christians rise,
 In ev'ry guilt, to gain the fleeting prize."
 The hero said, and towards the sable crew,
 Seiz'd by his belt the panting chieftain drew,
 Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong
 That tied his sword, drag'd the pale chief along.
 So when the sov'reign eagle soars on high,
 And bears the speckled serpent thro' the sky,
 While his sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
 In many a fold her curling volumes play,
 Her starting brazen scales with horror rise;
 The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes;
 She writhes, she hisses at her foe in vain,
 Who wings at ease the wide æreal plain
 With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,
 And bears the helpless prey triumphant thro' the skies.
 Thus had his ruin crown'd *Louverture's* joy,
 But lo the foes their old resource employ;

LECLERC had, previous to the single fight,
And while the panting squadrons were in flight,
Employed a man for villany prepar'd,
Who dar'd to venture life for a reward;
THOMAS his name, he watch'd with wily art,
The fav'ring moment to discharge his dart:
Where'er the noble prince his steps inclin'd,
The wretch in silence follow'd close behind;
Oft shifted place, ran anxious to and fro,
Flew round the raging chief in act to throw:
And aim'd his lance at the victorious foe;
And while LECLERC he dragg'd o'er come with fear,
Swift from his covert, THOMAS launch'd his spear;
And as the jav'lin sung along the skies.
All to the champion turn'd their eager eyes:
The prince dragg'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in his breast he felt the treach'rous wound:
Deep, deep infix'd the ruthless weapon stood,
Transfix'd his heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to his succour flew the sable train
And strove their sinking chieftain to sustain;
But far more swift the dastard THOMAS fled,
Trembling with fear, nor turn'd his guilty head.
As when a prowling wolf whose rage has slain,
Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
Flies to the mountains with impetuous speed,
Confus'd and conscious of the daring deed,
Claps close his coward tail between his thighs,

Ere yet the peopled country round him rise.
Not less confus'd pale Thomas took his flight,
Shun'd ev'ry eye and mingled in the fight;
The dying prince with agonizing pain,
Tugg'd at the fatal steel, but tugg'd in vain;
Meantime Leclerc the basest of his kind,
Had fled, and thought he left his life behind;
Panting and pale he hast'ned to the main,
And hid him safe within his walls again.
Deep rivetted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the prince, as heav'd the lab'ring heart.
He swoon'd he sank and scarcely drew his breath,
His soul now lingring on the brink of death;
As full blown lilies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline their heads, and drooping kiss the plain;
So sinks the prince—his beauteous head depress'd,
Serene, tho' languid, drops upon his breast;
The vernal splendors languish in his eyes,
The golden sun and all the spangled skies.
Tho' faint, he calls the partner of his care,
His friend in peace, his brother in the war;
With agonizing woe Mondingo flies,
While big round tears stream copious from his eyes.
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From lofty rocks the silver waters flow.
The prince tho' dying, with compassion mov'd,
Address'd his brother whom he dearly lov'd.
“ *Mondingo*, say what griefs thy bosom bears,

That flow so fast in these pathetic tears?
No longing infant whom the mother keeps,
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps,
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung' to her knees, or reaching out its arms;
Than thou hast mine. Oh, tell me to what end,
Thy sorrows can assist thy dying friend?
To suffer is the lot of man below,
Shall Jove give blessings, and dispense no woe?
His will be done—He will our cause defend,
As he has been, he'll ever be thy friend.
Brother I charge thee with my latest breath,
That unreveng'd thou bear *Louverture's* death.
Jove will avenge my wrongs, do thou forego
A thirst for vengeance on the murd'rous foe;
But as a son and as a warrior fight,
Defend my sire, and conquer in my sight:
That taught by great example all may try
Like thee to conquer or like me to die
Brother be bold, thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of defensive war;
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
No more *Mondingo*, mortal is my wound,
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around;
The victory was mine, but ah! 'tis past,
This hour, this fatal moment is my last.

Go, and my dying words to *Lango* bear,
Then to my mother, wife and babe repair;
When I'm no more, ah! comfort them," he said,
And then to heav'n in whispering accents pray'd:

"Oh, be my sire thy providential care,
Protect his son and string his arm for war,
Press'd by his single force, *LECLERC* shall see.
His fame in arms not owing all to me.

Preserve my wife, my son the social train,
And safe return him to their arms again,
Preserve them from the foe, and peace restore:
Preserve them, and *Louverture* asks no more."

Then in his own his brother's hand he took,
And dying thus the filial hero spoke :

"This instant from the town the foe repel,
And now I take a long, a last farewell;
My sire defend." The vital spirit flies,
His head reclines, the brave *Louverture* dies.

With him his country fell. That moment all
Her yet surviving heroes seem'd to fall;

His brother drew the jav'lin from his heart,
The teeking fibres clinging to the dart;

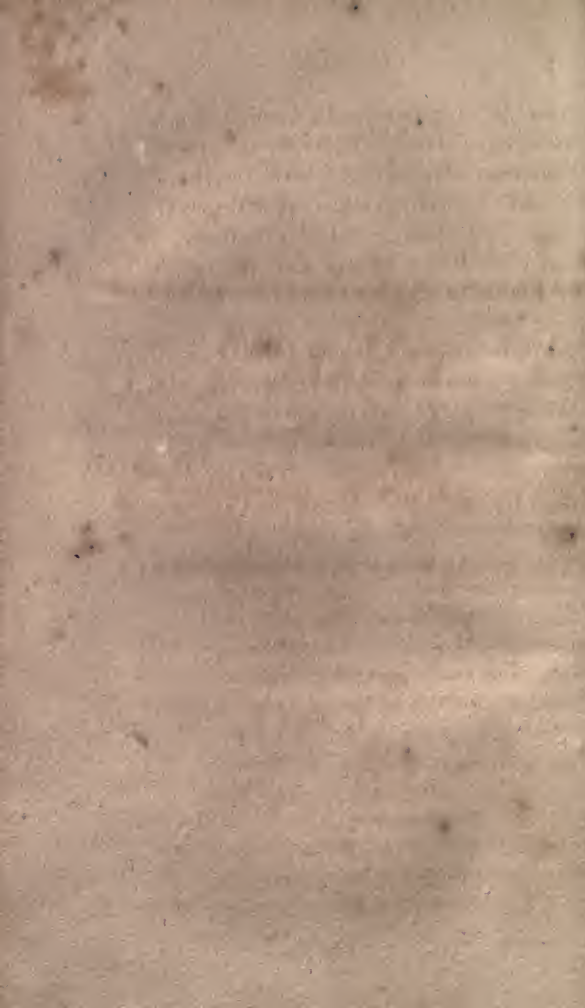
A general peal of groans that instant broke
From all the warriors but *Mondingo* spoke;

"Lamented prince, ah! why could Jove intend,
To rob me thus of brother and of friend?

I fondly hop'd, but ah, that hope was vain

That victors, we should glad our sire again:
Ah! what a son my sire, a chief our host,
And what a brother has *Mondingo* lost?
No more alas, shall wretched SYLVAN come,
With tears of joy her prince to welcome home;
No more officious with enchanting charms,
Hail thee triumphant from the dire alarms,
Pant on thy breast, and languish in thy arms.
No more his sire thy son shall smile to see,
Nor stretch his infant arms, nor prattle on thy knee.
Oh! worthy better fate, Oh! early slain,
Thy country's friend, and virtuous, tho' in vain:
Victor no more from war wilt thou retire,]
And fly with joy to see thy loving sire,
No more with presents his embraces meet,
And lay the spoils of conquest at his feet:
We feel thy loss, thy fatal loss deplore,
The good, the great, the gen'rous now more.''
He spake while manly tears flow'd down amain,
And bade to raise the body of the slain.
Full twenty warriors from the host he chose,
To guard the corpse and share the father's woes,
The due funeral honours to complete,
A slender solace for a loss so great:
Soft bending twigs they weav'd, with care they spread
Sweet blooming flowers o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier dispose the dead.

There like a rose he lay, with beauty crown'd,
 Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground;
 The root no more the mother earth supplies,
 Yet still the unfading colours charm the eyes.
 And now *Mondingo* bending o'er the dead,
 Kiss'd and embrac'd the clay, and groaning said.
 "Farewel thou mighty spirit---dire alarms
 Of foes recal us to the rage of arms;
 And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel,
 Farewel, great prince, a long, a last farewel."
 Supported by his friends the chief oppress'd,
 With grief fraternal smote his sable breast,
 This moment paus'd, the next in sorrows drown'd
 Broke from their arms and grovel'd on the ground:
 And now the melancholy, mourning train,
 Slow move in solemn sadness o'er the plain,
 Toward the town, and bear the hero slain.
 August, tho' in distress, with heads declin'd,
 The warrior's march, and leave the war behind,
 Succeeding chiefs, a melancholy train,
 Trail their inverted jav'ens on the plain.



AVENIA.

BOOK IV.



ARGUMENT.

SLAVER'S army victorious, MONDINGO rallies his troops--
Conquest changes in his favour--He is also slain by stratagem.
His army slaughtered to a man---Slavers burn the town---
A thunder storm.

AVENIA.

BOOK IV.

MEANWHILE the prince beholds the exulting foe,
Rage lifts his lance, his bosom heaves with woe.
And thus in language by distress made strong,
He animates and cheers the weeping throng:

“ Brave chieftains, heroes, countrymen and friends
[The plain re-echoes with the voice he sends]
The scale of conquest ever waving lies,
Great Jove but turns it and the victor dies;
The great and good by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief to weep for all,
Enough when death demands the brave to pay,
The tribute of a melancholy day;
One chief with patience to the grave resign’d,
Our care devolves on others left behind:
To lose a friend, a brother or a son,
Heav’n dooms each mortal, and his will be done,
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care,
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.”

Now fierce Mondingo rush'd upon the foe,
And sent his voice before him big with woe,
Loud as the shout encount'ring armies yield
When twice ten thousand shake th' embattled field,
Such was the voice, and such the dreadful sound
Of fierce Mondingo thundering o'er the ground.
Each warrior's bosom beats to meet the fight,
With eager eyes they view the dreadful sight.
The Prince by rage, and grief, and love impell'd,
Stalk'd furious and majestic o'er the field,
Shook a huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand
And forth to combat led his sable band.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the regions round.
Fierce with their leader march the sable train,
And the black squadrons cover all the plain.
Now stern Leclerc with impious *Hawkins* stood,
And saw their soldiers bath in hostile blood,
Embodied close the lab'ring christian train,
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain,
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate,
Enquiries none they made, the horrid day,
No pause of words admits, no dull delay.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the north his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,

The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill,
 Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies,
 Nor is *Mondingo* wanting to his train,
 He animates his troops thro' all the plain,
 And furious in his fight he leads the van,
 Facing the foe, an army to a man.
 Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes,
 Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows.
 The Christians first to conquest lead the way,
 Break the black ranks, and turn the doubtful day,
 First bold *Zalanga* stain'd the sands with blood,
Zalanga, hospitable, kind and good;
 On *Ebo's* sultry plains his native place,
 He held his land, a friend to human race:
 Fast by the road his ever open door,
 Receiv'd the stranger and reliev'd the poor.
 No friend to guard him on the fatal day,
 To base *Leclerc* he fell a helpless prey,
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side,
 His faithful servant old *Bonoko* died.

The cruel chieftain lopp'd the old man's head,
 And thus, with vengeful spite, exulting said,

"Die wretch, none of thy race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a negro from our boundless rage;
 All, all shall perish, I will butcher all,
 Their babes, their infants at the breast shall fall."

And now the soldiers charg'd the foe again,
And fifty warriors gasping, press'd the plain:
Dreadful the show'r of darts by heroes flung,
And arrows, leaping from the bowstrings, sung.
Thick as from western clouds o'ercharg'd with rain,
Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain,
Thick as the gather'd hail tempestuous flies,
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
When all the frowning heavens are darken'd o'er,
And deep from ev'ry cloud the thunders roar.
Each army now in fierce contention vied.
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The sweat and blood descends, while clouds arise,
Of dust, and fields are lifted to the skies

Leclerc now wields his sword that flashes light,
And swells the tumult and the rage of fight.
While void of fear, the great *Mondingo* stands,
And briefly thus harrangues his warlike bands:
"No wonder, soldiers, that we're forc'd to yield,
Jove favours them, and we must quit the field,
Their strokes he seconds, and averts our spears,
And hell, ev'n hell, in their behalf appears."
Then thrice the hero flew amidst the train,
And thrice repuls'd the vaunting foe again.
But now the troops and sable armies ran,
Full on the prince, an army on a man.
The prince retreats but with a tardy pace,

Tho' hosts of foes now thunder in his face;
 None turn their backs in mean ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating, fight:
 As the fierce boar whom a whole troop surrounds,
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of yelping hounds,
 Now grinds his iv'ry tusks, now foams with ire,
 His sanguine eye-balls flashing living fire,
 By those, by these, on ev'ry part is ply'd,
 And the red slaughter spreads on every side:
 So the bold prince, lance after lance he threw,
 And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 With heart indignant, and retorted eyes.
 The chief unnerv'd in Lecrec's presence grown,
 Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own,
 Yet still collected in himself, and whole,
 He questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
 "What other subterfuge, what hopes remain,
 What shame inglorious, if I quit the plain?
 What danger singly if I stand the ground,
 My men all scatter'd, and the foes around?
 Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice,
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies.
 To die or conquer proves a hero's heart,
 And knowing this, I choose the warrior's part.
 Now big with fury, on the press he flew,
 And twenty ruffians at the onset slew;

And like a whirlwind toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along:
So midst the dog's and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce in his might, a yellow lion stands:
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing bullets rain a leaden storm;
His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
And when he turns, the rout disperse or die;
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
Back to the lines a wounded chief retir'd,
And tho' retreating, his associates fir'd,
Fix'd in his face, a quiv'ring weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
So sends the heedless hunters twanging bow,
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe,
Stung with the stroke, and madd'ning with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the verdant lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound.
The chief exclaims: "Who has your hearts dismay'd?
O turn to arms, *Mondingo* claims your aid;
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage.
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave,
The hero rescue, and your country save."
Thus timely urg'd, forthwith a troop appears,

Prepar'd to meet the foe, advanc'd their spears;
 To guard their valiant prince while thus they stand,
 The brave *Mondingo* joins the gen'rous band,
 Each takes new courage at their princes sight,
 He rallies them and yet renews the fight.
Leclerc, that moment pale with guilt, retir'd,
 While the intrepid prince his warriors fir'd;
 Loud groans proclaim'd him conq'ror, thro' the plain,
 As he rush'd grimly o'er the heaps of slain.
 Heaps pil'd on heaps, the bravest foes are kill'd,
 And rage, and death, and carnage load the field,
 The christians fly, and flying pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death.
 Ev'n treach'rous *Thomas* fell, whose ruthless spear,
 Slew good *Louverture* and renew'd the war.

Mean while the plaintive, melancholy train,
 With awful grief move slowly o'er the plain;
 And sad progressing to the town they bring,
Louverture's corpse, and thus their sorrow sing.
 In plaintive notes still moving from the shore,
 "Our Prince is slain, and Congo is no more."
 And now a messenger swift as the wind,
 Flew to the town, and left the corpse behind,
 Panting, before his sov'reign he appears,
 And tells the tale, the mournful tale with tears:

Sad tidings, gracious monarch, do I bear,
 Ill suited to an anxious father's ear,

Dead is *Louverture*, slaughter'd in the fight,
Thro' treach'ry, while the Christians were in flight.
A sudden horror, dreadful and profound,
Shot thro' the sire, he fainted on the ground;
Scarce from the gates of death recall'd, again,
He faints, and but recovers to complain.
Th' infectious tidings thro' the people ran,
One universal solemn plaint began.
As snows collected on the mountains, freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze;
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a steam, and murmurs thro' the vales,
So melted with the dreadful tale he told,
Down their black cheeks the tender sorrows roll'd;
A peal of groans from the sad matrons broke,
And from the king, when thus the mourner spoke,
" And is my dearest, bravest hero gone,
My loving, and my best beloved son!
Alas, my people, and my trusty friends,
Louverture dead! this day your glory ends."
He lifts his wither'd arms towards the skies,
While streams of tears flow trickling from his eyes,
And sues for vengeance to the power above,
The sire of men, the God of truth and love;
" Oh might the barb'rous Christians ever be,
By Jove as hated as they are by me,
Then vultures wild should tear them round the shore,

And bloody dogs grow fiercer from their gore,
 My valiant sons I late in peace enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain, by treachery destroy'd.
 Must I in scenes of blood then close my eyes,
 And number my last days with miseries.
 And shall my dogs, late guard'ans of my door,
 Lick their old masters mingled spatter'd gore!
 My sons have died in youth, their death the best,
 Each fell with wounds upon his noble breast;
 But should the cruel Christians in their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 This, this is misery the last and worst,
 That man can feel, man fated to be curst."
 He said, and acting what no words could say,
 Tore from his head the silver locks away;
 Thrice beat his breast in agonizing woe,
 And thrice parental tears began to flow;
 With him the screaming mother bears a part,
 And mourns her offspring with a mother's heart,
 With piercing shriek, and agonizing moan,
 Whilst her lov'd monarch answers groan for groan;
 Tear after tear, their languid cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe—
 No less than if th' insatiate foe's desires,
 Had wrapp'd their hapless town in curling fires,
 Nor than if dreadful hissing flames should rise,
 And the last blaze send *Congo* to the skies.

Again the monarch rais'd his hoary head,
And thus, with intermitting groans, he said:

“ Help me my people, help me to the plain,
To meet my loving son, my hero slain.”

He rose, and slowly mov'd, his body bent,
Propp'd on two staffs, and shaking as he went,
Scarce could his people stop his desp'rate course.
While keen affliction gave the feeble force;
Grief tore his heart, and drove him to and fro,
In all the raging agonies of woe:

“ Help me to go my friends, where sorrow calls,
And die triumphant by yon wooden walls;
Guide, or companion, lo! I ask you none,
Nay, but I'll die by my beloved son:
I'll go and meet the murd'rer of my boy,
I'll kill the treach'rous villain or I'll die.
Ah! would Almighty Jove once more renew,
The vig'rous strength of youth which once I knew,
When by this hand, beneath our verdant wall,
King *Mingo* saw his vanquish'd army fall,
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hostile dead, I fed the flame,
And tho' thrice wounded on th' embattled plain,
Yet thrice reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Such were I now, not all the dire alarms,
Of barb'rous foes should tear him from my arms;
But hear, kind heav'n, and thou great ruler, hear
With kind regard, a king's and father's prayer:

Avenge my son, and at thy dread command,
 May sharks devour them e'er they reach the land,
 Transfix'd with thunder, may they fall a prey,
 To ev'ry monster on the watr'y way ;
 Let now thy bolts be lannch'd against the train,
 And let *Leclerc* now press th' enganguin'd plain:
 My valiant sons and warriors in their bloom,
 By them were hurried to an early tomb.
 Thy loss, *Louverture*, oh divinely brave,
 Sinks my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave:
 My son, my loving son, would I had died,
 In thy defence, and languish'd by thy side,
 Thus shar'd thy sweet society in death,
 And on thy bosom gasp'd my latest breath.
 For thee my son, for thee my sorrows flow,
 Born to thy own, and to thy parent's woe.
 But could *Louverture* merit thus, whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly in inactive death?
 He pour'd his noble blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero in his country's right.
 Content, by the same hand let me expire,
 Add to the murder'd son the wretched sire.
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears be mingled with his blood."
 And now his consort with pathetic cries,
 Renews her complaints, and briefly thus replies:
 " Ah whither wanders thy distemper'd mind,
 And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?

To CONGO once, and all our regions known
Now all confus'd distracted, overthrown:
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes, and face
(Oh, heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race;
To view those deathful eyes, and wonder o'er
Those hands yet reeking with *Louverture's* gore.
Alas, my king, they know not how to spare,
And what their mercy, thy slain sons declare:
To calm their barb'rous and their direful rage,
Vain were thy dignity and vain thy age.
No, pent up in some forrest, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Oh, in the christian's blood might I allay
My grief, and these barbarities repay.
But thou, oh, Jove, avenge my wrongs." She cries,
While tears of rage stand burning in her eyes.
Now were the pensive train approaching near
With the dead body stretch'd upon a bier.
All beautiful in death the hero lay,
As some sweet flow'r scorch'd by the solar ray.
The monarch sees the corpse with eager eyes,
" And oh, my son, my darling son," he cries,
In haste he strove to move with body bent,
Propp'd on his staves, and weeping as he went;
With thronging crowds toward the fatal plains,
Nor maid, nor matron, in the town remains;
In ev'ry face a weight of grief is shown,
The dames send forth one universal groan.

Close to the town they meet the weeping train,
 Hang on the bier, and grovel round the slain;
 The wretched mother frantic with despair,
 Kiss'd his wan cheeks, and tore her sable hair.
 But nothing can the sire's distress restrain,
 He wrings his hands, his tears pour down amain,
 With kisses wanders o'er his face, and rears
 The body up, and bathes the wound with tears.
 At length exhausted on the corpse he lay,
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day,
 But now the wretched mother first arose:

“ Forbear [she cry'd] this violence of woes,
 First to the town let all the train proceed,
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.”
 The waves of people at her word divide,
 Slow move the mourners thro' the yielding tide,
 Ev'n to the prince's house the pomp they wait,
 And groaning place him on a bed of state;
 A melancholy company around,
 With plaintive sighs, and music's mournful sound,
 Alternate sing, alternate bid to flow,
 Th' obedient tears, harmonious in their woe,
 While the deep sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.
 But not as yet the fatal news had spread,
 To charming SYLVAN, of her hero dead:
 Far in the close recesses of a grove,
 She went to weep unheard her hapless love.

Now from the town the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear,
She stops the pearly sorrows as they fall,
And calls her maid----the maid obeys her call.

“ Ah, follow me, (she cries) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'tis sure my mother's voice;
My fault'ring knees their trembling frame desert;
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart,
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Oh Jove avert it!) threats our native state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest,
But much I fear *Louverture's* dauntless breast.
Pursuing Christians o'er the purple plain,
By force or fraud, I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
But sought his glory at too dear a rate,
Perhaps his noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd forever in the arms of death.”
Thus spake the princess, and with quicken'd pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face;
Flies from the grove, the maids her step pursue,
Toward the house, and here her anxious view
Too soon, alas! her much lov'd consort found,
A corpse, his father fainted on the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes,
She faints, revives, and sends forth piercing cries;
Around a train of weeping matrons stand,
To raise her, sinking, with assisting hand;

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
 She faints, while rushing to her hero slain;
 And when reviv'd, strait to the corpse she flew,
 Around his neck her widow'd arms she threw;
 "And oh! my prince, my much lov'd prince (she cries)
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes,
 Thou to the unknown realms forever gone,
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone.

Our helpless babes the solace of our pain,
 Sad product now of hapless love remain;
 To manly age ne'er shall our children rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad mine eyes;
 For CONGO now her great defender slain,
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
 Those wives must wait them on a foreign shore
 And ye, my children shall be forc'd to go,
 The sad companions of your mother's woe,
 Driv'n hence, as slaves, before the Christian sword,
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord!

Alas, my prince." Her tears now pour amain,
 And drown the words of the unhappy dame,
 Fast from the sluices of her shining eyes,
 Fall the round chrystal drops, while thus she cries:

"Ah dearest prince, in whom high heav'n had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind!
Oh, virtuous husband of a wretched wife,
Born to endure a melancholy life!
Would I had never been, ch, injur'd ghost,
Of my lov'd hero prematurely lost,
My children, ye have lost your sire; no friend
To help you now, no father to defend:
For should you 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend you, and what griefs to come;
Ev'n from your own paternal roof expell'd
Some stranger reaps your patrimonial field;
The day that to the shades your father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
Amongst the happy unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the bottle, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day,
Frugal compassion! heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel, what he has lost.
Sternly they cry, begone, you feast not here,
The boy obeys, retiring with a tear,
'Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn."
So spake the dame, with sorrow-streaming eye.
Distressful beauty melts each stander by,
Her lamentations all her people hear,

Give back each sigh, and answer tear for tear.

While the sad father now reviv'd again,

By friends supported, hovers o'er the slain:

“ Oh, had thy gentle spirit passed in peace,
(Hé cries) and languish'd in the sire's embrace,

While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix't the tender show'r;

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief !”

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of CONGO stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons MILBOA appears,

The mourning mother and her train in tears:

“ Oh, why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Why am I suffer'd to behold thy death!

Alas my son, to thee our peace we ow'd,
Our chief, our hero, and almost our god.

Oh, fatal change, become in one sad day,
A sensely corpse, inanimated clay:

Of all my race, thou most by heaven approv'd,
And by ev'n Jove himself in death belov'd.

Thou oft for others felt pathetic woe,
And had'st ev'n pity for the guilty foe.”

The wife and mother thus in deep despair,
Kiss his cold lips and tear their sable hair:

But grief superior loads the tender sage,
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age,
He lifts his wither'd arms and languid eyes,

And calls his much lov'd son with feeble cries.
"Oh, gracious heav'n, is then LECLERC thy care,
That flinty heart, inflexible severe;
A lion not a man, who slaughters wide,
In strength of rage, and confidence of pride,
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy;
Shame is not in his soul, nor understood,
The greatest evil or the greatest good;
A treach'rous coward, by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God."
The monarch now delirious with his pain,
Around him furious drives the menial train,
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends:
"Why stay you here, officious crowd?" (he cries)
Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes;
Have ye no griefs at home to stay ye there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by heav'n your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel them too, yourselves must fall,
The treach'rous savage christians threaten all:
Nor is *Louverture* by me alone,
Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone.
I see your blood the fields of CONGO drown,
I see the ruins of your burning town;
Oh, grant me, Heav'n, e'er that sad day shall come,

Grant me, tis all I ask, a friendly tomb.

Alas, my hero, more than man, divine,
For sure thou seemedst not of earthly line,
Thee, thee, I long to see, to thee I'll go,
And meet one common grave one common woe,"

He said, and sternly drove his friends away,
His sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Meanwhile in haste the imperious tyrants run,
With rage tumultuous from the mournful town.
The chase with shouts the fierce battalion led,
While great M^{ON}DINGO thunder'd at their head.
Raging he spread the dreadful slaughter round,
Some foes expir'd, some panted on the ground,
He led the van with unresisted sway,

And desolation mark'd the hero's way.
As to their boats he drove the affrighted train,
Cover'd with dust, and stumbling o'er the plain.
And gasping, sweating, and still lab'ring more,
With heavier strides that lengthen'd to the shore.
Then had the prince eternal fame acquir'd
And trembling ruffians to their ships retir'd,
But lo, their old resource the Christians try
Their still successful fraud and villany.
Before their boats a desperate stand they made
Harangued their troops, and sum'd up all their aid;
When pale and panting, base LECLERC began,
And stopp'd his trembling soldiers as they ran:
Oh, soldiers, soldiers, stop your flight [he cries]

Oh, shame, what horrors strike my wond'ring eyes,
And shall we not avenge our warriors slain,
On yon proud chief, the terror of the plain?
Attend! an ambush I'll myself prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war,
Watch, while I dare him to the single fight,
And if he come, he falls beneath your might."
The leader stopp'd, and look'd with eager eyes,
To see the prince, while sad sensations rise,
Quick beats his heart, fears in succession roll,
He turns, and questions thus his doubtful soul
 " What, shall I fly this terror of the plain,
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope, to shun him by the self same road,
Yon line of slaughter'd soldiers lately trod.
I'll challenge him in yon champaign that leads
Down to our boats, and near yon verdant shades.
Then, if my stratagem succeed, 'tis good,
If not, I'll reach conceal'd the covert wood,
And when the night her dusky vail extends,
Return in safety to my joyful friends.
What if——but wherefore all this vain debate,
Stand I to doubt within the reach of fate?
Ev'n now, I hear or think I hear his call,
His thund'ring voice, a prelude to my fall,
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, he who stands must die:

Yet sure he too is mortal, he may feel,
 Like all the sons of men, the force of steel;
 One only soul now animates that frame,
 And God's sole favour gives him all his fame;
 That god who's ever deaf to human cries,
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies:
 Unpiteous of the race his will began,
 The fool of fate, his manufacture, man;
 With courage he has crown'd the savage foe,
 While we poor Christians scarce the blessing know.¹²
 Thus the proud chief, and rolling fierce his eyes,
 Curs'd the bright stars of heav'n and azure skies.
 Then said, "suppose these measnres I forego,
 Approach unarm'd and parley with the foe;
 Agree to leave the shore, and launch to sea,
 And there respire, and plow the watry way:
 But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go,
 I woman-like might fall without a blow.
 We meet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er the plain;
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youth's and maiden's in an evning walk:
 War is our bus'ness, but to whom is giv'n,
 To die or triumph, that determines heaven.¹³
 As roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake,
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake,
 When fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins,

Have gather'd mortal poison from the plains.
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire,
So he, while the tremendous prince drew nigh,
His shouts reverberating to the sky,
Tall and majestic. In his better hand,
Wielding a sword that glitter'd o'er the land.
As *Leclerc* sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck with dismay, he starts, recedes, and flies,
Leaving his soldiers, pale with dread, behind;
Mondingo follow'd like the winged wind,
Fast step by step, where'er the tyrant wheel'd,
There fierce *Mondingo* compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the painted boats he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his trembling friends,
So oft *Mondingo* turns him to the plain,
He eyes his vessels, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with steady pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flees, and this pursues in vain.
At length he strove to reach his troops, and then,
Sign'd to his officers and chosen men,
To strike when e'er he stopp'd, the fatal blow,
And thus destroy the fierce intrepid foe.

Fraudful the thought! then swiftly march'd before,
 Vent'ring to shun his hated foe no more.
 Sternly they met; *Leclerc* the silence broke,
 Quick beat his troubled heart, and thus he spoke:
 "Enough, *Mondingo*, all our troops have view'd,
 Thrice round the field their bravest chief pursu'd;
 But now a new born courage bids me try,
 Thine or my fate, I kill thee, or I die.
 Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day,
 Let heav'ns high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate,
 The just conditions of this dread debate,
 Impartial witnesses of all below,
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!
 To thee I swear, just, holy, good and wise,
 Witness oh earth, and hear ye sacred skies,
 Ye stars that in your spacious orbits fly,
 And gild the spangled canopy on high,
 Ye woods, ye vales, ye jes'mine groves, and thou
 Imperial Sol, be witness of my vow!
 Solemn I swear, if victor in the strife,
 Heav'n by these hand's shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
 Stripp'd of its arms alone, the conq'rors due,
 The rest to thy brave warriors I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.
 And oh! may earth her dreadful gulph display,
 And gaping snatch me from the golden day,

May I lie hurl'd by heaven's almighty sire,
Transfix'd with thunder, and involv'd in fire,
Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
To the deep horrors of eternal night.
E'er sacred honour, I betray thy cause,
In word or thought, or violate thy laws.

Talk not of oaths, (the raging prince replies,
While honest anger flashes from his eyes.)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
No oath nor pact *Mondingo*, plights with thee.
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves, combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join:
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Know, treach'rous foe, my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my soul in vain
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell,
Once wrong'd, all treach'rous Christians I disdain,
Deceiv'd for once, I trust them not again.
My brother kill'd, all terms I now decline,
For once deceiv'd was his, but twice was mine.
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more,
Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
Tho' in angelic forms with angel's tongues.
They spoke, and strain'd their adamantine lungs,
And tho' they proffer'd all themselves possess'd,
And all their rapine could from others wrest;

And all the golden tides of wealth that crown
Each Christian sov'reign and imperial town:
Should all these offer'd for my friendship call,
'Tis Christians offer, and I doubt them all.

Rouse then thy force, in this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r;
No further subterfuge, no further chance,
'Tis justice, justice gives thee to my lance.

Louverture's ghost thro' thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

A youth there was, and *Fontanes* was nam'd,
Not much for sense, but less for courage fam'd,
The youngest of the band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to plunder, and to drain the bowl;
He watch'd the champion as the warrior spoke,
With stiffen'd hair, and with an eager look,
And while *Mondingo* stood in act to throw,
Approach'd behind and dealt a stagg'ring blow;
First cautious view'd the sable warrior train,
Then snatch'd a rocky fragment from the plain;
The rugged stone he pois'd, and toss'd on high,
It hiss'd with force, and labour'd up the sky.
And on the shoulders where the neck unites,
Full on the bone the rocky fragment lights.
The horrid shock his head and shoulders feel,
His eyes flash sparkles; his stunn'd senses reel;
In giddy darkness far at distance flung,
His bounding jav'lin impotently rung,

While the prince drags his trembling steps along
 An officer there was well known to fame,
 From Liverpool, and Simpson was his name;
 His vent'rous spear first drew the prince's gore,
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more
 But trembling fled unto the distant shore;
 For tho' disarm'd Mondingo furious stood,
 He turn'd him short, and herded with the crowd.

Thus by a dastard's arm, a dastard's spear,
 Wounded at last, the prince consents to fear;
 Returns for succour to his sable train,
 And seeks for help, but seeks, alas! in vain.
 Proud Hawkins as the bleeding prince he views,
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues.
 The wretch arrests him with a ghastly wound
 Deep thro' his back the sword an entrance found
 Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground.
 And with him *Congo* sunk: that moment all
 Her heroes, and her youths and maidens fall
 Prone on the field the bleeding hero lies,
 While thus imperious Hawkins boasting cries:
 "Aha! *Mondingo* stretch'd at last I see,
 Now learn, tho' late, and dread such foes as me;
 Great prince, you should have fear'd what now you
 feel,

Brave Hawkins absent, was brave Hawkins still."

Supine, and wildly gazing at the skies.

With faint expiring breath, the prince replies:

"Vain boaster cease, and know the pow'rs above

Detest thy deed, yea, 'tis abhor'd by Jove
 To fraud you owe, whate'er your own you call,
 And fraudulent foes disarm'd me, e'er my fall.
 Had twenty tyrants, each thy match in might,
 Oppos'd me, singly they had sunk in flight:
 But thou, imperious, hear my latest breath,
 Great Jove inspires it, and it sounds thy death;
 Inhuman man, thou shalt be soon as I,
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour is nigh,
 Transfix'd by thunder thou shall fall a prey
 To greedy sharks that plough the wat'ry way,
 E'vn now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
 While vengeance hovers o'er thy guilty land!"

Then Hawkins, pausing, as his eyes he fed
 On the bold prince before the spirit fled:

"From whence this boding speech, this stern decree,
 Of death denounc'd, and why denounc'd on me?
 I shall be honour'd when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'ral, and a lasting tomb;
 While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r
 Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour;
 Fierce hungry beasts shall tear thy eyes away,
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey:"

Mondingo, fainting at th' approach of death,
 "By thy own soul, by those who gave thee breath,
 By all the sacred prevalence of prayer,
 Ah! leave me not for greedy dogs to tear;

'The common rites of sepulchre bestow,
'To soothe a father, and a mother's woe,
Let their large gifts procure a grave at least
And let my ashes in my country rest."

He strives to move the wretch, as waves in vain
Besiege some rock, amidst the rolling main,
That hears unmov'd the sounding tempest blow,
That sees the furious surges foam below,
And o'er the deeps, majestic to the sight,
Stands fix'd and glorious in its matchless height;
Proud of its bulk, while storms and working tides
Fly, dash and break against the tow'ring sides.
Thus hard and thus relentless he replies,

'The flames of fury flashing from his eyes:

" Not those who gave me breath should bid me
spare

Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Could I myself the bloody banquet join
Nor to the dogs would I thy corpse resign,
Should heav'n to bribe me bring forth all its store,
And giving millions, offer millions more,
Should thy black father and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm and sacrifice their fame,
To purchase for their son a peaceful grave,
From hungry beasts their son they could not save;
Their hero in the grave they could not see,
Nor rob the vultures of a limb of thee"
Then thus the prince, in dying accents slow

" Thy spite implacable too well I know,
 The furies thy relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield;
 Yes, men unborn and ages yet behind
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind:
 A man inhuman, if of man thy race,
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace;
 Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth
 Nor ever tender woman brought thee forth;
 Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm:
 Yet know, a day will come by heav'n's decree,
 When angry Jove shall wreak this wrong on thee.
 The heav'nly Sire shall soon avenge our fates
 On Christian nations, cities, towns and states.
 Hawkins now stop'd him as he speaking lay,
 And lopp'd his head and quiv'ring limbs away;
 He ripp'd his belly with a dreadful wound;
 The blood and entrails smok'd upon the ground,
 And kick'd the mutt'ring head amidst the throng,
 That rolling drew a bloody trail along.
 As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall
 Or pine, fit most for some grand admiral,
 Groans to the oft heard axe with many a wound,
 Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground,
 So sunk Mondingo in that dreadful day,
 And spread around his mangled members lay.
 The thronging troops behold with wond'ring eyes,

His manly beauty and superior size,
While others cowardly the trunk deface,
With gastly wounds, and thus in taunts disgrace:

“How chang’d this negro, who like hea’vn of late
Vanquish’d our valiant troops and seal’d their fate.”
Now on the slain the boasting Hawkins stands,
Surrounded by his chiefs and gath’ring bands,
And thus aloud, while all the host attends.

“Victorious soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Since now at length the potent will of heav’n,
This dire destroyer to our arm has giv’n,
Now in those negroes bathe your swords in gore,
The great, the glorious princes fight no more;
This day shall give you all your soul demands,
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands;
Revenge is all I ask, no meaner care,
Int’rest or thought has room to harbour here:
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
By negroes slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our soldiers lie;
These call to war, and might my soul incite,
Now, now, this instant should conclude the fight:
Then, all our foes destroy’d, let gen’rous bowls,
And copious bumpers glad our weary souls.
Let not our palates know the taste of food
Till our insatiate rage be cloy’d with blood.
Brave heroes, valiant soldiers fight for fame,

God bids us fight, and 'twas with God we came,
And ne'er forget what was your dread before,
The fierce, the mighty princes fight no more."

The sable warriors saw their bulwark fall,
A peal of groans that moment broke from all;
One universal solemn plaint began,
They bore like heroes but they felt like men,
Each look'd on other, stupid with surprise,
All mute, but seem'd to question with their eyes;
They sigh'd, they mourn'd, their last defender slain;
But ah, forlorn, they mourn'd and sigh'd in vain.
All wrapp'd in grief they see their victor die,
Their courage flags and they prepare to fly;
Now mighty SAMBO first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke;

"Warriors, for shame, oh! scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly forms disgrace,
How great our shame when ev'ry age shall know
That not a hero met the murd'rous foe!
Go, moulder to the earth from whence you grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew;
Be what you seem, inanimated clay,
Myself will dare the danger of the day:
T'avenge Mondingo I myself will try,
For in the hand of Jove is victory.
Whither oh, warriors, whither would you run,
And shun the foe, whom 'tis in vain to shun?
Griev'd tho' you be, will ye the fight forego,
Leave sires, wives, babes to the relentless foe?

How shall alas, our hoary heroes mourn,
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn,
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh, ZANGO—old in arms, in wisdom old;
Once with what joy the gen'rous king would hear,
Of ev'ry chief victorious in the war,
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire,
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire;
Oh, should he see our warriors trembling stand;
Yea, trembling all before the christ'an band,
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament his coward chiefs and beg to die.
Ah, would immortal Jove his youth renew,
Yon tyrants then would find an equal foe."'
Stung to the heart each gen'rous hero hears
And the reproof, so just, in silence bears,
Th'intrepid chief then thunders his commands
His speech arouses all the mournful bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
New force, new spirit to each breast returns,
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns;
All prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fix'd to conquer or to die.
And now the hosts with furious spite engage,
And burns the fight with undistinguish'd rage.
While man to man, and breast to breast oppos'd,
In one tremendous shock the armies clos'd.

As when the winds from diff'rent waters rise,
 Four to the charge, and combat in the skies,,
 In dire suspense the struggling tempests keep,
 The balanc'd clouds, and pois'd the rolling deep;
 The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
 Still undecid'd hangs th' æreal fight:
 So join'd both armies in the dreadful fray,
 These scorn'd to yield, nor those could win the day,
 All, man to man, exert their martial fire,
 All, foot to foot, or conquer or expire.
 Now bleeds the battle, and large hills of slain,
 And sable warriors cover wide the plain,
 In one red deluge all the field is drown'd,
 And cries and agonizing groans resound,
 Of sable heroes lab'ring out their breath,
 And chieftains gasping in the pangs of death.
 Resolv'd to die, th' opposing champions stood,
 And bath'd their hostile breasts in mutual blood.
 No room to poise the lance, or bend the bow,
 But hand to hand, and man to man they grow;
 So when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 Whilst the laborious widow, just tho' poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her wooly store,
 Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends,
 Each equal weight, nor this, nor that descends.
 And now the warriors seek each other's hearts,
 With boat-hooks, axes, pikes and shorten'd darts,

The faulchions ring, on sculls the axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground,
With smoking blood, and brains the fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide;
And tho' o'er pow'rd by numbers, still the crew,
Join, thicken, and the bloody fight renew;
Their manly breasts are fill'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and tinkling arms resound.
So thro' the thrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound,
Blows following blows are heard, re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side.
Still the intrepid heroes scorn to fly,
And e'er they lose their liberty, they die.
So the slow ass, with stubborn strength endu'd,
In some wild field, by troops of boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his side the hollow blows resound,
The stubborn animal maintains his ground.
The hoary sage o'erwhelm'd with black despair,
Now lifts to heav'n an interrupted prayer,
Exhorts his men, and now with threats commands,
And urges all with voice, and eyes, and hands;
" Ye sons of Africa, once bold and brave,
This day your wives and weeping infants save;
Haste warriors, haste! preserve the sinking state,
Or one vast burst of all involving fate,

Full o'er your town will fall, and sweep away
 Sons, sires and wives, an undistinguish'd prey;
 Rouse all your pow'r's, ye Africans to fight,
 And die or conquer ere the approaching night."
 The rev'rend *Sambo* thus obtests the skies,
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
 Around the aged chief an harvest grows,
 Of swords, and pikes, while blood in torrents flows.
 And ere bright Sol had hid behind the main,
 Dire conquest rested on the Christian train.
 Tho' vanquish'd, yet the warriors scorn'd to fly,
 All firmly fought, and each resolv'd to die,
 No sable hero liv'd the news to tell;
 None 'scap'd by flight, but all in battle fell.

From realms of light, the immortal pow'r's inclin'd,
 Their eyes, and mourn'd the havoc of mankind;
 Here ruddy cherubs, blushing seraphs there,
 Lean forward from the sky, and view the war;
 Shaded in clouds, in robes transparent clad,
 And ev'n in bliss, majestically sad.

Now night enshrouds the deeps, the sun retires,
 The heavn's flash thick with momentary fires;
 Loud thunders shake the poles, from place to place,
 Grim death appears, and glares in ev'ry face.
 High o'er the scene of death now *Hawkins* stood,
 And glutted his inhuman eyes with blood,
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame,
 Such is the honour of the Christian name.

Around their chief the red battalions stand;
A fierce, bloodthirsty, hypocritic band.

“ Brave officers (he cries) let each contend,
Nor seek a respite till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death shall cover all,
Prolong the war, till every negro fall.
Who dares inglorious in his ship to stay,
Who dares to linger on this closing day,
That wretch, too mean to fall by human pow’r,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour:
Then seize th’ occasion, now the town survey,
And lead to slaughter: Heaven directs the way;
His sep’rate troops let ev’ry captain call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
Rous’d at his words, all wedg’d in firm array,
Strait to the town the assassins urg’d their way:
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before,
Urg’d by fierce hunters, drove the wounded boar
Their polish’d faulchions glittering in the air,
As round the rampart rose, the furious war.
The ruffians rush into the town and slay,
The sable citizens that cross their way,
Now speed the hissing darts, the jav’line fly,
In iron clouds that blot the dark’ning sky;
And to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new mischance involv’d the town in tears:

For when the wretched queen beheld on high,
The clouds of jav'lin intercept the sky;
Her sons destroy'd, the shouting tyrants near,
Nor brave *Mondingo* in the fight appear;
She raves against the heav'ns in wild despair,
And curses all the authors of the war,
A thousand complaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage, her royal garment tore,
Hating, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the light, or breathe the vital air,
While from her heaving sable bosom broke,
A deep, deep groan, and thus the mother spoke:

“ Ah, me, why do I view the glorious light,
My sons all murder'd in the bloody fight;
Oh! let me now this hated moment go,
To embrace my dear, dear boys, in shades below.”
Then on a lofty beam the matron ty'd,
A fatal noose, and there suspended dy'd.
Meanwhile a peal of groans to heav'n arise,
Confusion, clamours, thicken in the skies,
'Tis tumult all, for all at once advise;
Some to implore the Christian's pity bring,
Without the town, the helpless aged king,
His head thin scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Who thus to heav'n prefers his tender prayers:
“ Oh, Jove, if still thine eyes with wonted grace,
Behold our miserable dying race,

Suppress our foes, forbid them to destroy,
My last, my brave, my poor unhappy boy,
And my lov'd people's liberty and joy.
But if our crimes, almighty sire, demand,
The last dread vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
On me, and me alone that vengeance shed,
And with thy levell'd thunder strike me dead."
The monarch thus, while the keen sorrows flow,
Down his silver beard, white as the spotless snow,
He approach'd *Leclerc*, and lowly bow'd his head,
Prostrate his body in the dust he laid.
The aged sire before the chief appears,
His knees embraces, bathes his hands in tears,
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd,
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
The soldiers view'd him speechless with surprize,
All fixing on him their enquiring eyes,
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at length the kingly suppliant spoke.

"Think of thy father, and this face behold,
See him in me, as helpless and as old,
Tho' not so wretched, there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery;
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grovling to embrace,
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant, my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore,
No comfort of my griefs, no hopes remain,

The best, the bravest of my sons are slain.
 For my poor people now I've bent my way,
 For them thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy rank I'll bear,
 Oh! hear the wretched, and the heavn's reverend.
 For my poor people, not myself, I pray,
 Save them, and thus save me from misery;
 Oh! let me die for them, thus peace restore,
 Take all our riches, and I ask no more."
 While thus the aged monarch vents his woe.
 Fast from his eyes paternal sorrows flow;
 His words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the fond remembrance of his sire,
 Then with his hand, as prostrate still he lay,
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away,
 The rev'rend father by the hand he rais'd,
 On his white beard, and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting then serene began,
 With words to sooth the miserable man:
 "Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
 Unhappy king, thus guardless and alone,
 To pass thro' foes, and thus undanted face,
 The men whose fury has destroy'd thy race;
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to thy woes to feel!
 Rise then, let reason mitigate thy care,
 To mourn avails not, man is born to bear;
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere.

But find the cordial draught oft dash'd with care;
 What must be, must be; bear thy lot, nor shed
 Those unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call them from th' eternal shore.
 But thou, alas, may'st live to suffer more."

Now next the weeping king to Hawkins cries:
 "Here let me die, since my *Louverture*, lies
 Yet in the town, depriv'd of obsequies.
 Alas, he's slain beneath thy soldier's steel,
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell,
 Ah, pity my poor people, peace restore
 And let them feel the curse of war no more:
 So shall thy mercy and forbearance give
 A wretched prince to see the light and live."
 Hawkins, inflexible by prayers or tears,
 Harden'd remain'd, for guilt had clos'd his ears.
 The monster rais'd his sword, prepar'd to wound,
 The suppliant king extended on the ground:

"Move me no more (the Christian thus replies)
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes
 Release my knees, thy fawning arts give o'er
 Else soon thy blood shall drench the purple shore;"
 He spake; and while the king prepar'd to say
 The ruthless sabre took his head away;
 His arms embrac'd the ruffian's knees no more.
 ZANGO the great lay prostrate on the shore!
 So when the bolt, red hissing from above,
 Darts on the aged oak in sylvan grove,

The monarch tree in flaming ruin lies
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
 And own the terrors of th' almighty hand.
 Now rushing to the town, the monarch kill'd,
 They leave a while the sanguinary field,
 In close array to seek the nodding town,
 While with their trampling feet the fields resound.
 The city now th' advancing host appals,
 As with swift pace th' approach the verdant walls,
 And from the house-tops, lo! the matrons spy
 Their monarch slain, while clamours rend the sky.
 He who round Africa sent his commands,
 And stretch'd his empire o'er the distant lands,
 Now lay a headless carcass on the shore,
 The man, the monarch, and the name no more;
 Soon as this tragic scene appear'd in view,
 Warm'd by their sovereign's love, the women flew,
 And from the town a storm of lances threw
 With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
 And with tough staves, repel the rising war;
 Old men, boys, maids and dames, with martial fire
 Rush on, and for their king with joy and pride ex-
 pire.

The slaughtering swords of their victorious foes,
 In vain the dames and fiery youths oppose;
 The troops rush furious thro' the verdant gate,
 Nor can the hoary sages shun their fate;

In vain for shelter to each house they fly,
Ev'n there transfix'd in heaps they bleed and die.
Some with clos'd doors exclude the social train,
Who beg admission to each house in vain;
Here hoary dames, amid the general woe,
Bending with age, are slaughter'd by the foe;
There infants bleed before their parents' eyes,
With piercing shrieks and lamentable cries,
Held by their little feet, and whirl'd around,
They dash their batter'd brains against the ground;
Some pierce the children with the ruthless spear,
And whirl the screaming babes aloft in air,
Their weeping mothers hear their screams arise,
And view their darlings quiv'ring in the skies;
Maids, on their bended knees, for mercy call,
Mow'd by the sword their heads yet muttering fall;
Nor age nor youth is spar'd—the pregnant dame
With her untimely infant press the plain.
And all the difference of their fates is here,
That one the sword destroys and one the spear.
Some climb the house to shun the fate below,
And when pursu'd, leap headlong on the foe,
But far within the royal rooms disclose
Scenes far more bloody, yet more direful woes.
Each roof reverberates with female cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.
The trembling mothers fly from place to place,
And press their infants in a last embrace;

Th' affrighted babes, amidst the dire alarms,
Now seek for refuge in their mother's arms.
The dome now Hawkins storms with martial fire
The barriers burst, the female guards retire;
The shatter'd doors the thund'ring ruffians ply,
The doors leap back, the sounding hinges fly:
The war breaks in, loud shout the hostile train,
Each house is ransack'd, and its tenants slain.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
The sable children listen to the sound:
Thus o'er the corn while furious winds conspire,
Rolls on a wild, devouring flame of fire,
Bursts thro' the forests, gains the mountain's brow,
Then pours and thunders down the vale below;
Consumes the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
And all the farmer's labours are in vain:
Stunn'd at the din, the swain with tingling ears,
From some steep rock the raging ruin hears.
Young ZANDY caught the sound of gen'ral woe,
And tho' a child, prepar'd to meet the foe;
Twice five years old, bless'd with his father's fire,
And good *Louverture* was the stripling's sire:
The youthful hero saw his sire laid low,
And his pavilion crowded by the foe;
Eager his father's murd'ers to engage,
Loads with his former arms his infant age;
Girds on his formidable sword in vain,
And waits to meet the vengeful Christian train;

Within his father's house prepar'd to die,
Whose corpse, not yet inter'd, lay silent by:
On it the sorrowing dames with art display'd
Their grateful gifts, and round sweet roses laid.
Hither his widow with her children ran,
Wept o'er the prince with agonizing pain,
And clung around the much-lov'd corpse again.
But when in cumb'rous arms her son she spied,
" Alas, my poor unhappy boy (she cried)
What more than madness midst these dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to guard thy infant age with arms!
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But asks for other strength, for other hands:
No, could thy own brave father arm again,
E'vn thy brave father now would arm in vain.
Stay by his corpse, and here we all shall have
One common refuge, or one common grave."

This said, her elder son the dame embrac'd,
And by the sacred corpse the stripling plac'd,
When lo, another of *Louverture's* sons
Thro' darts and foes from slaught'ring Hawkins runs,
Wounded, he traverses the lonesome dome,
Darts swiftly on and shoots from room to room:
Close, close behind pursu'd the furious foe,
Just grasp'd the lad, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his mother's sight he pass'd
Pierc'd by the ruthless steel he breath'd his last.
SYLVAN the scene unable to survey,

Tho' death surrounds her gives her fury way:
 " And oh, may Jove the violated God,
 Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood,
 And as he lives such actions to regard,
 Oh, may he give thy guilt the full reward,
 Guilt, that a mother's sacred eyes defil'd
 With blood, the blood of her dear murder'd child.
 She spake, and ZANDO's arm assay'd to throw
 The dull dead jav'lin, that scarce reach'd the foe,
 The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
 And guiltless on the ground it faintly rung.
 The dastard chief with an unmanly blow
 Cleft with a mortal wound the infant foe.
 Then from the mother's arms the babe he tore,
 And dash'd its brains against the bloody floor;
 And then the monster dragg'd the mother on,
 Tho' the warm blood that issu'd from her son,
 Strugg'ling and sliding in the slippery gore,
 And to a private room the victim bore;
 And while the matron wept her children slain,
 Fresh wrongs oppres'd the violated dame!
 Sate his lust, he grasps her sable hairs,
 And in fierce rage the ruthless blade he rears,
 Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd
 He plung'd the smoking sabre in his side.
 Such was the fate unhappy Sylvan found,
 With her poor infants slaughter'd on the ground.

Fraudful *Leclerc* now bears the spoils away,
And guards with watchful care the gather'd prey
In one vast heap *Louverture's* wealth is roll'd,
Gold dust and iv'ry mix'd with massy gold.

Now on the mangled dead the murd'rer stood,
Frowning revenge, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Crimes, frauds, and murders were his chief delight,
The rage of death and slaughter of the fight.
Beneath a bed, and trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close eight mothers with their infants lay,
Wrapp'd in a Leopard's and a Lion's hide,
The foe approach'd, they cast the screen aside
Sprung to the chief, embrac'd his knees in tears,
And with these words addres'd his harden'd ears:

“ Lo, at thy feet see hapless infants fall
And with their mothers loud for mercy call;
Oh, gracious hear, nor let our infants bleed,
All innocence in thought, in word and deed.”

“ Die, wretches die, your suppliant arts give o'er
To me no negro need for grace implore.
The hour t' avenge our soldiers now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom;
Not all the gold in your detested town
With all in Africa join'd with your own,
If offer'd for you should for mercy call,
'Tis negroes offer, and I scorn them all.”

Thus speaking; from a lofty tree he strung,
A ship's tough rope that to another hung;
Near the high boughs he strain'd it strongly round,

Whence no contending foot could touch the ground:
 Their necks tied up, connected in a row,
 Both babes and mothers, spectacles of woe,
 All beat the air with quiv'ring feet below.
 Soon fled their harmless souls, and left behind
 The lifeless bodies wav'ring with the wind.

A sage there was and CANDO was he nam'd,
 For virtue much, but more for wisdom fam'd,
 He, feeling for his town a patriot's love,
 Essay'd the Christian's rocky heart to move:
 Bending with age advanc'd the mournful man,
 Propp'd on his staff, and weeping thus began:

“ Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed
 Behold thy suppliant, nor let him bleed,
 Enough are ye aveng'd, enough redress'd,
 Our army slain, in pity spare the rest!
 Ah! spare the babes, nor number with the dead,
 The old man's silver hairs, and rev'rend head.”

“ Detested savage! (cruel *Hawkins* cries)
 Our soldiers slain, whoever meets me dies,
 Laws, or divine or human, ne'er can move,
 Or shame of man, or dread of God above!
 Heedless alike of censure or of praise,
 Revenge I'll have, prepare to end thy days.”
 Straitway the eager soldiers then began,
 Their bloody work; they chipp'd away the man,
 Morsels for dogs, then trimm'd with brazen shears,

And then depriv'd him of his nose and ears:
His hands and feet last felt the dreadful steel,
He roar'd, and with his mighty torments fell
And now a thought in *Hawkin's* mind arose,
Most worthy of a demon to disclose,
For, tir'd of slaughter, from the sable train,
Twelve chosen maids he drags along the plain
Weeping and naked, trembling with their woe,
In tears they follow their relentless foe;
He with their belts, their captive arms constrains,
Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains,
And while the youthful maidens quiv'ring stood,
He stuck their bodies thick with lighted wood,
To which a flaming torch the ruffian threw,
And round the maids the fire congenial flew:
Strait to the town they speed with mad alarms,
And oft they cry for help with outstretch'd arms.
As when in parting spires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the caldron's sides,
In the deep womb, grow fierce the hissing streams,
Boil, swell, and foam and bubble o'er the brims;
The mad'ning maids with pain superior stung,
Thus rush'd in flames, amid the astonish'd throng.
Now spread around the dreadful hissing flames,
And fir'd the houses, youths and screaming dames,
While round the town the taunting tyrants flew,
To keep them in, an iron harvest grew,

They poise their threat'ning spears while clamour rise,
And trembling shrieks tumultuous rend the skies.
The curling flames with joy the Christians view'd,
Saw infants with their parents gasp in blood;
Yea, with delight they view'd the flames arise,
And wretched *Congo* mounting to the skies;
The fire rapacious overwhelm it all,
The works of thousands in a moment fall.
So when upon the shore, an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses on the sand,
The sportive wanton pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
With headlong speed the imprison'd dames retire,
Throng in huge heaps and strive to shun the fire,
They look around for help, they cry in vain,
And beg for mercy to the Christian train.
Fast from without the watchful ruffians threw,
Lance after lance, and gall'd the scorching foe;
The maid and matron, and the babe and sire,
Steep'd in each other's blood in heaps expire;
The screaming mother with distraction wild,
Hugs to the breast her poor expiring child.
Each house in flames, their roofs incumbent lay,
The beams now burst, the crackling walls give way.
The pond'rous piles come thund'ring to the ground,
While distant forests echo to the sound.
As when an aged oak, whose honours rise,
From some steep mountain, towering to the skies,

With many an axe, by shouting swains is ply'd,
Fiercely repeating strokes from ev'ry side.
The tall tree trembling as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound;
At last, quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan, rolls crashing down the vale;
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
And stretch'd out huge in length, the unmeasur'd
ruin lies.
Thus with their town fell all the sable train,
Wrapp'd in the smoking ruins on the plain;
Their souls crush'd out the mothers buried lie,
And in their arms the harmless infants die.
Now to the woods the hissing torrents pour,
Drink up the blood, the crackling trees devour;
The piles of dead are roasted on the plain,
While in red volumes spreads the dreadful flame.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys,
Around the fountains winds the running blaze,
The groves in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The jess'min bower, and the tam'rick burn.
Broad elms and cypress rising in a spire,
With watry willows hiss before the fire;
The quadrupeds and reptiles pant for breath.
And unfledg'd birds twist in the pangs of death.
Still fierce the conflagration blazes round,
The falling forests yield a thund'ring sound;
Wide on the ships the bright reflection plays

The surges redden with the distant blaze.
 Hell shudder'd to behold the dreadful scene,
 And Satan blush'd to own the Christian train,
 Earth groan'd, heaven dropt a tear to see such woe,
 And the dire slaughter of the barb'rous foe,
 And e'en the fierce, tyrannic, vengeful train,
 Behold with horror the terrific scene.
 As pale with guilt the murd'ers view'd the sight.
 The blushing sun roll'd down the rapid light,
 And plung'd beneath the purpled western sea,
 The panting steeds that drew the golden day.
 And now Jehovah on his azure throne
 With just resentment views the burning town,
 Each shriek he hears, and notes each silent groan.
 While twilight veils the glaring face of day,
 And clothes the vallics in a solemn grey.
 Th' almighty frowns, and lo, his heralds fly,
 While rev'rend horror silences the sky;
 The Christian's guilt th' angelic host alarms
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms:
 And lo, a murky cloud Jehovah forms,
 Full o'er their heads, and blackens heav'n with storms
 Night dwells o'er all the plain, and now out-flies
 The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies,
 The rude winds madden the tremendous flame,
 That spreads sonorous o'er the distant plain.
 Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
 Cry'd the red blood, and with a bellowing sound

Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.
God hears the groan, and as his eye surveys
The town in flames, the ships and shining seas,
He in an instant bids his whirlwinds fly,
To wing his em'rald chariot thro' the sky;
He mounts, and lo, the starry reins he takes,
The steadfast firmament beneath him shakes,
Drawn by the heav'nly steeds the chariot roll'd
Bright were the steeds, and circumfus'd with gold;
Suns, stars and comets fring'd the god's array,
That blazing flash'd intolerable day.
High on his throne he shines, his coursers fly
From the third heav'n and thunder down the sky:
Black clouds all fring'd with gold his throne surround
While lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders sound.
Astonish'd angels his descent behold,
While awful silence fills their thrones of gold,
Around his chariot from the realms on high
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly,
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of land he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space,
Thus swift, and swifter far the steeds obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' æreal way.
Surrounding worlds from their foundations nod,
And tremble at the presence of their God.

All nature shakes, and with a dreadful sound,
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.

Tow in one deluge of impetuous rain,
All heav'ns dark concave, rushes down amain,
Fierce and more fierce the mighty whirlwinds rise,
While streams of lightning, fringe the sable skies.
Heav'ns king himself, whom dreadful darkness
shrouds,

Pavilion'd in the thickness of the clouds,
With lightning, arm'd his red right hand puts forth,
And shakes with burning bolts the solid earth.

The tyrants shrink appal'd, the beasts are fled,
All human hearts are sunk, and pierc'd with dread:

He strikes the tow'ring mountain's lofty crown,
It nods, and in an instant tumbles down.

Loud howl the winds, and hoarse the thunders roar,
While God in anger smites the trembling shore;

Fierce at the ruffians heads a bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapp'd in flames;
Full fifty of them instantly laid low,

And base *Leclerc* now fell beneath the blow,
With piercing shrieks and agonizing cries,

They fall, and falling, close their guilty eyes:

So when by hollow shores the fishing train,

Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,

And scarce the snares the finny draughts contain.

All naked of their element, and bare,

The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;

Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their life away.
The Christians heard their gen'ral shriek aloud,
And chilly fear congeal'd their vital blood.
They saw him fall, and lo! his satin vest
Shook with his sighs, and quiv' red on his breast:
Struck with dismay, and meditating flight,
Aghast they startle at the horrid sight.
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake,
Unseen and lurking in the gloomy brake;
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
Starts back and shoots precipitate away:
And as when slumber seals the closing sight,
The sick, wild fancy lab'ring in the night,
Some dreadful visionary foe we shun,
With airy strides, but strive in vain to run.
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay,
We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away;
Drain'd of our strength we neither stand nor fly,
And on the tongue the struggling accents die:
The foe thus labour and with fruitless pain,
Fall as they fly, and crown the heaps of slain.
And trampled by their friends, with many a stride,
Who urge their course to where their vessels ride:
And gasping, shuddering, reel along the plain,
With heavier strides, to reach their boats again.
No stop, no stay, no thought to ask or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by lightning fell,

'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight,
 A sudden horror mix'd with wild affright;
 Till pale and panting they had reach'd the main,
 And trembling skulk'd within their ships again.
 Here, as in conscious guilt they shiv'ring lay,
 And anxious waited the return of day;
 A thousand thoughts obtruded on the mind,
 In quick succession, varying as the wind.
 They retrospect the past, the future view
 In horrid prospect. Scenes start up anew:
 Their murder'd fellow men, their injur'd God;
 His slighted mercy; his vindictive rod.



AVENIA.

BOOK V.



ARGUMENT.

At the first dawn the slavers weigh their anchors and sail for the West Indies--Dissipation of the mariners, and wretchedness of the slaves contrasted--A tornado overtakes them--Admiral's ship with three others foundered and all hands perish, the remainder steer for Grenada, where they arrive after a passage of fifty-six days--Distress of the slaves at seeing the town--They are landed, and whipped in droves to market. Relatives sold to different purchasers: are violently separated, never to see each other again--Arrive on the plantations--Their labour--Food--Wretched habitations--AVENIA is violated by her master--Her lamentations--She commits suicide, by plunging from a high rock into the ocean.

AVENIA.

BOOK V.

NOW had the stars, diminish'd, fled away,
Before the glories of the dawning day,
When the commander of the Christian host,
The signal gave to leave the flaming coast.
Soon as Aurora rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shaft, the rear of night,
And ere bright Sol from ocean's briny bed,
Uprais'd his glorious radiated head,
Mounted above the re-illumin'd main,
And darted o'er the lawn, his horizontal beams;
The sailors toil, their anchors all atrip,
A gallant breeze, impels each tilting ship,
And now unmoor'd the tyrants launch to sea,
And pale with guilt, commence their wat'ry way.
As in her nest within some cavern hung,
The dove sits brooding o'er her callow young,
Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
She starts surpriz'd, and beats around the rock;

Then to the open fields for refuge flies,
And the free bird expatiates in the skies;
Her pinions pois'd thro' liquid air she springs,
And smoothly glides, nor moves her level wings,
So did the vessels their swift course pursue,
And gain'd new force and swift'niss as they flew.
Swift as they sail, the waters fly before,
And dash'd beneath the ships the surges roar;
The tars in haste their topsails all unbind,
Then sheet them home, and stretch them to the wind;
High o'er the roaring waves the spacious sails,
Bow the tall masts and swell before the gales,
Each crooked stem the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
They now their flags, their crimson flags unbind,
To tow'r a loft and swell before the wind;
The long proud pendants with the milkwhite sails,
From the high masts, invite the swelling gales;
Past sight of shore, along the surge they bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around.
The cann of grog the boy obsequious brings,
To tars more welcome than translucent springs,
Luxurious now they feast, observant round,
Gay stripling youths, the brimming bumpers crown'd,
The purple vintage now allures their taste,
They quaff the wine, and then devour the feast.
In deep debauch they drown their guilty fears,
And bury in oblivion all their cares.

And now th' imperious hypocritic croud,
 With insolence, and wine elate and loud,
 Give three proud cheers, denoting victory,
 And fill again "To Heav'n and liberty."
 Stemm'd by the ships, the foaming surges rise,
 And with their shouts, the sailors rend the skies!
 While peals of loud applause from ev'ry side
 The navy flew, and shot along the tide.
Enslav'd humanity, the sacred load!
The sons of Adam, who's the son of God!
 Oppress'd with anguish, pain and mighty woe,
 Down their black cheeks, the briny riv'lets flow;
 Their hopes, their joys, all prematurely gone!
 Wretched, alas, abandon'd, and undone.
 Of friends, of peace, of smiling comforts left,
 And all their dear delights on earth bereft;
 While here, for shady groves and verdant bow'rs,
 For pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs;
 They find a floating dunge'on on the main,
 Chains, hunger, whips, contagion, woe and pain:
 Instead of music's sweet melodious sound,
 Repeated yells and deadly groans go round;
 The mighty scourge, and mightier voice of pain,
 The iron fetter and the clanking chain.
 And for the joyful faces of their friends,
 They see, in human forms, terrific fiends.
 A thousand nameless terrors, lag behind,
 Despair, confusion, frenzy sieze the mind.

A maid amongst the captives, *Lama*, nam'd,
For beauty much, but more for virtue fam'd,
While down her cheeks the copious sorrows flow,
In loud laments, thus deprecates her woe:

“ No more my friends, we'll view the flow'ry field.
Enjoy the various scents the meadows yield;
Farewel ye forests, vales and verdant hills,
Ye sylvan bowers, and ye tinkling rills;
Ye scented groves, to which I us'd to run,
And find a shelter from the burning sun;
Ye fields alas, my native fields, adieu!
Whose charming flow'rs my early labours knew.

Where, when an infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather daisies at the call of day;
These fragrant fields I see, or think I see,
Like willows weep, or seem to weep, for me;
The warbling linnet, too forgets to sing,
And the sweet gold-finch flags the painted wing.
No more I'll bless the incense-breathing gale,
Nor gaze enchanted on the enamell'd vale.
Nor spend the joyful and the dancing hours,
By silver streams, or in ambrosial bow'rs.”
Thus those indulge their lusts, and these their woe,
And here the tears, and there the bumpers flow.
Ten guilty hours the mariners employ,
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The twelfth arriv'd, and lo! the immortal God,
With anger view'd them on the briny flood,

He bade the whirlwinds rise, the thunders roll,
 The forked lightnings flash'd from pole to pole.
 The clouds o'ercharg'd with checquer'd darkness
 spread,
 Black'ning the floods, and gath'ring o'er the head.
 In haste the mariners now reef each sail,
 While the sea whitens with the rising gale:
 Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
 And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torne.
 The night now far advanc'd her gloomy reign,
 And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain.
 Fierce and more fierce the dreadful whirlwinds rise,
 Black clouds, and double darkness veil the skies.
 The moon, the stars, the bright æthereal host,
 Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost,
 The furious tempest blows with horrid sound,
 The lightnings flash and thunders roar profound.
 The sails now furl'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
 And ghastly death on ev'ry wave appears;
 And while they mourn, the western blast prevails,
 Breaks the firm topmasts, rends the flying sails,
 Round go the ships, the vessels leave their sides
 Bare to the working waves, and roaring tides;
 While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
 And hang in mountains o'er proud *Hawkin's* head:
 Fierce on his ship descends the furious blast,
 Howls thro' the shrouds, and rends them from the
 mast.
 The mast gives way, and cracking as it bends,

Tears up the deck, and all at once descends.
Back to the stern retreating surges flow.
And with the surge the shatter'd topmasts go;
The helmsman by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from his post, falls headlong in the main
Loud and more loud God bids his thunders roll,
The vived lightnings flash from pole to pole.
And now at *Hawkin's* head a bolt he aims,
And hissing, the fell bolt descends in flames,
Full on the ship it falls, now high, now low,
Toss'd and retoss'd, she heels beneath the blow:
At once into the main the crew she shook,
And steams sulphureous rose, and smoth'ring smoke.
As from a hanging rock, tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight,
Drop endlong, scar'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the guilty crew
Now midst the angry waves they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries, }
They strive to gain the ship, but heav'n denies;
The low'ring heav'ns o'er the waves impend.
And swell'd with vengeance on three ships descend;
The decks are white with foam, the winds aloud,
Howl o'er the ships, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud,
Now on a tow'ring arch of waves they rise,
Heav'd on the bounding billows to the skies,
Then as the roaring surge retreating falls:
They shoot down headlong as to hell's dark walls.

Thrice the wild waves rebellow as they rise,
 Thrice mount the foaming floods, and dash the skies.
 Above the sides of three gay ships ascends,
 A watry deluge, and their ribs it rends;
 The waves dissolve their well compacted sides,
 Which drink, at many a leak, the briny tides.
 The vessels by the surge toss'd round and round,
 Sunk in the whirling gulf, devour'd and drown'd:
 Two from the dark abyss emerge again,
 Boats, planks and treasures float along the main;
 Vengeance o'ertakes them in their wooden wall,
 And mounting billows overwhelm them all:
 Thus four ships sink, their crews to death consign'd,
 In tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
 During the dire event, each slave remains
 Seasick, oppress'd with grief, and bound in chains.
 Twice twenty by the hand of death set free,
 And twelve, half starv'd were launch'd into the sea.
 The rest promiscuously to heav'n complain;
 And strive to breathe the wholesome in vain.
 Down in the stinking hold they vent their woe,
 And down each sable cheek the sorrows flow:
 ANGOLA to his countrymen imparts,
 A ray of hope, and thus revives their hearts;
 " Friends we have seen more toils than now we
 know,
 By long experience exercis'd in woe,
 And soon to these disasters shall be given,
 A certain period by relenting heav'n.

Think how you saw these Christians on our shore,
And how your friends lay welt'ring in their gore;
Dismiss your fears, on those misfortunes past,
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.
With manly patience bear your present state,
And with firm courage wait a better fate."
The injur'd youth thus strove some hope t'impart,
And hid the secret anguish of his heart.

Mild winds succeed the storm, the sailor train,
Rigg their tall jury masts, and plow the main.
Each captain orders, and th' obedient band,
With due observance, wait the stern command.
With speed the masts they rear, with haste unbind,
The spacious sails, and stretch them to the wind,
High o'er the frothy waves the milkwhite sails
Drive on the ships, and swell before the gales;
The ships now rigg'd, and fill'd with human store,
Intent to voyage to the Christian shore;
The sailors swill the grog, a cruel train,
And heedless shoot along th' indignant main.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due.
Their jaded strength with balmy rest renew:
Now interrupted slumbers veil their eyes,
Their cares dissolve in visionary joys.
Not so the slaves: the downy bands of sleep
Too soon relax'd, they wake again to weep.
A gloomy pause ensues of dumb despair,
And then th' invoke th' immortal powers with prayer.

All stifled with effluvia and with heat,
 Half starv'd, they mourn their melancholy fate.
 Full six and fifty days the Christian crew,
 They hateful course along the main pursue,
 Safe thro' the level seas they force their way,
 The steersmen govern, and the ships obey.
 The sun now rises, beauteous to behold,
 And tips each lofty wave with gleams of gold
 And as they rudely stem the briny tide,
 And tilting o'er the sea impetuous ride;
 Like distant clouds the mariner describes,
 Grenada's high emerging hills arise:
 The steersmen keep them in the liquid road,
 And plow the various windings of the flood.
 Clear, and more clear the swelling shore they spy,
 See the thin smokes that melt into the sky,
 And blueish hills just op'ning to the eye.
 At eve the ships approach the fatal land,
 And in the winding bay they anchor on the sand.
 Close to the town a spacious port appears
 Belonging to king George whose name it bears;
 Two lofty mounts projecting to the main,
 The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain,
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
 The ships secure within the harbour ride.
 AVENIA now, o'ercome with black despair,
 Address'd to heav'n her agonizing prayer :
 " Oh, Jove, this fated moment, heave thy dart.

And ease the torture of my aching heart!
Oh snatch me far from this bloodthirsty race,
Toss'd thro' the vast illimitable space,
Or oh ! let thunder from some hov'ring cloud,
Transfix me, or let briny seas enshroud.
Ah, my Angola, 'tis for thee I groan,
By day I weep, by night I make my moan;
How would I welcome any fav'ring death
To ease me of the burden of my breath;
For ah! the worst of ills is still behind,
The brutal conduct of the Christian kind.
Sure nature first in anger did intend
A plague of monsters o'er the world to send,
Cast from her hand the brutish offspring men,
And turn'd each house into a savage den:
In this rapacious species we may find
All that's destructive in the preying kind,
Lion, wolf, tiger, bear and crocodile,
Strong to devour and cunning to beguile,
But beasts are led to prey by appetite,
And that once pleas'd, no more in blood delight,
Christians, like hell, have an insatiate thirst,
And still are keen, tho' they be like to burst.
Lust fills the world with loud alarms of war,
And turns each plowshare to a hostile spear."

The sounds assault Angola's wakeful ear,
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear,
Of her distress and pain the youth alarms,

He thinks some foe is rushing to her arms;
 Upspringing with his chains in active haste,
 He plung'd alas, into the watry waste;
 Nor saw his folly, "whose untutor'd mind,
 Saw God in waves, or heard him in the wind.
 Yet simple nature to his hope had giv'n,
 Beyond the briny deep an humble heav'n.
 Some safer world with depths of wood embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the watry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
 He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His injur'd wife will bear him company."
 [He looks toward his consort as he dies,]
 "Farewel, a long, a last farewel," he cries,
 And closes on the world his dying eyes,
 Which glance, expiring, at his native shore,
 Then round his head the waves redounding roar.
 Thus died Angola, while his dearer part,
 Unconscious of his fate, now vents her bursting heart.
 Tow'rd her lov'd coast she casts her eyes in vain,
 They fail with looking, and with grief they stream:
 In her foul prison she consumes the day,
 While horrors wear the heavy night away.
 To some kind friend she'd feign her wants disclose.
 Now doom'd to meet unutterable woes;
 But all around are curst with hearts of steel,
 Without the sense to pity or to feel.

The land approach'd, the slaves with wild affright,
Behold the town and sicken at the sight;
While the proud planters view the ships around,
In haste they rush along the landing ground,
Flush'd at the sight, they haste at early dawn,
Precipitate and bounding o'er the lawn,
To purchase slaves then to the ship repair,
And view the product of the fatal war.
The slaves beheld them in that dreadful hour,
And inly shudder'd at their barb'rous pow'r.
Their cruel trade! who live in heav'ns despite,
Contemning laws, and trampling human right;
Utaught to work, to turn the glebe, or sow,
They all their riches to their neighbours owe.
The tyrants now prepare their slaves to land,
All shorn and trimm'd, upon the yellow sand;
Now forc'd into the boat with wild affright,
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they sieze,
And sweep, with equal strokes the smoking seas;
Clear of the ships the impatient longboats fly,
While silent tears flow from each captive's eye.
Within a long recess, a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
The eager sailors sieze the fair retreat,
And bound within the port the little fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep.

And smiling calmness silvers o'er the deep.
 With earnest hearts the joyful sailors press,
 Their friends whose transports glow at their success;
 But the sad fate that did their men destroy,
 Cool'd ev'ry heart, and damp'd the rising joy.
 The shackled captives in their tyrant's sight,
 Dejected stand, and shake with wild affright;
 Their fate bewail, while to the hated land,
 Their masters drive, and range them on the sand,
 In droves, unhappy matrons, maids and men,
 Are driv'n promiscuous from the imprison'd den.
 Like flocks of sheep, alas! they move along,
 Scourg'd to the market with the knotted thong.
 With red hot irons now they brand the crew,
 While from their galled eyes the tears descend anew.
 Their sparkling tears the want of words supply,
 And the full soul bursts copious from each eye.
 They strive their tyrant's pity to command,
 The ruffians hear but will not understand.
 To what submissions, in what low degree,
 Are mortals plac'd, dire avarice, by thee!
 They try their suppliant arts, and try again,
 To move their pity, but alas in vain.
 In body tortur'd, and distress'd in mind,
 No hope the poor unhappy creatures find.
 They curse their natal and their nuptial hour,
 Tears flow amain in one unceasing shower.
 And peals of groans in mighty columns rise,

Ascend the heav'ns and echo in the skies.
Pierc'd with the noise the wretch'd babes, in vain,
With tender cries, repeat the sound again,
And at the mournful call the mothers press'd,
Their starting infants screeching to the breast.
And now, a matron wearied heav'n with pray'r,
Just on the precipice of black despair,
Embrac'd, in arms of wretchedness, her son,
And thus in broken accents she begun:

“ And have I borne thee with a mother's throes
To suffer thus, nurs'd thee for future woes!
How short the space allow'd my boy to view!
How short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.”
They view their fate, and sicken at the sight,
In bitterness of soul they long for night.
Again she cries, “ These floods of grief restrain,
Vengeance will soon o'ertake the impious train.
Let us be patient and our hearts prepare,
To move great Jove, our heavenly sire, by prayer.
Our woes to him are known, to him belongs,
The strangers cause, and the revenge of wrongs;
When friendly death our toil-worn frames shall free,
And take our abject souls from misery:
Our ghosts, for injur'd blood, shall daily cry,
To heav'n, for vengeance, and shall pierce the sky.
If we, for latent guilt, be doom'd to woes,
Our crimes we learned from our Christian foes.

Our vengeful spirits shall enhance their hell,
 Enjoy their torments, as enchain'd they dwell."
 The scramble o'er, the horrid sale now done,
 The slaves but find their sorrows just begun;
 Babes to their parents cling with close embrace,
 With kisses wander o'er each tearful face;
 To separate the hapless, weeping throng,
 The cowskin hero wields the knotted thong,
 And as he wields, applies the dreadful blow,
 While streams of blood in purple torrents flow.
 Smit with the sign, which all their fears explain,
 The children still embrace, their knees sustain
 Their feeble weight no more; their arms alone
 Support them, round their bleeding parents thrown.
 They faint, they sink, by cruel woes oppress'd,
 Each heart weeps blood, and anguish rends each
 breast.

Now, stain'd with blood, a weeping mother press'd
 Her dear, dear trembling infant to her breast,
 Then shrieking, to her wretched husband sprang,
 A moment snatch'd on his lov'd neck to hang;
 Kissing his lips, his cheeks, his swollen eyes,
 While tears descend to earth, and groans ascend the
 skies.

Now furious rage the mournful chief inspires,
 And all his soul just indignation fires;
 Amid his hapless family he stands,
 And lifts to heav'n his eyes and spreading hands.

Oppress'd with grief, and raving with despair,
Groaning he lifts to heav'n his mental pray'r.
Now motionless he stands, in grief profound,
Fixing his eyes with anguish on the ground.
Behold, and blush, ye first born of the skies,
Behold the complicated villanies,
Practis'd by Christian hypocrites, unjust,
Full of rage, rapine, cruelty and lust,
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hide fraud in smiles, while death is harbor'd there.
They proffer peace, yet wage unnat'ral war,
From tender husbands, weeping wives they tear:
And still they hope, heav'n winks at their deceit,
And call their cruelties the crimes of fate.
Unjust mankind, whose will's created free,
Charge all their guilt on absolute decree.
The Christian rulers in their ruin join,
And truth is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Their crimes transcend all crimes since Noah's flood
But all their glory soon shall set in blood.
Shall heav'n be false, because revenge is slow?
No—it prepares to strike the fiercer blow,
Sure is its justice. They shall feel their woe.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
When all their honours in the dust shall lay.
God will himself pour judgments on their land,
Thus hath he said—and what he saith must stand
Their cruelty for justice daily cries,

And pulls reluctant vengeance from the skies.
 Their dreadful end will wing its fatal way,
 Nor need their rage anticipate the day.
 And tho' they charge on heav'n their own offence,
 And call their woes the crimes of providence;
 Yet they themselves their misery create,
 They perish by their folly, not their fate.
 And now th' unhappy exiles mournful stand,
 Men, babes and dames, a miserable band,
 A wretched train of shrieking mothers bound,
 Behold their captive children trembling round.
 And oft they strive to ease each other's pain,
 But still repeat the moving theme in vain.
 Scarce can the whip release the mournful band,
 Like sculptur'd monumental grief they stand;
 Compassion now touch'd *my tyrannic soul*,
 And down *my cheek* the tear *unusual* stole;
 Then, nor till then I pitied! tho' their foe,
 Struck with the sight of such unequall'd woe.
 Parental *tenderness*, and *kindred blood*!
 Your force, till now, I little understood.
 Now parted by the whip, in doleful sound,
 The children speak their agonies profound.
 Dissolv'd in tears they round their parents hung,
 And their young arms in early sorrows wrung.
 And each complains with moving tears and cries,
 And begs for aid with eloquence of eyes.
 Lash'd with the thong, the bleeding youths in vain,

Fly back for refuge to their sires again;
Lost to the soft endearing ties of life,
The social names of daughter, parent, wife.
The frantic mother hears the well known sound——
“Can no redress, oh gracious heav’n, be found?
Ye savage Christians, now your rage is spent,
Your malice can no greater pains invent.
Oh that the base tyrannic Christian band,
Had never touch’d my dear paternal land,
Oh that I were some monster of the wood,
Or bird of air, or fish that swims the flood,
Unthoughtful then, my sorrows I could bear,
Nor sin, nor groan, no weep, nor sigh, nor fear.
Immortal Sire! shall christians still prevail?
And shall thy promise to thy creatures fail?
And shall they, shall they still encrease our woe,
And dye our lands with purple as they go?
Rise in thy wrath, almighty maker rise,
Behold our grievous wrongs, with gracious eyes.
Oh save my valiant friends, the bold, the brave,
Their wives abus’d; their bleeding infants save!
See wives and daughters serve promiscuous lust,
Their sires and husbands bite the bloody dust.”
Depriv’d alas; the privilege to complain,
The ruffians whip her from the place again.
Lo! tyrants thus administer relief,
Add wrong to wrong, and wretchedness to grief.
Give ear ye tyrants, distant nations hear,

And learn the judgments of high heaven to fear!
 Your children yet unborn shall blush to see,
 Their predecessor's guilt and villany,
 Their impious thirst for gold, while fierce in arms,
 Their cruel breasts no tender pity warms;
 Should heathens but one virtuous Christian find,
 Name but the slave trade; they will curse your kind.
 Deceitful gold! how high will Christians rise,
 In flagrant guilt to gain the glittering prize!
 Hence sacred faith, and public trust are sold,
 And villains barter Adam's sons for gold.
 Shall the oppressed race of human kind,
 From heav'n above, or earth no justice find.
 Can brutal carnage please Jehovah's sight,
 Or flaming war reflect a grateful light?
 Impell'd by love, he promis'd to the poor,
 To hear their prayers, nor drive from mercy's door.
 Compell'd by truth he will his word fulfil,
 Save the oppress'd, and do his sov'reign will.
 He will redress his creature's wrongs, tho' late;
 Thus has he spoke, and what he speaks is fate.
 Then shall the tyrants of their species bend,
 Their honours vanish and their glories end.
 For come it will, that dreadful day, replete
 With righteous judgment, with tremendous fate,
 Then despots, tho' on golden thrones, shall bleed,
 And reap the wages to their crimes decreed;
 While tyrants govern with an iron rod,
 Oppress, destroy—their dreadful scourge is God.

And ev'n the sons of freedom prove unjust,
Alike in cruelty, alike in lust!
Them shall the muse to infamy consign,
Despis'd, abhorr'd, the theme of tragic rhyme.
Those bastard freemen spread consuming death,
The name of freedom withers at their breath;
Virtue disrob'd, infernal vice aspires,
And weeping liberty and truth retires;
Laurels that should fair virtue deck alone,
To systematic hypocrites are thrown;
Their nature and their nation they disgrace,
And stamp with sable signatures their race:
Wide o'er the world their character has spread,
Disgrac'd their country, and disgrac'd the dead,
Who fought for freedom, and for freedom, bled.
Their hypocritic villany proclaim,
Oh, sing their guilt, my muse——inglorious fame!
For yet more woes their tragic acts inspire,
To attune with energetic verse the mournful lyre.

Now to th' estate the slaves are driv'n like lambs
Bound to the butchers, sever'd from their dams.
With beating hearts, and solemn steps, and slow,
They move along, while tears in torrents flow.
Time here would fail us, did we pause to view,
The various torments of the sable crew,
And as to the plantation they advance,
Take of the hapless drove a transient glance;
Who view, the moment they approach th' estate,

Their countrymen in chains, their own dire fate.
 The person who beholds their pains, nor can
 Feel pity, is a monster not a man.
 No mortal eloquence can paint their woes,
 Depict their wrongs, the malice of their foes.
 Not *Milton's* pen, not *Shakespear's* tragic lyre,
 Not *Homer's* flame, nor *Pope's* poetic fire,
 To count their wrongs, demands immortal tongues,
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
 Their fate, alas, is dismal and severe,
 Their lamentations still assault my ear:
 If a poor slave from servitude has ran,
 They lacerate and lop away the man;
 When they have caught, they trim with brazen shears
 The wretched slave, and rob him of his ears!
 And if impell'd by hunger, he should steal,
 Or strike his cruel master and rebel,
 His arm is sure the vengeful knife to feel.
 Nocturnal stars their constant wailings know,
 And blushing Phœbus witnesses their woe.
 No Christian views them with a tender tear,
 They find no mercy, no, nor hope to cheer;
 And when their toil is o'er, like hogs repair,
 To wretched dens, and far more wretched fare.
 All day they tend the canes, and as they grow,
 Their tears to water them incessant flow:
 Their scanty pittance when their work is done,
 Is half devour'd e'er 'tis well begun;
 And while their limbs each hour, are like to fail,

Ah! how they long' for ev'n this scanty meal,
Slow seems the sun to move, the hours to roll,
Their native home, deep imag'd in each soul:
As the tir'd plowman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose horses long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way,
To late repast, the day's sad labour done,
So to the slaves, thus welcome sets the sun:
But he departs to joyful friends and rest,
And these to wretchedness with grief oppress'd.
Their bodies scourg'd, and stiff with clotted gore,
The wounds renew'd that were receiv'd before,
Their lacerated limbs oppress'd with chains,
Their minds, alas! with more than mortal pains.
And when the toil of each sad day is o'er,
They sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.
Here might I cease, nor further paint their woe,
Too horrid for the sons of men to know.
The pond'rous earth would roll her annual way,
E'er I could half their miseries display;
The woodland monsters would with tears bewail
And ev'n *Apollyon* shudder at the tale:
But yet *Avenia's* fate demands my song,
For her, my muse, the tragic strain prolong:
The captives on th' estate arriv'd, and there
Compell'd to drudge in chains, and deep despair
The planter views his new bought slaves, while fou

Unhallow'd passions, kindle in his soul;
 In depth of grief he hears *Avenia* cry,
 For pity to the sov'reign of the sky,
 The unfeeling tyrant, bent on wickedness,
 Eager beheld her, in her keen distress;
 He calls his slave....the sable princess hears,
 And with obedient reverence appears;
 Her fate unknown. To speak she makes essay,
 But her tongue faltering, ceases to obey:
 He bids her follow where he leads the way.
 And as they to the place prepar'd, proceed,
 The lustful ruffian meditates the deed,
 Which stamps for ever poor *Avenia's* fate;
 And the chaste muse now blushes to relate:
 At length arriv'd, and preparation made,
 His brutal purpose he forthwith display'd.
 In vain the sable captive lifts her hand,
 In vain she strives his pity to command;
 Invokes her lov'd Angola, tears her hair,
 And lifts to heav'n her unavailing prayer:
 And oh, what various passions struggling, rise
 Swell her vex'd bosom, and inflame her eyes;
 What sobs of anguish, what hysteric screams,
 What shrieks of frenzy, in their fierce extremes!
 The monster braves them all, by wild lust driv'n,
 And violates the dame, in face of heav'n!
 Cease my indignant muse, by shame suppress'd,
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
 But this, ev'n this, is nothing to the shame

And nameless crimes of the tyrannic train:
Nor dare I paint what prudence must conceal,
Nor half their studied villainies reveal.

Methinks I see each sentimental fair,
With tender sorrow wipe the trickling tear,
While shame and horror thro' their bosoms rush,
Swell ev'ry vein, and spread th' indignant blush.
Ah, let your quick and kindred spirits form
A vivid picture of the fatal storm;
In which she labour'd, and whose force to paint,
The muses' strongest tints appear too faint:
In sympathetic thought her sufferings see,
But oh, forever from her wrongs be free.

'Twas on the evening of the following day,
In solemn silence all creation lay;
The injur'd captive, weary of her woe,
And loathing her existence here below
Thrice in her anguish tore her sable hair,
Thrice beat her breast in madness of despair.
And oft repeated her Angola's name,
And view'd his image in the fleeting dream:
In thought she sees him, but a transient guest,
Pants on his lips, and murmurs on his breast,
Raptur'd she contemplates his sable charms,
And clasps the phantom in her loving arms;
She calls aloud, his fleeting course to stay,
In vain she calls—the phantom glides away.
To her paternal home, now trav'ling on,

In thought, abandon'd, desolate, alone;
 She treads, or seems to tread, a dismal plain,
 And seeks her lover thro' the waste in vain.
 Now from her troubled sleep the princess starts,
 While the dear vision from her view departs:
 And raising toward heav'n her frenzy'd eyes,
 Implores compassion on her miseries:
 Bewails her own and her Angola's woe,
 Whom now she paints as murder'd by the foe;
 Frantic she rushes o'er the distant plain,
 Ascends a rock projecting o'er the main;
 Intent on death, above the flood she stands,
 And bath'd in tears, and with uplifted hands,
 The poor insane now loves and hates by turns,
 With grief now maddens, now with fury burns;
 Now looks toward her dear paternal plain,
 Now lifts her streaming eyes to heaven again.

“ Ah me ! Why view I yet the hated light,
 Hence let me hasten for I loathe the sight,
 Life has no charms for me, then let me go,
 And meet my husband in the shades below;
 He's gone, while I beneath the load of life,
 Am left to bear unutterable grief.”
 Now the deep flood she views with native fear,
 And wrings her hands, envelop'd in despair.
 Her piercing shriek the distant region rends,
 The woods re-echo with the voice she sends;
 The hills reverberate, the vales rebound,

And to the heav'ns convey the mournful sound.
Now near the fatal precipice she flies,
Reviews the torrent with her streaming eyes,
From the rough rock projecting o'er the main
Whose giddy prospect turn'd her tortur'd brain.
Sharp are the rocks, loud roars the surge beneath,
She shudders at the thought of instant death;
And as she hears the briny billows roar,
And sees the foaming waves ascend the shore;
Back from her stand, in haste she starts aghast,
While tow'rd her native land her eyes are cast.

“ And must I die, [the shudd'ring princess cries]
Thus unreveng'd. Thou ruler of the skies.
And must I die! then let me fearless go,
And 'scape forever my base christian foe.”
Then as a vulture from the rocky height,
Her carrion seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth springing, instant darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and rushes down the sky;
So plung'd precipitate the hapless dame,
Down from the craggy brow, into the foaming main.
The pointed rocks her tender body tore,
And the white surf was purpled with her gore.

The moon just rising blush'd to see her doom,
And seem'd to prophesy of woes to come;
With dusky redness veil'd her silver light,
And back revolving left the earth in night.
The foaming billows, mounting to the shore,

High on the rock the mangled body bore;
 • There in the craggy bason, long it lay,
 To ev'ry wind, and rav'nous bird, a prey.
 Hapless Avenia! whither art thou gone;
 Launch'd in a moment to a world unknown
 No more, alas, for thee the chaunting train,
 Shall join harmonious on the verdant plain;
 No more, with grace superior to the rest,
 Shalt thou inflame the wond'ring hero's breast;
 For thee no more awake the tuneful strings;
 No more to charm thee thy Angola sings;
 No more shall Philomel, the plaintive bird,
 To soothe thee in thy native woods be heard;
 The feather'd tribes shall cease their notes to sound,
 The smiling landscape sadden all around;
 While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
 With deep resounding waves in concert join'd;
 Shall day and night repeat their ceaseless moan,
 In plaints responsive for AVENIA gone.

• One morning as I was walking round our estate,
 I saw a slave who had previously committed suicide,
 by plunging in, and continuing under water till
 drowned.

END OF THE POEM.

TO THE READER.

The interesting matter in the following notes, the publisher has thought proper to leave in its original form, as by a revision some useful sentiments might be lost.

What must most forcibly interest the sympathetic reader is the consideration that the subject matter of the poem as well as the notes are alas! too true!! The author himself having been an eye and ear witness of many of the tragic scenes he depicts.

What man viewing this, and possessing human feelings, does not blush to find himself a man?

What woman possessing a woman's pathetic heart? does not shudder at the sequel of this true and tragic poem.

Such humane readers who possess a tear,
Will give their passions vent and drop it
here.

THE PUBLISHER.

NOTES.

BOOK 1.

PAGE 19, line 15.

where fraught with frugance, &c.

IT is unanimously allowed by travellers, that Africa is as fertile as any other part, of the world, producing abundance of rice and roots. Indigo and cotton thrive there without cultivation....The lakes are stored with fish....The fields with flocks and birds, and the woods abound with spontaneous fruits. For my own part, I will be bold to affirm, that it is the most beautiful and luxuriant country I ever beheld; although I have visited several kingdoms in Europe; and islands in the West Indies, as well as South America. That part of Africa alluded to, called Guinea, from whence the slaves are brought; extends along the coast 4000 miles, from the river Senegal to Cape Sierra Leona; thence it runs eastward 1500 miles, including the Grain,

Y 2

Ivory, Gold and Slave Coasts, with the kingdoms of Benin, Congo, Angola and many others.

PAGE 22, line 10:

The artful Christians, &c.

Reflecting on the recent revival of the slave trade in the American republic, and at the same time taking a retrospective view of the revolutionary war, and the circumstances attending it, struck dumb with astonishment, I strive but strive in vain, to collect and arrange my thoughts like a man who experiences sensations to which language is not equal, whose conceptions are too large to be born alive. While in the struggle of expression, his hands, his eyes, and every finger strive to be a tongue, and he looks about for help to shew his thoughts by. When we see the despots of Europe spreading desolation and misery amongst their fellow men, we are not surprised, as their conduct corresponds with their principles; but when we survey the professional votaries of liberty and equality, who have taken up the sword of virtuous defence, who have bravely put themselves between tyranny and freedom, between villany and virtue, at a former period, now become the butchers of their brethren, the destroyers of liberty and the rights of

man, and the promoters and supporters of legal barbarity, we are ashamed, we are confounded! and what enhances our shame, is the consideration that liberty disrobed and in tears, has been banished from every nation but America; and here she has received a deadly wound. Exclusive of the wickedness and deleterious consequences resulting from the revival of the slave trade by the republicans of America, it is an outrage on civil society, as well as an insult to the citizens of each individual state. It is, in short, calling us all hypocritical tyrants: for no man in company with his neighbour, will act the rogue, unless he conceives him inclined to be one; and no man will attempt to seduce a woman, unless he supposes she is of easy virtue, and the attempt is virtually calling her a harlot. The eyes of all the crowned heads of Europe are upon our young republic, to see if our actions correspond with our pretensions; they are watching an opportunity to gain some evidence against us, that may serve to render our professions suspected, and our republicanism a farce. While their oppressed vassals, eager to shake off their galling chains, look to us with anxious solicitude, in hopes that we may prove to the world that there is a reality in republicanism, and that the sons of men are capable of enjoying liberty.

Can any thing sink the character of a nation lower than *inconsistency*? Should not the American govern

ment be a scourger to the oppressor, and a patron to the oppressed? Why then is infernal avarice permitted to tarnish the virtuous fame of the patriotic heroes who "Died in the cause of liberty in arms." It is the nature of compassion to reflect on the wretchedness of the wretched; and it is natural for a true republican to abhor slavery, into whatever form it may be assimilated, or whatever name it may assume. When I survey in sympathethic thought, the miseries of the human family, in what are called civilized and christianized countries, and all through the instrumentality of political and ecclesiastical hypocrites, my soul recoils with indignation, and my very heart weeps blood.

Stimulated by disinterested philanthropy for my fellow creatures, and gratitude to my Creator, I undertook this work; and I am confident he will accept my well meant endeavours for his glory. Yes; the Almighty looks down from heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grateful offerings of a thankful heart. As a tender parent would behold with pleasure and approbation, the mistimed exertions of an infant child to please: for it is not the thing we do, but the motive by which we are stimulated, that renders the thing done either acceptable or unacceptable. Hence the Almighty frequently makes use of the weak things of the world to confound the things

which are mighty, and the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, that no man might glory in man, but that Christ might be all in all. As my object in this work is the happiness, not the applause of mankind; to be useful rather than to be systematical; I consequently seek no recompence,* and fear no reflections.

Without taking any notice of the despot's aspersions, or the critic's animadversions, I will vindicate injured innocence, and advocate the rights of man. That God has punished the nations of antiquity for tyranny, is an uncontrovertible fact; that he will punish the Christian nations for their barbarity is beyond a doubt—to suppose he will not do it, is supposing him *more unjust than the unjust judge.*



* I offered the first edition of my "Preliminary Essay" to Richard Allen, on consideration of his paying the printer's bill. And with respect to this performance, I have voluntarily delivered the manuscript to the printer for publication, gratis. My motive in securing the copy-right, is merely to preclude persons from metamorphosing the work previous to republication. Nevertheless, if any bookseller should wish to publish another edition, by giving me previous notice, and agreeing not to make any alterations in the work, further than correcting errors, he is equally at liberty, as if the copy-right was not secured.

I ask in behalf of the oppressed sons of men, can slavery, as consolidated in America, be consistent with heathenish honesty, much less christian rectitude? can it be compatible with republicanism or philanthropy it is impossible. No man, who will for one moment reflect on right and wrong can avoid seeing the complicated barbarity of the slave trade, and it is my firm belief, that the persons engaged in it, either personally or virtually, living and dying in that state, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. A man may commit murder yet live, repent, and be saved; but if he die in the very act, it is blasphemy against the purity of heaven to suppose he can be admitted there. Slave holders and slave dealers are not only literally murderers but barbarous robbers too. Much might be said to show the injustice and iniquity of this diabolical commerce; but it would be degrading my readers to idiots, to suppose they did not see it themselves; and it would be degrading republicanism, much more religion, to bring them forward to prove the iniquity, inconsistency, and impolicy of slavery, especially in a republic; for here it is to the body politic what a galloping consumption is to an individual body.

Finally, we must shut our eyes against reason, and basely insult our understandings, not to see its turpitude and tendency. In order that the most virulent advocate for slavery may be convinced, let him

put himself in the condition of the slave, and then vindicate the principles if he can. But passing by all that might be said on this topic in a theological point of view, we will briefly consider the impolicy of slavery in a political view. It might easily be demonstrated, that permitting slavery in the republics of antiquity, was the primary cause of their downfall; and what they were in magnitude, the southern states of America are in miniature. With what painful sensations must the philanthropist reflect on the present as well as the antecedent state of society in almost every part of our terraqueous globe. Indeed, whether we contemplate the state of civilized or savage nations—where literature flourishes, or where ignorance prevails—the civilian in his mansion, or the cannibal in his hut—we see violence and oppression prevail, and we must impressively feel emotions of indignation and pity. The more circumspective our view, the more painful are our observations; and, alas! the mind is not elevated, but more deeply wounded, by reflecting on those legislators, who profess to be the friends of liberty. The mind in traversing the earth, beholds millions of wretched objects the fruits of legal barbarity; then looks to the despot on his throne, the republican in his presidential chair, the philosopher in his closet, the minister in his pulpit, and calls for justice, for pity, for commiseration—but calls, alas! in vain. Who can, without tears of compassion, view

this theatre, whose exhibitions are most distressing, and whose inhabitants still encourage scenes at which humanity shudders, virtue mourns, indignation frowns, and liberty melts to tears.

I would ask the votaries of oppression what is civil government? It is not arbitrary power. It is not, or should not be a contrast between miserable huts and splendid palaces, between penury and pomp, extravagance and indigence. It is not instituted to rob the poor man of his liberty as well as his mite; increase the miseries of the miserable; exalt one part of society above the state of man, and degrade the other below the state of brutes. Civil government is no other than a national association, whose object is the happiness and security of every individual member of a state, without partiality, and to administer justice without respect to persons, and at the least possible expence to the nation. Every individual in a republic, is a proprietor in government; as he has deposited his right in the common stock of society, he draws on the capital as a matter of right, and government should guarantee the rights and privileges of each citizen individually as well as all collectively. Is slavery consistent with such a government? It is impossible. The fact is, slavery is an indelible disgrace to the American constitution, as well as an eternal reproach to the whole nation. In short, the more we extend our views, the more we investigate the principles of

our government, so much the more cause we have to blush for the honour of human nature; and it is owing to our familiarity with scenes derogatory to every just, honest and virtuous principle, that we do not shudder, and invincibly protest against the legislative procedure of our fellow citizens.

The Israelites protested against and punished the tribe of Benjamin, for their cruelty to the Levite's concubine : but Americans see with indifference, their fellow-citizens enslave, violate and murder millions of their fellow-creatures with impunity. I do not by any means wish to give offence; but I must affirm that there are a set of men in the United States, who, if allowed to put their principles in practice, will give the death-blow to liberty, who has been already chased round the globe, cashiered by her enemies, and wounded by the house of her friends. The characters alluded to may be included in the following description : Avaricious men who are not to be trusted bigotted men who cannot see ; prejudiced men, who will not see ; cruel, ambitious, interested men, who would wade through seas of the blood of their fellow men, to exalt themselves, and gratify their vanity and pride ; and this last class, let their professions, pretensions, or names be what they may, will be the cause of more calamities to our young republic, than all the other three. Aristocracy is disclaimed by the slave-holders of America, and the Europe-

an law of primogenitorship, which unjustly and ungenerously disinherits all the children of a nobleman, except his oldest son; one is exalted, and the rest are debased. This infamous law, and many others equally oppressive, are exhibited to popular animadversion and contempt by them, and yet, forsooth this is only in minority what American slavery is in maturity. It was by allotting to particular men and families extraordinary power and privileges, that former republics were bereaved of their liberties, and precipitated into a terrible abyss of despotism, wretchedness, and degradation. It is a well attested fact, that in any country where interested men are exalted, corruption naturally engenders around them. It is inhuman, it is diabolically wicked, for any government or nation to suffer thousands of human beings to be consigned to unutterable wretchedness, to support an individual villain, or a family of them in their idleness, luxury and dissipation; and yet this is the case in America.....the country, which above all others, should discountenance oppression and despotism; but astonishing to think, that in this our land of liberty there is a sort of oppression, the most cruel, unjust, and pernicious, of any other in the world; to demonstrate which, a number of cogent reasons might be adduced: but as our limits will not admit us to enlarge, we will let a few suffice.

In the first place, domestic slavery has a natural tendency to be metamorphosed to national aristocracy; it being morally impossible to keep elections pure, where one part of society are exalted to demi-gods, and the other part degraded to beggars; (I am here alluding to the poor white people in the Southern States;) for where one citizen, who by fraud or force, has gained the sovereignty over a thousand slaves and sends his imperial commands over as many acres of land, fifty must necessarily be in low circumstances; the consequence of which is, one part of the citizens are furnished with the means of corruption, and the other part are put into a condition that they cannot avoid being corrupted. Any person who has studied human nature, may easily see the validity of this remark.

Secondly, There are no characters on our Globe, more naturally unfit to be legislators for a republic than slave holders; because their ideas of distributive justice are corrupted in the very source. Their juvenile employment is to trample on the rights of their fellow men, and look with contempt on their poor neighbors, for in fact they are taught and educated so to do. I would ask, with what ideas of justice can such persons enter a house of legislation, or take the reins of government in their hands, who rob their African brethren of their lives and liberties, because forsooth they are black, and despise their fellow citi-

zens, because they are poor. Can a government, consisting of such characters long continue free? it is utterly impossible. Such governments may, in point of theory, exhibit the appearance of liberty and equality, while the persons who were actors in, and witnesses of the revolution, live; but when they die even the appearance of liberty must die* with them, i. e. if mankind continue to be as degenerate as they are at present.

Thirdly; The idea of a slaveholder being a good legislator or governor, is as inconsistent as to suppose a wolf would be a good shepherd, and defend, not devour the sheep; or a fox would protect, not destroy the poultry.

Fourthly, It is continuing the uncivilized principle well known in Europe, of governments becoming the property, by hereditary right of individual despots or families of them. Though this sentiment is exploded by Americans, it is certain that the base idea of man having a property in man, and governing him by personal right, is not confined to Europe. There it embraces all men, here only black men; but public opinion only controls the sentimental despot in the present generation, while the concomitant circum-

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* *While Joshua lived, the Israelites served the Lord, but when he died, they soon degenerated.*

stances of the revolution are fresh in our minds, in the next generation that must naturally wear away; then despotism which is now confined to the poor blacks, the poor whites must participate. This will as naturally be the case, as that a little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

Fifthly, the encouragement of slavery in the southern states is of infinite injury to the poor white people in the northern states, incomparably more so than in the West-Indies. While thousands of Africans are monthly imported into South-Carolina, hundreds abscond and seek an asylum in the northern states, where they are on an equality with the whites.† The consequences resulting therefrom, which every person may easily conceive, though it would be perhaps imprudent for me to express, is, on a variety of accounts, exceedingly injurious indeed.

Sixthly, It is a stubborn fact, that slavery has a tendency to degenerate even the patriotic, as well as the despotic, “as strong temptations with the best prevail.” By the universal economy of human nature it is known, and by the instance of the French

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† *There are perhaps 15,000 blacks in Philadelphia alone, and 150,000 scattered in the northern, exclusive of 900,000 in the Southern States.*

republic it is proved, that mankind have a natural tendency to degenerate. That supremacy in an individual, a family, or a state, is a forerunner of the annihilation of a republic, is as plain to me as a ray of light, and must be so to every one who will not wilfully shut his eyes. The reader will at once perceive, that I studiously forego discussing this subject in a religious way, though most congenial to my sentiments, and agreeable to my taste. None can say that these arguments are the offspring of fanaticism or enthusiastic vision. They are a few disinterested political reasons, collected as it were to a focus, where thousands might be adduced, to demonstrate the deleterious tendencies of nourishing slavery in a republic. Here, however, I would beg leave to transcribe a cogent paragraph from my "Address to the inhabitants of Christendom," page 172. "These are serious considerations, whatever oppressors or their abettors, persons judicially infatuated may think; there is a minute account of all their barbarities in the records of eternity. And woe to all tyrants, despots and oppressors, when the accounts are settled: or to use the language of scripture, when they are weighed in the balance, for they doubtless will be found wanting. The most populous and famous nations of antiquity have been called to a reckoning; and the most haughty kingdoms have sunk to ruin, when the balance was struck. Were unenlightened

nations punished, and punished with severity; and can the enlightened escape with impunity? Such a supposition, the justice of the Almighty forbids, as blasphemy against the rectitude of heaven. Be assured, it is not the benediction of a prelate, the eloquent speech of a potentate, or the proclamation of a prime minister, that will repay the blood of India's requite the wretchedness of Africa, or appease the anger of heaven.....SERIOUS SOLEMN CONSIDERATIONS."

This paragraph is applicable to American as well as European despots, for the Antediluvian law, "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" is now as much as ever in full force; but admitting, for argument's sake, that our antecedent assertions are fallacious, the subsequent reasons will be sufficiently weighty to consolidate our hypothesis, and prove the impolicy of slavery to a demonstration. It is unanimously allowed by friends and foes that the federal union of the states is radically the palladium of the American republic: dissolve that compact, and we become a prey to intestine commotion, foreign influence and sanguinary invasion. By the constitution of the United States, it is provided that "representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states, which may be included in the union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole

number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons. This principle evidently secures to the qualified voters of a state possessing slaves, the right of choosing a greater number of representatives, in proportion to the free citizens, than is enjoyed by the citizens of a state, who from honourable and virtuous motives, refuse to participate in the barbarous oppression and slavery of their fellow creatures; so that 20,000 proprietors of 50,000 slaves have a voice in the elections equivalent to that of 50,000 free persons who are destitute of this species of property. The admission of this deleterious principle into our national compact, was unquestionably the dictate of necessity. The members of the convention from the eastern states consented to it as a choice of difficulties, preferring a partial sacrifice of their rights, with the chance of future remedy, to the hazard of losing the whole constitution. In the same spirit, the principle was supported in the state convention, by the best talents in the northern states. The number of slaves in the southern states, according to the last census, is 847,748, exclusive of several thousands recently imported from Africa. Now deducting from the prefixed number two-fifths, the remainder gives to their tyrants the right of electing 15 representatives, and the number exceeds by one, the whole number to which New-Hampshire,

Rhode-Island, and Connecticut together are entitled. The number of representatives apportioned to all the northern states is 35; so that the negro votes alone, in choice of electors and members of congress, bear ^a proportion to the votes of all the free citizens of the northern states of 15 to 35. I ask* any man, friend or foe, is this just or generous; and the misfortune is, that this inequality is constantly accumulating in favour of the slave traders and owners. This assertion can be proved to a demonstration by comparing the

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* *If the citizens of the northern states do not wish to leave their children a prey to anarchy, intrigue, and intestine commotion, they should by all means endeavor to regulate this glaring inequality, which undoubtedly is pregnant with inevitable consequences both to the federal union and civil liberty; for they are as much better qualified to correct this defect at present, than their progeny can possibly be hereafter, as one compared to one hundred; even now a general view of the population of the union...the relative situation of certain states with each other, and the predominant policy of certain southern states will demonstrate, that the representative principle, as established by the constitution, has given to Virginia, as the principal of the southern states, a preponderating influence in our national affairs. That this influence*

last census, with that which preceded it: by this comparison it will appear that the population of the northern states has increased in a ratio of 22 per cent; while the number of slaves in the southern states progressed in a ratio of thirty-five per cent. In all these states without exception, the slaves have amazingly increased; but in a much greater ratio in the new than in the old states. It must be remembered by the by, that it is not by propagation, but by impor-

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will be improved to the total ruin, as it is now improved to the injury of the northern states, is as plain to me as a, b, c. That this will be the case without a speedy remedy, is already ascertained from the history of the world in general, and the Jews in particular. As this barbarous principle which allows slave holders more power and privileges according as they precipitate more of the human family into inexpressible misery, was assented to, by the northern delegates with reluctance, and on account of circumstances, it is certain, it should be no longer binding than while other states should adhere to the principles of liberty and equality on which the general government is erected, and which should countervail this unjust and ungenerous inequality. Then since we find that the operation of this principle has already become

tation they are increased. The barbarous treatment they have to endure from their brutal tyrants, which I have circumstantially delineated in my "Preliminary Essay," precludes the possibility of their propagation; for even the tender mercies of a slave-holder are cruel indeed....How extremely wretched then, must be the state of those unfortunate persons, who are forever consigned to the fury of such characters, as sheep are delivered to the ruthless butcher. When I reflect on what I myself have seen them endure, the sympathetic commiseration and painful sensations I anticipate, language is not sufficiently sonorous to express.

Wherefore, through the instrumentality of smugglers alone, in Georgia the number of slaves has more than doubled; in Kentucky they have increased from

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so injurious to the eastern states, that, by its means, their influence is literally annihilated; that they are at this moment the mere colonies of Virginia, who, notwithstanding, is very naturally still farther preparing the means of perpetuating her ascendancy (or if you please, supremacy!) by procuring amendments favourable to her own views. We may, therefore, reasonably expect at a future period, unless cogent measures be taken, that the body politic will feel as well as know, that supremacy in a state is destruction to a republic.

2,340 to 40,244, in Tennessee from 13,417 to 13,884. During all this period, the importation of slaves has been prohibited by the laws of all the states, and the prohibition though very often eluded, has no doubt operated as a partial check....But now, new avenues from Spanish America are opened to this destructive traffic, by the acquisition of Louisiana and through South-Carolina, and to the eternal disgrace of our body politic, the slave trade is renewed and facilitated to a most deplorable extent; myriads of unhappy men, women and children, victims to legal barbarity, are periodically imported into the American Republic, who, though destitute of right themselves, and reduced to a level with the brute creation, yet they confer upon their purchasers the paramount rights of suffrage and of sovereignty, and every five of whom, upon any difference of policy or division of votes between the south and the north* may be considered as effectually balancing the votes of two freeholders in New-England. There are many more radical evils attending this inequality,† which the brevity of our

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* *The people certainly must be judicially infatuated, who cannot see the iniquity, the fatality, as well as impolicy of this shameful inequality.*

† *The reader will take notice, by the northern states are meant, the states opposed to slavery, practically as well as theoretically; and vice versa, as it respects the southern states.*

plan forbids us to particularize. There is one, however, of peculiar magnitude, which I must notice, and it will prove, beyond a doubt, that Virginia is with long and steady strides, securing supreme influence. I would, here, if my readers would pardon the digression, observe, that candor forbids me to think, much less assert, that the principal characters of the state of Virginia, men of profound erudition, or the mass of its citizens, plot the introduction of anarchy or innovation. Their souls would no doubt, recoil with horror at the idea of intestine commotion; instead of anticipating a crisis which would inevitably prove fatal to themselves as well as their opponents; but whoever will reflect upon the depravity of human nature for a moment, will see the danger of intrusting even the best of men with power. What is the reason that millions of the human family despise the unspeakable blessings of vital religion and civil liberty?....The reason is obvious; the professors of both while kept in a state of mediocrity, are sincere; but when exalted, forget themselves—disgrace the best of causes, and forsooth, prove hypocrites and demagogues. In the space of ten years, I have not seen or heard of but two men who were exalted in a political point of view, and retained their integrity; and whose love of liberty was superior to their love of power and popularity: namely Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson. I have not known an individual in

my life, and Mr. Wesley affirms, that in sixty years he did not know six religious persons that were exalted temporally, but degenerated spiritually, and though they retained the shell, lost the kernel of religion. Those who consider the nature of pride and the treachery of the human heart, will not be surprised at this recital. Hence I believe, one exalted state may excite a tempest that all the states can never allay.

But it should be remembered, that each state has two votes in the Senate of the United States; that the catalogue of new states has been extended by the policy of Virginia, and that her local situation gives her an unlimited control over the immense western territory, which will be divided into states at her pleasure, and will realise towards her, from the time of their birth, the affections and prejudices of children towards a parent. The country recently purchased for 15,000,000 dolls. (Louisiana,) of an immeasurable extent, will facilitate the augmentation of the number of states, and that they will be enemies to the rights of man. The official communication of our minister in France, will demonstrate the fact, viz. "That it can be cultivated with slaves only." We are also informed, that the centre of this new acquired world is further from us, than some of the West-India Islands, and that some parts are more

distant than Europe; that the fertility and natural advantages of the territory already explored invite a rapid population. The settlements already organized are said to contain a motley race of all nations and will afford a secure asylum for hordes of fugitives and vagabonds, whose emigration will tend to consolidate slavery, and whose business it will be, to drive slaves: and when assimilated to American citizens, what will they, or rather what will they not accomplish? Thus will the Virginian policy entrench itself behind the most formidable ramparts... States will be multiplied at her pleasure, with as much expedition as townships are incorporated in the northern states, and stocked with voters more easily than the rational votaries of liberty can stock their farms with cattle. Does it not incontestibly result, that these circumstances have an unavoidable tendency to deprive the northern states of all interest and consideration in the national government, and so accelerate the annihilation of the federal union, the palladium of our constitution. Every person not blinded by interest or prejudice, must see, that, without indefatigable exertions, the citizens of the northern states will be engulfed in a vortex of politics and interests alien to their own, and that the voices of their representatives will be drowned amidst the jargon of cowskin delegates, chosen by negroes, their drivers, and African slave-traders. I ask once more, in the name of common

sense, when 1,500,000 slaves more are imported to cultivate Louisiana, and which are every week rapidly arriving, what will become of the interests, the unalienable rights and natural privileges of the northern states? Where shall we find the liberty and independence for which the patriots of '76 fought and bled.....For which the revolution was begun...Or, where shall we find the federal equality which it was the object of the present constitution to guarantee? Behold the French Republic and the democracies of antiquity, and we need not be at a loss for an answer. Some of them who depended on their own intrinsic force, have fallen a prey to factious demagogues and anarchy. Some who had confederated for mutual defence, have been rent asunder, owing to the ambition of the great to tyrannize over the less; and what accelerated their downfall was the blind confidence which they had in their flatterers. All these republics have flitted away, and like blood-stained spectres, pursued by an angry demon; or like thoughtless children deceived by the fraudulent kidnapper, to their ruin, have been precipitated together into one horrid abyss of despotism.....This, no doubt, must be in the nature of things, the fate of America, unless we shun the rocks on which they split. Even admitting, that there is no God to redress the grievances of the oppressed here, nor justice to punish the cruel oppressor hereafter.

From the arguments already adduced it will appear evident to every person, not contaminated by local prejudice, (and the angel Gabriel himself, could not convince such characters) that there never was a time* when it was more necessary for the friends of liberty to watch continental intrigues more circumspectly than the present, and to distinguish the politics of individual states from the politics of the nation. It is the love I bear my fellow creatures, the desire I feel for their happiness, and the solicitude I involuntarily feel for the honour of human nature, that stimulates me to think and writ on politics, For I have naturally, neither inclination nor desire to discuss such topics. I have preferred poverty with virtue to affluence with villany, and do uniformly avoid all parties and party connexions, either in church or state, and finally I seek a peaceful asylum in the shades of obscurity.

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* There never was a period since the creation of the world, when wars, rumors of wars, pestilence, inundations, earthquakes, rebellions, revolutions, were so prevalent as at the present: and never was oppression, violence, injustice, and in short, every kind of abomination so gigantic as it is in this generation, It seems to be the preliminary to the glorious Millenium: and little doreligious and political hypocrites, philosophical

The degeneracy of France and the hypocrisy of her tyrant, has entirely changed matters in Europe, and given civil liberty a mortal wound. All the despots in the world are combining against her, and nothing but a reciprocal union can give sufficient security against their intrigues. What a pity it is, that the nations of christendom are not as anxious to exterminate this greatest of all judgments, sanguinary warfare, from the world, as they are to promote it! How easy might this be done, if governments were of a pacific turn; but alas! the contrary is the case—stubborn facts prove it to be so.....What impoverishes thousands of families and makes millions of wretched orphans? *War, bloody war!* What a glorious reformation, it would be, if a general congress or pacific republic was organized by all nations, for the purpose of precluding the necessity of war, by accommodating all disputes amicably, which might arise between nation and nation. How easy might a court of arbitration thus formed, by a delegate from each civilised nation, settle every foolish misunderstanding, which too frequently is the

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unbelievers, and the long black catalogue of oppressors, think, that while they are eagerly filling up the measure of their crimes, they accelerate that auspicious period.

cause of the loss of thousands of useful lives and millions of treasure. Such a plan would reduce taxation in some nations, at least 100 per cent. less than it is at present:

As the American government is the only free one in the world, like a city placed on a hill, she should show a pattern of political rectitude and pacific moderation to a world of despots and slaves. No nation can boast so fair an origin. The proudest government in the old world originated from individual ruffians and murderers, or united bands of them. But the first settlement of America was with honorable patriots. We should not therefore disgrace our origin by our imbecility or hypocrisy. The eminence on which our republic stands.....the vast prospect before us....the eager eyes of millions of enlightened slaves in Europe placed upon us.....The millions of families plunged in unutterable misery and distress in Europe to maintain despots in their extravagance and exalt their flatterers. All these circumstances, and many more that the philanthropic heart will exhibit to view, must conspire to impress every real patriotic American with tender emotions, and must excite their commiseration in a high degree, to see it in our power to teach mankind to be happy; to shew them by example as well as precept, that they may be so if they will, should command our reflection and gratitude. All mankind saw the

heroes of America triumph over adversity, and may all nations see her equally virtuous in prosperity. National reputation possesses a charm which commands the respect and veneration of both friends and foes. The circumstances attending the American revolution have contributed more to enlighten mankind, and diffuse a spirit of freedom and liberality through all nations, than any political event antecedent or subsequent to it. May heaven forbid then, that a single blot from any quarter whatever, should ever tarnish such a glorious cause; may it ever be beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on our honour as a nation. Character is much easier kept than recovered; and that enemy, foreign or domestic, individual or state, who lends unseen his hand to injure it, inflicts a wound he never can heal; he takes a jewel which never can enrich him, but makes the nation poor indeed. As United States we may conquer a world of enemies. As individual states, we must become an easy prey to every foe. It is our interest, and should be our pride to be recognized by no other name than citizens of America, and our grand object should be, to guard with jealous care the federal union, that great palladium of our honour, liberty and safety; its intrinsic value and sovereign utility can never be duly appreciated: unless we should unhappily forego this political blessing

and be cursed with the loss of it....The most effectual way to defend it is, by individual states yielding up local privileges, which are in the nature of things injurious to the whole nation. The states are like men in society; something must always be yielded up, in order to make the whole secure; for local relinquishments consolidate public happiness.

In order to secure the affections, and unite the interests of the citizens, not of the individual states, but the United States, (the title which keeps, and which alone can keep the world, and particularly the world of enemies in awe) and finally draw and keep the mind of the country together, the diabolical principle, which confers such a superabundance of the paramount rights of suffrage and sovereignty, upon a part of the citizens, accordingly as they enslave and murder their fellow men, to the great injury of the virtuous and honourable part of society....this infernal practice, (which I again delineate in order to expose it,) must be relinquished, or the union must be dissolved, i. e. if the spirit of '76 is not completely obliterated out of the breasts of the citizens of the north; for it is not only an insult to common sense, but degrading them to cowards, to suppose, that they tamely see their sacred unalienable rights infringed by importations from Guinea.

There was recently an amendment made to the constitution respecting the election of president of the

United States. Why not amend the principle alluded to? The constitution has provided ways and means to amend its own defects. Why not embrace this constitutional privilege, and eradicate this shameful inequality? Is it not more eligible to accommodate any misunderstanding that may exist between the different states, in this way, than to do it by the force of arms? Surely this would produce anarchy and intestine commotion, and who in such an event will be the greatest sufferers? I answer, and I tremble while I answer....Oppressors! For how could they stand with injured innocence behind them, alias their infuriated slaves, and virtuous patriotism before them, alias their insulted fellow citizens? who, perhaps, in order to transmit to their children and their children's children, that unadulterated freedom and rational liberty for which they fought and bled, are necessitated to take up the sword of virtuous defence, and prove true to themselves....their children, and the world of mankind, by transmitting, with every mark of honourable conveyance, the inheritance they established to posterity.

These simplified considerations, merit the attention of all who are real friends to civil liberty, and our incomparable constitution, and to the interest and tranquility of the country at large. At any rate, no injury can arise from an attempt to preclude the introduction of anarchy, in preserving the balance of

power among the states. No individual family, or state, should have a preponderating influence in government, as it is the property of the nation, to whom it is responsible, by whom it is supported, and whose interests it is bound to secure. It is not, nor indeed, in the nature of things can be, the property of an individual family or state; and though in some countries it has been usurped into an inheritance; yet, this cannot alter the nature of things; make wrong right and right wrong! as sovereignty belongs exclusively to the nation, it is certain the community has an inherent, indefeasible right to abolish any political principle; nay, even the government itself, whenever they find it is inconvenient, and alter, or recognize it, so as to accord with their interests, happiness and local circumstances.

Should the alarm which is so generally felt, resulting from the revival of the slave-trade in America, and the purchase of Louisiana, which will take at least 15,000,000 of slaves to cultivate it, and the American minister affirms; that it can **ONLY BE CULTIVATED BY SLAVES!**"

I say, admitting our fears to be only imaginary our arguments futile, and the prospects before us a mere farce, still, no inconvenience can result from a prudential caution. But if we are really in danger, from the ambitious projects of an aspiring state; from the

avaricious procedure of the advocates of slavery... Let us not aggravate the misfortune, by the omission of any constitutional means of shunning such formidable calamities.

I have enlarged this note to a much greater length than I expected; impressed with a real solicitude for the honour, safety, and happiness of my fellow citizens, and the government which is their greatest boast and admiration of the world. The subject matter I conceive to be of the most interesting nature, though unmethodically arranged, and my last admonition to my compatriots is, That they may ever bear in mind, that in a free government, when public faith and virtue droop, the republic begins to nod to its fall, and without a speedy reformation, will inevitably crumble into ruins. According to my political creed, a virtuous individual is in miniature, what a government of them is in magnitude. The best individual, who forsakes the paths of rectitude and virtue, and plunges into wickedness, accelerates his own ruin, and his antecedent comforts foregoes; and thus the best governments on earth that wilfully forsake the paths of political rectitude, who wink at villany and patronise fraud, either virtually or literally, undermine the foundation on which they are erected, and facilitate their certain downfall. The premature fate of the governments of antiquity, will prove the validity of this assertion to a demonstration, and we

might include several in modern times; particularly St. Domingo, which should be a sufficient warning to the tyrants of America, to desist speedily from a commerce pregnant with the seeds of inevitable destruction, and they should never forget the old proverb, namely, "that opportunity lost can never be recalled."

Page 24, line 26.

That 'tis not void of hospitality.

The inhabitants of Congo are eminently civil, courteous and very hospitable to strangers. They believe in one God, the Author of all things; they conceive him to be a munificent Being, and that he requires his creatures to be such. They appear, likewise, to have a confused apprehension of a future state. Such is their generosity, that a beggar is not to be seen in the kingdom. Theft is punished by confiscation, but adultery with death; and the delinquents' bodies are cast to the birds and beasts of prey to be devoured, which is considered as a great disgrace and punishment. They discover a good understanding; are remarkable for the respect children pay to their parents, wives to their husbands, &c. Finally, they are the most philanthropic people I ever was among;—which I had an opportunity to prove, while travelling

alone in their woods, at a particular period, depending upon their bounty for my support, and being fully in their power. I have found them (I solemnly declare) more hospitable than many professors of religion in Europe or America.

PAGE 39, Line 5th.

Hawkins by name, &c.

It was about the year 1551, that the English commenced their trade to Guinea. Some time after this, Sir John Hawkins equipped a little fleet to trade for slaves. He landed a number of men, armed with swords and lances, (lances being at that time generally used in Europe, as well as Africa) to take the inhabitants by force, and burn their town: but they met with such resistance, that they lost nearly as many of their own men as they took slaves. Finding this method too dangerous, they contrived a more compendious way, by prevailing on the natives to make war on each other, and sell them their prisoners for trinkets, rum, warlike apparatus, &c. Till this period, the natives seldom had any wars; whereas, now they are continually enveloped in all the horrors of sanguinary warfare, instigated by European speculators.

BOOK II.

PAGE 101, line 22.

Laid Ebo waste, &c.

THE subsequent narrative of a battle between the natives of Africa, prior to my arrival there, was related by the Ebo king to a citizen of America, who was trading for slaves.

A party of hunters from one of the remote towns of the Ebo country, had pursued their game beyond what the Galla king considered his boundary, and were met by a party of the latter people, likewise hunting. They now commenced a pursuit of the game, that had nearly been run down by the Ebo people, but were not successful ; for one of the Ebo hunters brought it down with his spear. The Galla hunters sought to appropriate it to themselves ; a fray ensued, one of the Galla people was killed, the rest put to flight, and the game brought off in triumph, though several of the Ebo people were wounded severely.

Both parties were highly enraged. The Galla king raised an army, invaded the country, burned two villages, carried off some cattle, and a few prisoners, which he sold for slaves. The Ebo people were terrified with the first successes of the enemy ; they allotted a considerable force to oppose them ; several

actions were fought, but the Ebo king was so much the sufferer in each, that his army was nearly destroyed. The Galla king encouraged by these successes, and relying too much on the weakness of the Ebo people, formed the resolution of subjugating the whole country to his rule. For this purpose he collected all his force, and spreading desolation as he passed, crossed the great swamp to the N. W. in order to avoid the circuit of the upper lands, and had already approached within the distance of three miles of the capital, where all the fugitives of the desolated towns had taken refuge.

The city could be approached only by a narrow defile, through which the river passed, leaving a road on that side next the city ; or by attempting the road over the hills and through the woods, by which he had entered. The Galla chief preferred the former ; a party of the Ebo people who had escaped from bondage, communicated the design ; and the old Ebo chief took his measures accordingly. He collected a body of 200 picked men, supported by a body of 300 more, to guard the pass on the side next to the enemy. Over these as the reserve, he appointed his eldest son, and his own brother ; the rest of his army he led himself, in two divisions : his second son heading the left, in which his principal wives and their brothers, were distributed.

The king shewed me the spot where he took his

station. It was an elevated spot of ground, covered with large shady trees, inaccessible to the front; but overlooking the whole plain below, with which it communicated by two paths at some distance to the right and left. A path was opened, and a line of men stretched along the top of the hill, to the edge of this pass, to which he paid constant attention.

The Galla people attempted to march before sunrise, but a large fire suddenly appearing on their right, at the distance of about half a mile, occasioned them to halt: it ceased in a few minutes, but had the effect of dispiriting the Galla people; who marched on however, about an hour after. They advanced rapidly, and soon descried the troops under the king's eldest son, ready to receive them. The Galla people began the attack by a discharge of arrows, which was returned by the Ebo party; and followed by a second flight, before the Galla army expected it.—The Galla warriors then brandished their lances, closed their ranks, and made a vigorous attack on the king's army, who being unprepared, threw by their bows, and closed in a compact body to receive them with their spears. This opposition was short, for the Ebo party fled into the narrow part of the pass, as if panic struck, the Galla people pursuing them. The two parties of the Ebo army now rallied on the inner side of a sloping ground; and as the Galla people crowded through the pass to pursue them, the old

chief sallied from his recess, and commenced the attack in the rear. The battle was now carried on with the greatest vigour on both sides. The Ebo army being sensible that this was their last and only hope, fought with desperation ; while the Galla troops, no less instigated by the desire of victory and plunder, exerted themselves to the utmost. The slaughter was terrible for a considerable time ; the Galla people however, at last gave way, and fled in immense numbers to the river, among the foremost of whom was their chief. He, however, rallied his troops on the plain, in front of their camp. The numbers killed already exceeded that of the Ebo army ; what remained was still as numerous. The old Ebo chief determined to pursue his success, while his people were elated, and marched into the plain ; fate as yet seeming to hold the balances of victory.

The attack was made by the eldest son, but he was met with such warmth and intrepidity by the enemy, that his ranks gave way. He called aloud to them and drawing a circle round him with his sword, declared, he never would quit the spot but with victory. The people roused by his bravery, returned to the charge, but before they could rescue him, he fell, covered with wounds, and run through with lances.— When his younger brother appeared, having carried all before him on the left, a more desperate action

ensued ; the shouting of women* and children enlivened the Ebo people, when the arrival of the old chief and his brother, with their divisions, decided the victory in their favor. The enemy fought with desperation, but the old chief having attacked them in the rear, no hope remained, and they who did not prefer death, were made captives. Seven hundred were taken prisoners, those who had remained in the Galla camp to guard against surprise, took to flight ; numbers of them were taken by the women and scattered inhabitants, who pursued them for two days. The king but with few followers, effected his escape with much difficulty, while most of the principal warriors were among the captives.

The Ebo king lost, beside his eldest son, his brother who fell in the conflict, and three of his wives. The old man conducted me to the spot, and I could not but be sensibly affected at the tenderness which he displayed, when speaking of them on this scene of their valour and death. He appeared to me on this occasion, in point of view very different from what

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* The stout young women engage in most of the expeditions throughout the whole country. This being an extraordinary occasion, and utter ruin or conquest being the only alternative, the young boys and girls followed their

he had at any time before ; so that I esteemed the *man* now, whom I before considered as the *savage*.

[Hawkins' Voyages, page 78.

BOOK III.

Page 12, line 16.

And save them from, &c.

I do not here by any means pass a reflection on any denomination of people ; for I love all men indiscriminately, especially good men, and without distinction : yet I consider it as absurd to profess religion without Christian philanthropy in the heart, as it would be in a ploughman, unacquainted with his a, b, c, to pretend to be a proficient in literature. Every body knows, or ought to know, that pure love to God and man is the quintessence of religion ; and heaven's king gives us many opportunities to prove the validity of our love to God, by our humility, obedience and resignation, and to our neighbours, by our benevolence, hospitality, and sympathetic philanthropy.

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parents to this action, and contributed by their presence to render it decisive.

How too many modern professors prove the validity of their religion, multitudes of sceptics and infidels, with impious exultation declare. The want of the true principle in Christians, has made more proselytes to deism, and enemies to revelation, than any other thing whatever : whereas the unparalleled charity of the primitive Christians, made more converts to Christianity, than all their preaching. Viewing their love and friendship for mankind in general, and their brethren in particular, the astonished heathens were constrained to exclaim, *See how these Christians love !* They not only professed, but by their actions proved, that their love to mankind was unsullied, fervent and sincere ; and without this love or religion, it is impossible for persons, (no matter what their professions or pretensions may be) to enter the kingdom of God, which I will prove to a demonstration, from one single argument. The immaculate Judge and Saviour of the world has positively and personally declared, that he will make use of these identical addresses, and apply them without defalcation, to the whole human family, convened at the general judgment seat the last day ; “ Depart from me, ye cursed ; for I was an hungered, and ye took me not in ; naked, and ye clothed me not ; I was sick, and ye visited me not ; I was in prison, and ye came not unto me.”—Or thus : “ Come ye blessed of my Father ; for I was an hungered, and ye gave

me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me ; I was sick and ye visited me ; I was in prison and ye came unto me." How solemn the day—how speedy its approach—how horrible the sentence, Depart—How exhilarating the invitation, Come. Were I to ask the character, professor or profane, who lives in the habitual neglect of these good works, if he expected to go to heaven when he died, he would no doubt answer in the affirmative. Were I to ask him at the same time, if he supposed the Almighty could, on any consideration be prevailed upon to tell a lie, he would answer in the negative. What a contradiction in terms and ideas ! What an insult to common sense ! What a burlesque ! A person who believes in the scriptures, to suppose that the just judge of quick and dead will or can declare a palpable falsehood in the presence of assembled worlds. The bare supposition is blasphemy against the veracity of heaven. Can any delinquent, by way of excuse, plead want of opportunity or ability ? It is impossible. Cannot the poor cast in his mite, or with tears of sympathetic commiseration, and words of consolation, at least endeavour to alleviate the distresses of the need ? Yes, and consequently to the poor, as well as the rich, the foregoing address will be applicable.

BOOK III.

PAGE 99. line 5.

So shall our arms, &c.

Louverture, no doubt, felt all the enthusiastic fire of liberty glowing within his capacious bosom, at this awful crisis, which the degraded and miserable subjects of France experienced when they first willed to be free.

The French revolution, with the concomitant circumstances attending it, was certainly a great phenomenon, especially in the political world. When we reflect upon the exordium which prefaces the declaration of the rights of men and citizens, promulgated by the national assembly of France ; when we reflect on the subject-matter of that declaration,* and the majestic appearance of a nation opening its commission under the auspices of heaven; shaking off its shackles, discarding its local prejudices and sentimental prepossessions, and resolving to be free, we are struck with amazement; particularly when we keep in mind the prostituted state of politics in Eu-

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* *The reader will find this declaration transcribed verbatim, in my "Desultory Letter to Napoleon Bonaparte," page 272.*

rope at that time. When we take a retrospective view of the thousands, nay millions, who were sacrificed to accelerate and consolidate the organization of the French republic, we are not surprised; for the instant we enquire the reason so many persons were slaughtered at the revolution, we find an answer by taking a view of the degraded state of the ignorant mob or swinish multitude. They arise as the natural consequences of despotism, and are the fruits of legal barbarity. In all arbitrary governments, in order to exalt some men, many are debased, till the whole is out of nature.

While the artificial nobleman is consuming thousands sterling out of the public taxes to maintain his superiority, his domestics, and his concubines are magnificently dressed, his horses and his hounds are luxuriantly fed, a great extent of land is appropriated as a park for him to hunt in, while the annual production of grain is not equal to the national consumption. Finally, he spends his life in affluence, luxury, and dissipation, but cannot enjoy even what he possesses, as abundance cloy, while mediocrity satisfies. *The nobleman, by nature, has to cultivate an acre or two of his land, for which he pays an extravagant rent, labors incessantly, lives poorly, and is insulted daily; his taxes high, his tythes higher, and the imperious tone of his noble lord highest. His children are*

raised with degradation, without information, or any prospect, but vassalage with contamination; for as the poor, though noble man has to pay taxes even for his bread and salt, as well as every other commodity, and pay tythes, for all he possesses, however little, he can scarcely feed, much less educate his offspring, with all his industry; they are consequently reduced below the state of savages; for they have but few wants, and nature supplies them : but the poor, ignorant, untaught, vulgar multitude, have many wants, and no means to supply them, but by robbery or rebellion. Hence so many, not of the rich, but of the poor, are daily executed; and hence, in revolutions, these poor unhappy persons are as furious as bears robbed of their cubs. In short, the evils and miseries attending despotism and aristocracy, are so many and various, that it would take volumes to contain them. I am astonished out of measure, when I see people, and poor people too, in America, attempting to vindicate the rights of those right honourable and right reverend tyrants, to oppress their fellow men, and grind the face of the poor.....I think, at times, they deserve to feel the iron hand of despotism themselves....then they would know better. When I contemplate the natural dignity of man, who was made the image of God; and at the same time view a vast mass of mankind, degradingly thrown back in the human picture, to bring forward with greater glare, the state

and magnificence of a set of the most dissipated, unjust and ungenerous mortals, I can scarcely avoid being irritated at these impostors, and disgusted at those who suffer themselves to be thus imposed on. And this inequality is not confined to politics; religion also is made a packhorse for tyrants to ride to hell upon, and a cloak to hide the ecclesiastical oppressor's cloven foot, with which he tramples upon the superstitious croud, who worship, and even kiss the foot that kicks them. Many horrible instances might be given of this; one must suffice. (A nominal religious man, called an archbishop, in christianized countries, is allowed a salary of 40,000 pounds per annum, to preach the gospel of a self-denying Redeemer; he will, perhaps, officiate twice a year, his curate 200 times, who is a real religious man; yet he is only allowed 40 pound per year to support a large family of children upon. This plain matter of fact cannot be contradicted. For this, and a variety of other reasons, the ignorant multitude are furious, and not to be restrained at the commencement of a revolution, and are rather the followers of the camp, than the standard of liberty; and they are to be pitied, rather than to be reproached, all the sin resulting from revolutions or rebellions, lie at the doors of oppressors, who are the primary cause of them. If we look back on the riots, tumults and rebellions in the govern-

ments of Europe, we will see that despotism was the radical cause of all of them. Taxation, however disguised in the means, always appears in the effect.—As a great part of the community are reduced thereby to penury and want, they are consequently always on the brink of commotion. Ignorant and depraved as they unhappily are, without any prospect but wretchedness before them, and without any information, or the means to gain any, farther than to know and feel that their oppressors and tyrants are exalted and exalting themselves at their expence; consequently, they are easily heated to outrage, and are as easily executed by their enemies when they are heated. The one thousandth part of the money expended, to aggrandize and support despotism, is more than sufficient to educate all the poor orphans, and support comfortably all the superannuated poor in a nation, and these who are the most helpless are the greatest sufferers; but I will go further and affirm, that the one third of the civil list of the metamorphosed Napoleon, is sufficient to provide comfortably for every poor person in Paris, and the same might be said of other countries. There is no ruler, no matter what his title is, for they are nothing but nicknames at the best, earns more than 25,000 dollars annually, which is the salary of our president, who I conceive to be a more useful, ingenuous, disinterested and bet-

ter informed ruler than any other in the world.* This every one must acknowledge, that allows patriotic actions to speak louder than hypocritical pretensions. It is barbarously wicked for any individual to accept or any government to appropriate millions for the support of rulers, when thousands would be more than enough. The iniquity of such practices is greatly enhanced, when we reflect that the poor, with all

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• While I feel the most implacable indignation and disgust at the despot, who robs his country and fellow men of their dearest rights and natural privileges, I can scarcely avoid almost idolizing the patriot, who, regardless of the solicitations of ambition, and, deaf to the calls of interested motives, who, dead to the fascinating love of popularity, and the excitements of power and opportunity to aggrandize himself, walks in the paths of political consistency; considering himself the father of a family, all the members of which are equally dear, and without partiality providing for the wellbeing of all. Such a character, however it may be calumniated by the tongue of party, moves steadily, and shines resplendently in his orbit of conscious rectitude; and having finished his course resigns his stewardship into the hands of the great Master, and receives not only the plaudits of the good and wise on earth, but hears the approbation of the Righteous Judge, in words like these "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

their wants upon them, are compelled to aggrandize despots, who oppress, and keep them as ignorant as they are wretched, and thus they are forced to take the bread out of their children's mouths, to help to make up the enormous salaries of their tyrants. Hence, the hearts of the humane are shocked daily in Christian countries, with the sight of thousands of thousands of half starved and naked children, and beggars bending with age, while the poor-houses are crowded with miserable objects, and the goals with the fruits of legal barbarity. Widows, with their weeping infants, are carried away on the death of their husbands, and imprisoned in alms-houses to work for the public, while their support is scanty indeed. All these evils might be remedied, if a fund was established in each large metropolis, and every right honorable pensioner on government, even the sovereigns themselves, would deposit part of their millions in each fund. Earls, dukes and lords, by appropriating a part of their enormous salaries and pensions for this honorable and noble purpose, would solace many a virtuous and honest heart, dry up the tears of many a melting eye, and make thousands of widows and millions of half starved and naked orphans dance for joy. The miserable haunts of the poor would then be known, because it would be their advantage to make their case known, whereas now they keep it a secret, lest they be carted to the

work-house. Petit larceny, the offspring of poverty, would then be greatly lessened, as well as highway robberies and murders, with their concomitant executions.

Such a plan might easily be put in practice, without any embarrassment whatever ; the relief and education of millions would be effected merely by deposting a part of the public taxes, that is wasted on individuals at present, in funds, established in each capital city for that purpose ; it would not be raising more taxes, but only changing the application of them.— Thus the poor might be provided for, and at the same time the rich have more than enough. Surely the man whose civil list is 100,000,000 sterling per annum, might dispense with two-thirds of it and have abundance left for the support of his affluence, influence, as well as his magnificence. But alas, little expectation have I of any plan of this nature being organized. They who sit in ease, and solace themselves in plenty, little think on the sighing of the poor.— These observations are therefore nugatory. A flood of generous sentiments crowd on my mind, resulting from a knowledge of the miseries of the poor in Europe, for I naturally feel a propensity to compassion.

When I was a little boy, seeing at the gate of a place of worship in the city of Dublin upwards of 100 emaciated beggars of different descriptions every Sunday, I made the resolution when I could accumu-

late 20 guineas, that I would present one half to God by distributing it amongst these poor objects. Hence at such moments of sympathetic reflection, with heartfelt grief I often exclaim,

*"When Oh ! my God, shall come the hour
To make me greatly bless'd,
When I may find it in my pow'r
To succour the oppress'd ?*

*In vain alas ! my heart o'erflows
With useless tenderness ;
Why must I feel my brother's woes
And cannot make them less ?*

*Then why this torture still endure ?
'Tis not reserved for me
To ease the sighing of the poor,
And set my brethren free."*

From these considerations, I hope my readers will pardon these digressions, and permit the weakness or rather tenderness of my feelings, to plead my excuse.

Passing by, therefore, all that might be said, we will let a few spontaneous reflections suffice, respecting the changing scenes attending the French revolution, including the ingenious subtlety and unparalleled hypocrisy of her tyrant, which history will faithfully hand down to posterity ; and we will briefly take notice of the greatest of all phenomena, the corona-

tion of Bonaparte, who, though equal to Robespierre in cruelty, is far superior to him in guile and fascinating sophistry; which this unexpected event abundantly proves, and which I consider as the most consummate piece of villainy ever acted on the face of the universe. This occurrence proves, that religious as well as political apostacy, has become of late familiar, not only to the demagogues, but many of the citizens of France and potentates of Europe. The people of France, after many invincible struggles, at last burst their manacles asunder, asserted their native rights and unalienable privileges, formed, or endeavoured to form a representative government, and a constitution upon principles of civil liberty; but for the want of stability, precaution, watchfulness and public virtue, they have from time to time become the dupes of restless, ambitious and enterprising adventurers, who, in conjunction with ruffians delighting in disorder and innovation, endeavour to accelerate contention and produce anarchy, that they might thereby have an opportunity of mounting the chariot of commotion with the loosened reins of confusion, the whip of civil war, and with steeds of despotism, to ride upon the storm, and enslave the people. The reason mankind are so wretchedly befooled, and robbed of their dearest rights and privileges, is, first, they are not sufficiently jealous of those they

intrust with power ; secondly, it is difficult for a nation, habituated for centuries to slavery, ignorance and degradation, to be taught in the school of civil liberty, and to become proficient in practical as well as theoretical republicanism.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, were it not for interested demagogues and ambitious despots, nations who once anticipated the sweets of liberty would not easily forego its precious blessings. To say, as many of the advocates of despotism, that mankind are not capable of enjoying the super-excellent blessing of rational freedom, is infamous calumny ; it is an infamous falsehood, an insult to the human family, it is in short degrading them far beyond the brute creation : for that many brutes do enjoy their liberty, and yet are not injurious to civil society, is a stubborn fact ; by saying that men are not fit for freedom is to make chains, stripes, insults, starvation and degradation their choice ; the domineering frowns and imperious commands of tyrants their delight, and peace, plenty, domestic happiness and national freedom at home and respect abroad, the objects of their detestation ; but as facts are superior to reasoning, the instance of America presents itself to give the lie to such infamous calumnies. Every age becomes still more proficient in wickedness, and especially in despotism ; hence modern despotism is, in maturity, what the despotism of antiquity was in minority ;—

now villany is systematical, then it was unmethodized. The executive conduct of the French usurper, exhibits his political hypocrisy with a witness, and his systematic villany without disguise; not content with becoming a first consul, under the pretence of acting for the benefit of the citizens of France; still professing to be a friend to the people and a firm votary of republicanism, he effected change after change, **BUT FIRST ORGANIZED A STANDING ARMY, WITHOUT WHICH HE NEVER COULD HAVE ENSLAVED THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE,** but would long ere now have met the premature fate of Robespierre. From a first consul he has with long and hasty strides attained emperorship, with all the hypocritic solemnity and magnificence of royalty; thus the people who spilt rivers of human blood to establish a representative government, and to transmit this blessing to their children, for the want of prudent jealousy and watchfulness, have been forced to aggrandize the monster that has robbed them of millions of lives, and billions of treasure; nay, to spend 30,000,000 of dollars, exacted from the mouth of labour, to place him on the throne of Louis XVI. while his crown is placed on the head of a wandering adventurer. This is the effect of entrusting any man or set of men with power; then let America behold, take warning and shun the snare, the fatal rock on

which the republicanism of France has been shipwrecked. See the country destroyed, thousands reduced to beggary, even in Paris, to exalt a legion of honor, or rather a legion of despots, rolling in luxury at the expense of the public. While weeping liberty is totally banished, to make place for the most dreadfully formidable military, ecclesiastical and hereditary despotism, that ever terrified, degraded and tormented the human family. This is Bonaparte, that was so affected at his coronation with tender emotions, (or rather pretended to be so) that he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears of keen sensibility when taking the imperial oath to defend the liberties of the people, and could only express it in broken monosyllables. This brings to my mind the impolitic and imprudent conduct of the sovereign pontiff, who attended his coronation. In particularizing a few spontaneous thoughts on this unparalleled event and unprecedented crisis, I do not by any means wish, much less intend, to give umbrage to a certain sect of people whom I respect, as well as all other denominations, as all their titles and appellations are synonymous with me ; virtue I admire and revere, wherever or in whomsoever I can see it flourish. But I will prove, from the principles and tenets of the Roman Catholic church, which I ought to know, being educated and brought up in that persuasion. The pre-

fixed animadversion, I will first allow, as candor obliges me so to do, that his holiness was instigated more by fear than love, more by constraint than desire, to leave the papal territories and take a long and tedious journey, at an advanced stage of life, to crown a man that he could not avoid knowing was a hypocrite, a murderer, a robber and a Mahometan ; but, I must at the same time affirm, that it was his bounden duty, as heaven's representative on earth, to sacrifice his life before *his virtue* : thus he would have honored, whereas he has eternally degraded the religion he professed to be the defender of ; and the author of it, whose viceroy he professes to be. Can it be supposed that the meek and lowly Redeemer, who says, he who loses his life for my sake shall find it, and he who keeps my commandments is my friend, can look with complacency on the meanest of his children, who would wilfully support, assist and encourage an individual robber or a gang of them ? It is impossible. How must he, therefore, look upon the man who is exhibited as infallible....supreme in holiness, in sincerity and in power....the teacher of virtue, the father of devotion, and who by profession is the friend of God....with what disapprobation must he behold him prostituting the sacredness of his holy character, exalted station and sovereign title, in sacrilegiously depositing an imperial crown on the head of a villain, whose hands are yet reeking, red with the innocent

blood of thousands, murdered in cool blood, and millions slaughtered in his anger : who waded through seas of human blood to imperial honor, regardless of the widow's and the orphan's cries, whose relatives died in the cause of liberty. It will appear evident to every discerning mind, that he is a second Jehu, the scourge of Europe, and perhaps of the world, for his ambition aims at universal dominion ;— his coronation, the encouragement and patronage which the sovereign pontiff gave him, in applying to him the epithet of "Our beloved son in Jesus Christ, Napoleon :" this, with a catalogue of absurdities too tedious to mention, will have one glorious tendency at any rate ; namely, to convince both friends and foes, who are not wilfully ignorant and superstitiously blind, of the inconsistency, insufficiency, futility and absurdity of popery and monarchy. Though I do not pretend to prophecy, yet I must affirm, that the conduct of his holiness the pope in the instances here adduced, gives the death blow to his infallibility ; is a preliminary to the annihilation of his ecclesiastical sovereignty ; is a sign of approaching reformation amongst a large portion of mankind, and seems to be a literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Daniel.* Any person who has perused an

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*" * And arms shall stand on his part, and shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and they shall place the abomination which makes desolate." Daniel 9, 31.*

account of the coronation ; the apparent solemnity and reverential awe that was displayed ; the seeming religious ceremonials ; the hypocritical pretences of the self-created emperor ; and above all, the presence and approbation of the head of the catholic church, must be convinced, that this event is exceedingly portentous and eventful. Little does his imperial majesty, Napoleon I. his holiness pope Pius VII. think, that like the Jews who crucified the Son of God, they are fulfilling some of the most important and interesting prophecies of the old and new Testaments. But I must forego theological animadversions in this place, as the friends of despotism who love to see contentions about religion, and to keep people ignorant of their natural rights, would be glad to have it in their power to stigmatize my arguments with the epithet of " fanaticism." They are willing we should look this way, that way, or any way, but the right way. They are also willing we should discuss any subject but the simplicity of civil government, which they exhibit as some very mysterious phenomenon, although it is the most simple thing in nature ; viz. " a national association, acting on the principles of society," and though the religion of Christ is still more simple ; namely, pure love to God and man, they exhibit it as something very wonderful, filled with mysteries and ceremonies which the vulgar multitude should not by any means meddle with.

I appeal to every man's conscience, whether friends or foes, to decide if it was reasonable, much less scriptural for the man who professes to be the legal successor of St. Peter, and God's vicegerent on earth, to seal the unparal-

peled guilt of a monster in human form, with a sacred approbation, and public plaudits, to the scandal of his disciples and supporters, and the annihilation of their faith. If such iniquity has been acted in the house of God, must not judgment begin there? If we judge men by their conduct, what difference is there between the supreme pontiff and the high priest of the Goddess of reason? At a former period, the demagogues who directed the storms of anarchy in France commanded, and lo! the high priest exhibited his goddess of reason, crowned her with garlands, and paid her homage. At a recent period the usurper commanded, and lo! the high priest of the catholic church instantly manufactured him into a beloved son in Jesus Christ, and then metamorphosed him to a magnificent emperor, with all the ensigns and elegance of royalty, while the wondering, cheated multitude, worshipped the diabolical invention.

I will no doubt bring upon my head the execration and defamation of the enemies of revelation and the opposers of emancipation, for advocating the rights of men precipitated into an abyss of degradation and superstition; but I have my witness in heaven, that so far from wishing to give offence, it is with regret and not with exultation I drag the antecedent animadversions into view. I do not by any means attempt to discuss the merits or demerits of the catholic religion, or investigate the former or subsequent conduct of the present pope, or any pope that ever filled a papal throne. But it may be answered, "you may as well pierce a man's body as lopp off his head." This I cannot help, it is my duty, and a duty in which I delight, to admire, and

eulogize virtue though clothed in rags and seated on a dunghill, and to bear a testimony against vice, whether seated on a papal or an imperial throne. The fact is, virtue in rags is as amiable to the impartial King of heaven as it is when arrayed in robes of state and fringed with flowers of gold; and vice versa as it respects vice. As the conduct of his holiness in the instance adduced makes it necessary for me to exhibit it to popular animadversion, the fault is less mine than his; for I would sooner offend all the members of the catholic church, if they are so unreasonable and ungenerous as to get offended for particularizing a simple fact, and in as delicate a manner as I possibly can, than to offend God in not doing it; and as I am willing to apologize to the members of that church (who are good christians, for there is good and bad amongst all denominations) for the liberty I have taken, or the inadvertent offences I have given in discussing this subject, I think his holiness should also make his apology for giving the cause. I believe I am correct, when I affirm, that my arguments in this work, whether philosophical, theological, or political, are reasonable, though unmethodical: they are in short the simple matter of fact; and the more truth is simplified, the more resplendent it appears. Indeed, all it asks or wants, is the liberty of appearing. To attempt to adorn truth with the flowers of rhetœic, is like painting a diamond, in order to beautify it: However, such is my situation in life and relative avocations, that so far from having time and opportunity to adorn my arguments with flowers, my poem has undergone but one transcription, and these notes have not been trans-

cribed at all. Some days I have been interrupted almost hourly, while the nights were the most favorable moments I enjoyed in depicting them even as they are.

I will here beg leave to represent to my readers a circumstance relative to myself, which will tend to illustrate this topic. When I was a young Roman Catholic, I was a remarkably zealous devotee: I believed, for indeed I was taught so, that no person, however virtuous and holy, who lived and died out of the pales of our church could be saved. I believed in the infallibility of the pope. When I went to confess my sins to the priest, I believed his absolution was sufficiently efficacious to obliterate all my immoralities. In short, I believed in the necessity of doing penance, and acted accordingly, and yet I was as wicked as my neighbours. However, being at last, through the illuminating grace of God, convinced of the many improprieties which I recognized, and which I do not wish here to particularize, I withdrew from the church in which I was both baptized and confirmed, and became a protestant. I was of course condemned, especially by my relatives, as an heretic, in danger of hell's fire, though I loved and endeavoured to serve my Redeemer a thousand times more, after to my abjuration than before to it. After this period I could not by any means, consistent with the canon laws of the catholic church, be received again, (although I did not turn Turk) without recantation, public penance and absolution.

Passing by the impolicy of the pope's conduct, as a dele-

terious precedent to other enterprising demagogues, and the impiety of it as a fatal wound to the cross of Christ and the holiness which the gospel inculcates, I will prove to a demonstration from the canon law of the catholic church, the solidity and authenticity of my arguments. Bonaparte

was an acknowledged deist in Robespierre's reign; a Turk, or rather a Mahometan, in Egypt; a great republican when he mounted his consular throne, and an aristocrat when he assumed his imperial robes. I say, this same Bonaparte, was to all intents and purposes excommunicated from the catholic church, of which he was previously a member; he did not make any recantation, get absolution, or perform public penance for his accumulated crimes and hypocritical apostacy, in his desertion from Christ to Mahomet in 1798—consequently he is no more a member of the Romish church than I am, or rather than the Grand Seignior is. Wherefore it would be more consistent with reason, revelation and common sense, for the pope to consecrate one of Mahomet's priests a christian potentate, than Bonaparte; for the one, although a heathen, might not be a hypocrite; or be one day a christian, and the next an infidel or a heathen, according as it answered his interested purposes. In short, whether I view the coronation and the circumstances attending it, behind or before, sideways or any way, I must come to this conclusion; that it is a prodigy, especially in the political world, that never had a precedent, and perhaps may never have a parallel.

The situation of the people of France is truly wretched; for although the coronation and exaltation of Napoleon I.

and the consecration and approbation of pope Pius VII. may or may not consolidate the power of the self-created emperor, during the term of his natural life; yet history, nay, common sense, and the nature of things will demonstrate, that when he falls by the sword of a rival, the poisoned cup of an enemy, or by the judgments of the Almighty, that moment France will be precipitated into all the horrors of civil war, anarchy, and confusion, while the same tragical scene must be re-acted over again. It is certain, however numerous his relatives or his progeny might be, in the event of such a crisis, his dynasty must perish with him; especially, while there are so many enterprising generals in France, as ambitious, as avaricious, as audacious, and as eager for imperial power as himself, and who have, or think they have, a better title and superior claims to his throne than his children can have. Thus on account of the lassitude, degeneracy and impolicy of the citizens of France, they have not only plunged themselves into a terrible labyrinth of despotism, degradation and infamy; but have virtually robbed their innocent smiling infants of their future peace and liberty, and must leave them a prey to anarchy and intestine commotion; if they fight, it will be perhaps for the choice of their tyrants, and experience nothing but continual infringements on their native rights.—Citizens of America! view in sympathetic thought this tragical catastrophe, and baware!

BOOK IV.

Page 140, line 13.

O! in the Christians' blood might I aily.

The reader must bear in mind that in this part, and indeed throughout the whole poem, I have copied, or endeavoured to copy nature. It would, therefore, be unnatural to suppose, much less to paint an untutored savage exercising the cardinal graces peculiar to christianity. In many parts of the uncivilized world, the natives conceive it a religious duty which they owe to their friends who die by the hand of the assassin, not only to pray to heaven for vengeance, but to punish the aggressor themselves.

Page 170, line 20.

That one the sword, &c.

The Rev. John Wesley relates, in his thoughts upon slavery, an incident that will tend to consolidate the above description.

“The commander of a Guineaman, sent to acquaint an African prince, that he wanted a cargo of slaves. The king promised to furnish him; and in order to it, set out, designing to surprize some town, and make all the people prisoners.

“Some time after, the king sent him word he had not yet met with the desired success: having attempted to break up two towns, but were twice repulsed; notwithstanding that he still hoped to procure a number of slaves. In

his design he persisted till he met his enemies in the field.

A battle was fought which lasted three days, and the engagement was so bloody, that 4,500 men were slain upon the spot."

Will God wink at such unparalleled villany always? It is impossible! Every drop of innocent blood which is thus spilled, through the instrumentality of the christian powers, helps to fill up the measure of their iniquity and force the slumbering vengeance from the skies.

Page 221, line 32.

The screaming mother with distraction wild.

Dismal and horrid as this description is, with grief and shame I must declare, that it falls short in portraying the miseries attending on the slave trade. The tragical scenes that I have myself witnessed, are almost incredible. Then what imagination can conceive, what tongue can express, or what pen can paint the dreadful scenes recognized by the all-seeing eye of an omniscient Deity? There is nothing more frequent on the African coast, than the sacking of towns and the wanton destruction of thousands of human beings. The war is generally commenced, in order to procure slaves for the Europeans. When the enslaving party is opposed with vigour, if they prove in the end victorious, their thirst for revenge is paramount to their avarice.— Hence there is nothing more common in the conclusion of these sanguinary conflicts, than for every individual of the vanquished to be put to the most cruel death. To demonstrate this assertion, many lamentable instances might be

adduced; but for the sake of brevity, we will let one suffice, which is taken verbatim from an original manuscript journal, belonging to the surgeon of a Guinea-man.

“ Sestro, Dec. 29, 1724.—No trade to-day, although many traders came on board. They informed us, that the people are gone to war island, and will bring prisoners enough in two or three days; in hopes of which we stay.—The 30th. No trade yet; but our traders came on board to-day, and informed us that the people had burned four towns: so that to-morrow we expect slaves off. The 31st. Fair weather, but no trading yet. We see each night towns burning, but we hear many of the Sestro men are killed by the island negroes. So that we fear this war will be unsuccessful. January 2d. Last night we saw a prodigious fire break out about eleven o'clock, and this morning perceived the town of Sestro reduced to ashes. It contained some hundred houses. So that we find their enemies are too hard for them at present, and consequently our trade spoiled here. Therefore, about 7 o'clock, we weighed anchor and proceeded lower down.” This is the way the christians show their information and the excellence of their religion to the heathens. This is the way they invite them to become proselytes to their tenets: to gratify their pride, lust, revenge and avarice, in this manner hundreds and thousands of wretched mortals are annually massacred. Ye crimson plains! never, Oh! never cover their blood! and thou briny sea, hide not the thousands of their lacerated bodies which thou hast received into thy bosom, but exhibit them, and with them their murderers' guilt, to view.

BOOK V.

Page 119, line 15.

The tyrants now prepare, &c.

As the brevity of my plan makes it necessary to curtail these explanatory notes, therefore, for a particular account of the treatment of the slaves, after their arrival on the plantations, I would refer the reader to my Preliminary Essay, chap. 3. p. 77, 177.

Page 209, line 14.

And the chaste muse, &c.

I have used my best endeavours both as it respects sentiments and phraseology, not to offend the most chaste ear. From this consideration I have omitted depicting many horrid though authentic facts, lest peradventure, I should offend my female readers. Attending to this scrupulously, I have only exhibited a glimpse of some ideas, and left the mind to conceive the rest. The licentiousness and indecency of the prevailing female fashions, deserve however to be hinted at; for I candidly confess, that I am ashamed to depict what some fashionable, and in other respects, amiable ladies, are not ashamed to exhibit to public view.

The signs of our times are unquestionably portentous and alarming. They are evidently big with events of prodigious magnitude. Though firm in my belief, that these times are preliminaries to important changes in the world of mankind, both in a religious and a political view, yet I do

no. by any means pretend to prophecy. I do not attempt to exculpate myself while I condemn others. Having felt the terrors of the law myself for sin, I persuade men to repent, their crimes forego, and be saved by grace. That we can ever find real peace and happiness, without previous repentance and reformation, revelation, reason and common sense by their joint suffrage deny. I am bound by every obligation human and divine, to attempt the reformation of my fellow tyrants, and the sins which have pierced me with many sorrows, I deprecate most, and condemn those crimes which I have by woeful experience proved to be pregnant with certain destruction, both to individuals, families and nations. If we reflect on the requisitions and prohibitions of the gospel, "He that looks upon a woman, to lust after her, is guilty of adultery in his heart, and he who is angry with his brother without a cause, is a "murderer," then view the fashions and oppressions of the day; at the appearance, we must be struck with solemn forebodings and reverential awe. It is clear to me, that the present is the period, to which the apostle alludes, "When, because iniquity abounds, the love of many will wax cold." What a declension in christian charity is discernible amongst the votaries of religion; what quarreling, animosity, backbiting, hypocrisy and degeneracy. This is the efficient cause why the world is crouded with deists, whom I pity from my heart, as they cannot see into the spirituality, the consistency, utility and superexcellence of the scriptures; for it is as impossible for the car-

nal mind to discriminate the things of God, as they are spiritually discerned, as it is for an infant to read latin. They look therefore to the professors of religion, to prove by their conduct that there is a reality in revelation. What is the consequence of their investigation ? They see such a contrast between their practice and profession, that they condemn the whole as fabulous, and plunge into one horrid labyrinth of deism, and thus stumble over them into hell. Hypocritical professors are the radical cause of all this spiritual evil, as immodest women are the cause of temporal evil. Yet blessed be God, there are still many virtuous prudent women, and pious, holy men, in our world, for whose sake God suspends his threatening judgments from bursting on our guilty heads ; but will he suffer such wickedness forever to accumulate and prosper ? It is impossible.

BOOK V.

PAGE 213, Line 5.

Launch'd in a moment, &c,

AS I have studiously avoided introducing theological matter into this work, for reasons already given, I flatter myself it will be neither uninteresting or unentertaining to introduce in this note, a few mis-

cellaneous articles from the book of creation. Our Almighty Maker, in condescension to the weakness of our faculties, the brevity of our lives, and our many avocations, has comprised all the knowledge conducive to our real happiness, in four volumes, viz. the book of Revelation—Nature—Providence—and the book of the Heart. As I conceived the lessons in the book of nature to be irresistible, energetic, and not to be confuted, and consequently most calculated to convince tyrants of the iniquity of their conduct, the disapprobation of heaven, and the dissimilarity between their works, and those of their Creator, I have therefore exhibited, or endeavoured to exhibit, a specimen, and only a specimen, of the munificence of Jehovah, depicted on all his works, in hopes it may have a tendency to make oppressors blush, their crimes forego, and no more insult the Creator, by destroying his creatures, the noblest works of his Almighty hands. To attempt to convince a tyrant by scripture, is, in my opinion, like administering medicine to a dead man. The cogency and super-excellence of the sacred volume is spiritually described; and tyrants, while they continue such, are sold under sin. Notwithstanding this last book of the poem is especially intended as an answer to their futile arguments in favour of slavery, I hope it will be likewise acceptable to the sincere christians of all denominations. That path of life which the greater

part of them are appointed to tread, allows but little opportunity for philosophical researches; and the little leisure they enjoy, is more properly devoted to the study of the book of grace, than the book of nature. At the same time, I conceive a sketch of Christian philosophy is calculated to elevate the mind with transcendent honorable thoughts of God, and to inflame the heart with adoration, exaltation, and admiration of him. It is observed by an inspired author, that the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy works.

Nothing can be more becoming man than to investigate the obvious works of Deity, with this design that he may excite in himself, through the assisting grace of God, these devout affections, and that superlative respect and veneration, which are the quintessence of that praise, which is his reasonable as well as religious service. Are we inclined to cherish gratitude—to be stimulated to the delightful duty of praise? the means are at hand. His glorious magnificent and munificent works continually present themselves to the indiscriminate inspection of the savage and the sage, the saint and the sinner, the christian, and the heathen, the potentate and the peasant, in a wonderful, an instructive, and entertaining manner. We may reasonably conclude from profane, as well as sacred history, the antiquity as well as utility of this employment. Even God himself has been understood to intimate, when concerning the heavenly bodies, he

spake thus : *Let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years.* By the Jewish rabbins we are informed, that Adam, in his state of innocence, had an extensive knowledge of astronomy. Josephus tells us that the antedelvians were acquainted with this science. The longevity of the patriarchs* afforded many opportunities for astronomical observations.

This noble study, the patriarch Abraham, who was a native of Chaldea, is supposed to have in an eminent degree promoted. The knowledge collected from the traditional history of creation ; the contemplation of the heavens and the earth ; the experience of succeeding generations, and the various gradual discoveries of the attributes and purposes of the Almighty, which had been by the long-lived patriarchs transmitted from age to age, he no doubt was solicitous to diffuse among his cotemporaries. In the contemplation and study of the works of creation and providence, the devout part of mankind of every age

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* *The patriarchs before the flood, could readily recite to many generations, such remarkable events as had happened in their days ; and thus they supplied the place of history. Adam was 243 years cotemporary with Methusalem, who lived till the flood ; Methusalem with Noah 600 years, and with Shem 100 ; Shem with Abraham, 150, and died when Isaac was fifty years old.*

and country, have found equal profit and pleasure.— Does it not seem to be the periodical employment of Isaac, at each re appearance of the heavenly luminaries, to retire to the solitary fields for contemplation. *Isaac, (says the sacred historian) went out to meditate in the field at eventide.* Was it not a view of the starry heavens that suggested to the pious Jewish king the subsequent devout ejaculation? *When I consider the heavens which thou hast made, the moon and stars which thou hast formed, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him ?†* From Chaldea the study of astronomy passed into Egypt, from thence to Phenicia, and from Phenicia to Greece. The astronomy of the Greeks was greatly enriched and improved by the scientific discoveries of Pythagoras. This celebrated astronomer and mathematician, is believed to have been born in the island of Samos, and to have flourished about 500 years before the christian era. In search of knowledge, it is said, he passed into Egypt, then celebrated for the study of the sciences, where he became

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* *I particularise these desultory observations, to prove that the patriarchs as well as the philosophers of antiquity, studied the works of creation from devout and excellent motives; especially as many modern christians condemn as futile and spurious, astronomical contemplations.*

acquainted with geography, and the true solar system; and he made himself master of the several branches of literature, for which that country was so famed among the nations of antiquity. Incited by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, we are told he afterwards visited Persia, Chaldea, and other parts of Asia, as far as India, where he conversed with the gymnosophists, and from them acquired the knowledge of the philosophy and literature of the east.—

This great philosopher taught, that the earth was a spherical or round figure; that the moon reflected the rays of the sun; and that the comets are wandering stars, disappearing in the superior parts of their orbits, and becoming visible only in the lower.

He is said also to have exhibited the oblique course of the sun in the ecliptic, and to have first taught that the planet Venus is both the evening and morning star. But rational and philosophical as the theory of Pythagoras was, it was universally reprobated, and consigned to a state of oblivion. Indeed, notwithstanding the propensity the ancients had for astronomical and philosophical speculations, they entertained the most erroneous ideas concerning the structure of the universe. According to the Ptolemaic*

* So called, from Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived in the second century.

system which universally prevailed, the earth was considered an extended plain, surrounded by the ocean; and that the sun when he sets, dips into the Western ocean; and when he rises, emerges from the eastern; that the sun, moon and stars are small luminous bodies, at no great distance from the earth, and created solely for the purpose of illuminating it.— This system, (though as unreasonable as to suppose a cook, instead of turning the spit, should turn the fire round the loin of beef, in order to roast it) was for many ages, and among many nations, popular.— Though how to ascertain on what foundation the earth rested, or how to account for the velocity with which the heavenly luminaries moved round it, they knew not.

The honor of restoring and consolidating the true solar system, belongs to Copernicus, a native of Thorn, born Anno Domini 1747. After twenty years spent in contemplating the phenomena of the heavens, in making mathematical calculations, in examining the observations of the ancients, and in making new ones of his own, he was of a firm persuasion that the only true system was the Pythagorean; which makes the sun to be the centre, and which makes the earth to move, not only round the sun, but round its own axis. Thus he fully established that system of the universe called the Copernican, which is unanimously received by scientific men of all nations.

PAGE 200, Line 20.

The stranger's cause, &c.

If we may judge the human family by their relative conduct, how few know, much less do the things enjoined by God in the books of creation and revelation. The particular duties we owe to our fellow creatures are too numerous to be mentioned here; suffice it to say, when we neglect our duty to man we violate the laws of God, which are calculated for the private and public interest of every person, and designed to promote our future, as well as present happiness. Does he command us to love our neighbours, to be merciful to them, and to do by them as we would wish to be done by?—Without any manner of doubt. And to obey this command is tantamount to participating the most exquisite terrestrial bliss. When he commands us to love God with all our soul, mind and strength, it is the same as if he should tell us to participate the joy of angels, and their supreme beatitude. Indeed, no other love is worthy of him, he looks at the seat of the affections, and accepts nothing but what comes from thence. Man may deceive man with artificial love, but never, never can he deceive God.

I am well aware that many even of the professors of religion, as well as the sons of dissipation, will shut their eyes, and steel their hearts against my reasoning and solicitation, and will even——

“ Laugh at the drop on misery’s languid eye,
And see her bursting heart without a sigh.”

They will not remember that they themselves in following years, may be as indigent and wretched as the poor unhappy persons whose cause I am pleading. How often have I beheld, with just indignation, persons who rank high in society for religion, and respectability, reasoning away that little compassion they possessed, by calling to their aid (I had almost said that rascally virtue) interest.—I lose all equanimity, when I recollect the instances of inhumanity I have witnessed : a few weeks ago I happened to solicit a man of property, respectability, and religion, for two dollars, in behalf of the poor, he refused, and advanced a string of arguments to justify the refusal ; I, of course, fell from 200 to 50 cents, and was determined to hang on till I got at least half a dollar ; I begged hard, as if I was begging for my life, but alas ! I begged in vain. Is he a man, or a monster ? is he a Christian or a brute ? Who can behold with dry eyes and adamant heart, the weeping orphan, and disconsolate widow, whose half covered limbs are shivering with cold, and worn out with hard labor, are now turned out to seek their food in the woods like the wild beasts.....Reader, view with your intellectual eyes, the train of decrepid objects approaching with solemn steps and slow !—The

the friendly doors of charity; their limbs half covered with tattered garments, and emaciated by disease; See that poor old slave with silver locks, propped on his cane, quivering as he goes, listen to his petition, from the feeble tongue of age, he was once as happy and as rich as you, but, ah! the cruel spoiler came." Look in his furrowed face, and you will see that his spirit is broken, and he is sinking with accumulated and completed sorrow to the grave. Reader, will you do me the justice to believe me, when I declare to you, that many thousands of the unhappy Africans die for want of food; and many more for want of clothing....What heart can help feeling sympathy and pity for this distressed race of men? Do not, use the mean pitiful reflection, that their misery is the offspring of their own wickedness, away with such paltry subterfuges, and obey the first impulse of your melting heart which begins to move your mind, and awake you to pity. Obey the sacred impulse, and cherish the first motions of compassion; resolve to let the oppressed go free, and give relief to such as are in want: and at the same time thank God for giving you the disposition, and opportunity to lay up your treasure in Heaven. Do not, I conjure you, draw your hand out of your purse empty, from the consideration, that the objects are not deserving your notice or relief. Think for a moment if God acted in the same manner by you, in giving you nothing but what you deserved, where would you be in one moment?

I answer, in hell, lifting up your hopeless eyes and begging for a drop of water to cool your parching tongue. Read the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and it will instantly hush into eternal silence, your doubts relative to the deserts of the poor, and “you’ll quite forget their vices in their woe.” Those who know their own defects, are always ready to make allowance for the defects of others. But alas! self ignorance will often hide, or excuse, or palliate our own faults, and magnify and accuse those of our neighbours. Were we to examine our conduct by the light of divine truth, we should find enough to despise and censure at home, and we should learn to spare the feelings of the poor, and not suffuse the supplicating countenance of the unfortunate, with confusion and grief, which I am sorry to say is too often done. If we would learn to be tender to one another, we should be so to Africans. Of all the adorable attributes connected and concomitant with the divine character, none shines more transcendantly glorious, superlatively estimable, and supereminently amiable, than the attribute of MERCY. What angel can express,—what mortal can conceive, the magnitude and universality of this super-celestial attribute? It is like eternity without end, or immensity without bounds. When we for a moment view with our intellectual eyes, the infinitude of divine mercy, we are dazzled

with the resplendant sight; it mocks even angelic conception. A sense of his mercy emboldens the humble penitent to look up to his heavenly Father, and hope for happiness in another and better world.

This is his sheet anchor, his riches, his heaven. But our business here is to consider mercy as it forms a link in the chain of duties between man and man; there is no duty more powerfully and repeatedly inculcated in the sacred scriptures than mercy. I will go farther and boldly assert, there is no crime against which more signal vengeance is denounced than cruelty, which is the antipode of mercy.

We need not refer to the maledictions in the Bible against the want of mercy. The voice of God in the creation and in our own hearts, will abundantly demonstrate the truth of that important passage in the gospel, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy:" and that beautiful and awful parable of the unfeeling servant, will shew the propriety of reversing the above quotation, *thus*; "Cursed are the cruel, they shall not obtain mercy." I will introduce a brief quotation from that important parable, that the unfeeling reader may see his own doom, unless he repents and gets the religion of benevolence—*alias*—love. It reads thus, "Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king which would take account of his servants; and when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him

ten thousand talents ; but for as much as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made ; the servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all ; then the Lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt ; but the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence ; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest ; and his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all ; and he would not : but he went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt ; so when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came, and told unto their lord all that was done ; then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me ; should not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee ?— And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him ; so likewise shall my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother his trespasses.”

Is it not astonishing that the world should be filled

with cruelty, violence, innocent blood, mountains of human carnage? and, in short, be made a slaughter-house by man, who depends upon the mercy of God for the air he breathes, the bread he eats, the water he drinks, he clothes he wears, and every accommodation he enjoys? Sure I am, the unmerciful man is his own executioner; he annihilates both his intellectual and corporeal happiness; for the human mind is so constituted, that the tyrant is eternally punished by his own vicious cruelty, which corrodes the finer feelings, and even will eat out every germ of tranquillity. But on the other hand, the practice of benevolence produces in the mind the most exquisitely pleasurable sensations, infinitely superior to sensual gratifications; it illuminates the soul with the reconciled smiles of the divine majesty, as well as the sacred sunshine of an approving conscience. Wherefore, O reader, if thou wouldst participate the transports of the heavenly host, be merciful to every living creature, animal, as well as human; and if thou desirest to anticipate the miseries of the damned in hell, only be cruel, unfeeling, unmerciful. In short, to bring the argument to a focus, mercy is the offspring of heaven, but cruelty the most horrible inmate of hell.

*“ The quality of mercy is not strain’d ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the plant beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blessed him that gives, and him that takes.”*

Thus where true mercy begins in the heart, it will be evidenced by corresponding works of benevolence. Tender mercy, without benevolent actions, is as impossible as the sun to shine without giving light.

The most effectual way to find happiness for ourselves, is, by first endeavouring to promote it in others. And even to do good by stealth, is to render our reward more exquisitely sweet and transcendently glorious, as this would be imitating the munificent creation, by concealing the benefactor, and shewing the benefit. This would be doing a generous deed in a generous way, by sparing the feelings of the unfortunate, who too often are intellectually wounded, while the hand of charity with pompous parade, is extended to relieve their corporeal wants. Would the sons of avarice relinquish their golden god and become the votaries of benevolence, they would soon regain tranquillity, and enjoy real peace. Then they would contemplate the folly, infatuation, and absurdity of their antecedent pursuits, and like a sailor recently snatched from a watery grave, and seated upon a rock, contemplates the imminent danger he escaped, and is ready to stretch his hand to any of his comrades who may approach the rock whereon he is seated, so will they embrace every opportunity to snatch from impending ruin the infatuated votaries of avarice and sensuality.

Would men forego the luxuries, and content them-

selves with the necessaries of life, we would not see half so much human wretchedness in the world.== The rich spend the wealth God entrusted them with, for benevolent purposes, on the most foolish, frivolous, and often the most destructive trifles, without ever making any reservation for God and his poor. And while they thus rob the poor of their mite, they rob themselves also of their happiness. For it is one of the regulations of that universal justice that governs the world, that excess shall be its own tormentor. The few monopolizes the wealth of the many, either by force or fraud; consequently one part are cloyed by abundance, and of course cannot enjoy it, while the other are destitute of the necessaries of life, and of course suffer for want of it. The rich cannot enjoy pleasure, because the attainment of it cost them no trouble; they never can enjoy what they possess, because they are always coveting more, and dissatisfied with what they have.

*Their wealth robs them of real pleasure—because
They are always outrunning their necessities.*

Of course, disgust follows satiety, and debility follows disgust. The perfume of a thousand roses delights for the moment, but the thorn inflicts a pain which will last for hours. The sting of the bee is more painful than the taste of the honey is sweet. Thus this satiety and debility, produced by riches, gives

more pain than its sweet gives pleasure; and the rich by spending their wealth in vanity, not only rob the poor but annihilates their own present and eternal happiness; which consists in mediocrity and benevolence. Yes, beneficence is the happiness of virtue, and no happiness on earth can be more certain, more secure, or more sacred; because if death calls the benevolent man, this felicity accompanies him to the celestial paradise, where it will be enhanced a thousand fold. But admitting, for the sake of illustration, that the rich man can enjoy real pleasure here, yet as life is uncertain, surely he must live in constant jeopardy; because he is in constant expectation of being robbed of all his riches and happiness. Scarcely has the rich man heaped up his gold together, when death escorts him to the bar of God, to give an account of his stewardship. Then whose shall the riches be, for which a soul was bartered and eternal happiness relinquished?

Does not God, as a just punishment, send rich men strong delusions, that they may believe a lie, and as they will not use their abundant riches for his glory and the good of his poor, are they not often so infatuated as to starve themselves in the midst of abundance? I know a man of property who goes like a beggar and lives upon carrion, &c. yet he has no family. Like the budding flower that keeps all its beauties concealed, and all its sweets locked up; are such niggardly wretches, whose aims are all turned inward, whose private interest is the centre of their designs, and the circumference of their actions. Thus

while some hoard up their wealth in iron chests, and like the dog in the manger will neither enjoy it themselves, nor let those in need partake of it. Others with their riches, are sacrificing their health and reputation, corrupting their children, contaminating their neighbours, and shipwrecking their own souls, in their jovial bowls.

Notwithstanding the conviction I feel that many of the aforesaid characters will view my arguments with the paralyzing frown of neglect; yet I am encouraged with the confidence that some benevolent persons will view them with the eye of candour; and will both commiserate and mitigate the miseries of the poor, by organizing societies similar to the Abolition Society, and then shall the blessings of the poor, and the approving smiles of heaven, repay their humanity.

Some ministers of the gospel adopt a line of conduct diametrically opposite to that of their Lord and Master. He loved to visit and relieve the poor, but they love to neglect the poor, and visit and fawn upon the rich. The pious poor man is neglected through life, and forgotten when dead, by the Reverend and Right Reverend clergy; but not so with the rich; in their sickness they are exhibited to our view as noble sufferers, as patterns of patience; and when dead, they are attended with distinguished grandeur, pomp and parade, to the grave: while the interested poet and fawning parson extol them to the skies, and land their souls in heaven. In short, parsons as well as poets, too often by their conduct verify the old adage, viz. "money makes the mare go."

THE
CONSTITUTION
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,

*As ratified in Convention, the 2d day of
September, 1790.*

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WE, the People of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, ordain and establish this constitution for its government.

ARTICLE I. The legislative power of this commonwealth shall be vested in a general Assembly, which shall consist of a senate and house of representatives.

II. The representatives shall be chosen annually by the citizens of the city of Philadelphia, and of each county respectively, on the second Tuesday of October.

III. No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-one years, and have been a citizen and inhabitant of the state three years next preceding his election, and the last year thereof an inhabitant of the city or county in which he shall be chosen; unless he shall have been absent on the public business of the United States, or of this state. No person residing within any city, town or borough, which shall be entitled to a separate representation, shall be elected a member for any county; nor shall any person, residing without the limits of any such city, town or borough, be elected a member therefor.

IV. Within three years after the first meeting of the general Assembly, and within every subsequent

term of 7 years, an enumeration of the taxable inhabitants shall be made, in such manner as shall be directed by law. The number of representatives shall, at the several periods of making such enumeration, be fixed by the legislature, and apportioned among the city of Philadelphia, and the several counties, according to the number of taxable inhabitants in each ; and shall never be less than sixty, nor greater than one hundred. Each county shall have, at least, one representative ; but no county, hereafter erected, shall be entitled to a separate representation, until a sufficient number of taxable inhabitants shall be contained within it, to entitle them to one representative, agreeable to the ratio which shall then be established.

V. The senators shall be chosen for four years by the citizens of Philadelphia, and of the several counties, at the same time, in the same manner, and at the same places, where they shall vote for representatives.

VI. The number of senators shall, at the several periods of making the enumeration before mentioned, be fixed by the legislature, and apportioned among the districts formed as herein after directed, according to the number of taxable inhabitants in each ; and shall never be less than one-fourth, nor greater than one-third, of the number of representatives.

VII. The senators shall be chosen in districts formed by the legislature : each district containing such a number of taxable inhabitants as shall be entitled to elect not more than four senators. When a district shall be composed of two or more counties, they shall be adjoining. Neither the city of Philadelphia, nor any county, shall be divided in forming a district.

VIII. No person shall be a senator, who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years, and have been a citizen and inhabitant of the state four years next before his election, and the last year thereof an inhabitant of the district for which he shall be chosen ; unless he shall have been absent on public business of the United States, or of this state.

IX. Immediately after the senators shall be assembled, in consequence of the first election, subsequent to the first enumeration, they shall be divided by lot, as equally as may be, into four classes. The seats of the senators of the first class, shall be vacated at the expiration of the first year; of the second class, at the expiration of the second year; of the third class, at the expiration of the third year; and of the fourth class, at the expiration of the fourth year; so that one-fourth may be chosen every year.

X. The general Assembly shall meet on the first Tuesday of December in every year, unless sooner convened by the governor.

XI. Each house shall chuse its speaker and other officers; and the senate shall also chuse a speaker, *pro tempore*, when the speaker shall exercise the office of governor.

XII. Each house shall judge of the qualifications of its members. Contested elections shall be determined by a committee to be selected, formed, and regulated in such manner as shall be directed by law. A majority of each house shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorised, by law, to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner, and under penalties, as may be provided.

XIII. Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings; punish its members for disorderly behaviour; and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member; but not a second time for the same cause; and shall have all other powers necessary for a branch of the legislature of a free state.

XIV. Each house shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and publish them weekly, except such parts as may require secrecy. And the yeas and nays of the members on any question, shall, at the desire of any two of them, be entered on the journal.

XV. The doors of each house, and of committees of the whole, shall be open, unless when the business is such as ought to be kept a secret.

XVI. Neither house shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses are sitting.

XVII. The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the commonwealth. They shall, in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach or surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest, during their attendance at the session of the respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same. And for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

XVIII. No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he shall be elected, be appointed to any civil office under this commonwealth, which shall have been created, or the emoluments of which shall have been increased, during such time; and no member of Congress, or other person holding any office, except of attorney at law, and in the militia under the United States, or this Commonwealth, shall be a member of either house, during his continuance in Congress or office.

XIX. When vacancies happen in either house, the speaker shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

XX. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the house of representatives; but the senate may propose amendments, as in other bills.

XXI. No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law.

XXII. Every bill which shall have passed both houses, shall be presented to the governor. If he approve, he shall sign it; but if he shall not approve, he shall return it, with his objections, to the house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large upon their journals, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two

thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, with the objections, to the other house, by which, likewise it shall be reconsidered ; and if approved by two thirds of that house, it shall be a law. But in such cases, the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays ; and the names of the persons voting for or against the bill shall be entered on the journals of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the governor within ten days, Sundays excepted, after it shall have been presented to him, it shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the general Assembly by their adjournment, prevent its return ; in which case it shall be a law, unless sent back within three days after their next meeting.

XXIII. Every order, resolution, or vote, to which the concurrence of both houses are necessary, except on a question of adjournment, shall be presented to the governor ; and before it shall take effect, be approved by him ; or, being disapproved, shall be re-passed by two-thirds of both houses, according to the rules and limitations prescribed by a bill.

ARTICLE II.

I. The supreme executive power of this commonwealth shall be vested in a governor.

II. The governor shall be chosen on the second Tuesday of October by the citizens of the commonwealth, at the places where they shall respectively vote for representatives. The returns of every election for governor shall be sealed up, and transmitted to the seat of Government, directed to the speaker of the senate, who shall open and publish them in the presence of the members of both houses of the legislature. The person having the highest number of votes shall be governor. But if two or more shall be equal and highest in votes, one of them shall be chosen governor, by the joint vote of the

members of both houses. Contested elections shall be determined by a committee, to be selected from both houses of the legislature, formed and regulated in such manner as shall be directed by law.

III. The governor shall hold his office during three years from the third Tuesday of December next ensuing his election ; and shall not be capable of holding it longer than nine in any term of twelve years.

IV. He shall be at least thirty years of age, and have been a citizen and inhabitant of this State seven years next before his election ; unless he shall have been absent on the public business of the United States, or of this state.

V. No member of congress, or person holding any office under the United States, or this state, shall exercise the office of governor.

VI. The governor shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall be neither increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected.

VII. He shall be commander in chief of the army and navy of this commonwealth, and of the militia ; except when they shall be called into the actual service of the United States.

VIII. He shall appoint all officers whose offices are established by this constitution, or shall be established by law, and whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for ; but no person shall be appointed to an office within any county, who shall not have been a citizen and inhabitant therein one year next before his appointment, if the county shall have been so long erected ; but if it shall not have been so long erected, then within the limits of the county or counties out of which it shall have been taken. No member of Congress from this state, or any person holding or exercising any office of trust or profit under the United States, shall, at the same time, hold or exercise the office of judge, secretary, treasurer, prothonotary, register of wills, recorder of deeds, sheriff, or any office in this State, to which a salary is by law

annexed, or any other offices which future legislatures shall declare incompatible with offices or appointments under the United States.

IX. He shall have power to remit fines and forfeitures, and grant reprieves and pardons, except in cases of impeachment.

X. He may require information, in writing, from the officers in the executive department, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.

XI. He shall, from time to time, give to the General Assembly information of the state of the commonwealth, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge expedient.

XII. He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene the General Assembly; and, in case of disagreement between the two houses with respect to the time of adjournment, adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper, not exceeding four months.

XIII. He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed.

XIV. In case of the death or resignation of the governor, or of his removal from office, the speaker of the senate shall exercise the office of governor, until another governor shall be duly qualified. And if the trial of a contested election shall continue longer than until the third Tuesday in December next ensuing the election of a governor, the governor of the last year, or the speaker of the senate, who may be in the exercise of the executive authority, shall continue therein until the determination of such contested election, and until a governor shall be qualified as aforesaid.

XV. A secretary shall be appointed and commissioned during the governor's continuance in office, if he shall so long behave himself well. He shall keep a fair register of all the official acts and proceedings of the governor, and shall, when required, lay the same, and all papers, minutes and vouchers relative thereto, before either branch of the legislature; and

shall perform such other duties as shall be enjoined him by law.

ARTICLE III.

I. In elections by the citizens, every freeman of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in the state two years next before the election, and within that time paid a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least six months before the election, shall enjoy the rights of an elector; provided, that the sons of persons qualified as aforesaid, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two years, shall be entitled to vote, although they shall not have paid taxes.

II. All elections shall be by ballot, except those by persons in their representative capacities, who shall vote *viva voce*.

III. Electors shall, in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach or surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at elections, and in going to and returning from them.

ARTICLE IV.

I. The house of representatives shall have the sole power of impeaching.

II. All impeachments shall be tried by the senate. When sitting for that purpose, the senators shall be upon oath or affirmation. No person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

III. The governor, and all the civil officers, under this commonwealth, shall be liable to impeachment for any misdemeanor in office: but judgment, in such cases, shall not extend farther than to removal from office, and to disqualification to hold any office of honour, trust or profit, under this commonwealth. The party, whether convicted or acquitted, shall nevertheless be liable to indictment, trial, judgment and punishment according to law.

ARTICLE V.

I. The judicial power of this commonwealth shall be vested in a supreme court, in courts of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, in a court of common pleas, orphans' court, registers' courts, and a court of quarter sessions of the peace, for each county, in justices of the peace, and such other courts as the legislature may, from time to time, establish.

II. The judges of the supreme court, and of the several courts of common pleas, shall hold their offices during good behaviour; but for any reasonable cause, which shall be sufficient ground of impeachment, the governor may remove any of them, on the address of two-thirds of each branch of the legislature. The judges of the supreme court, and the presidents of the several courts of common pleas, shall, at stated times, receive for their services an adequate compensation, to be fixed by law, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office; but they shall receive no fees or perquisites of office, nor hold any other office of profit under this commonwealth.

III. The jurisdiction of the supreme court shall extend over the state; and the judges thereof shall, by virtue of their office, be justices of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, in the several counties.

IV. Until it shall be otherwise directed by law, the several courts of common pleas shall be established in the following manner: The governor shall appoint in each county, not fewer than three, nor more than four judges, who, during their continuance in office, shall reside in such county. The state shall be divided by law into circuits, none of which shall include more than six, nor fewer than three counties. A president shall be appointed of the counties in each circuit, who, during his continuance in office, shall reside therein. The president and judges, or any two of whom shall be a quorum, shall compose the respective courts of common pleas.

V. The judges of the court of common pleas, in each county, shall, by virtue of their offices, be justices of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, for the trial of capital and other offenders therein; any two of the said judges, the president being one, shall be a quorum; but they shall not hold a court of oyer and terminer or jail delivery in any county, when the judges of the supreme court or any of them, shall be sitting in the same county. The party accused, as well as the commonwealth, may, under such regulations as shall be prescribed by law, remove the indictment and proceedings, or a transcript thereof into the supreme court.

VI. The supreme court and the several courts of common pleas shall, beside the powers heretofore usually exercised by them, have the powers of a court of chancery, so far as relates to the perpetuating testimony, the obtaining of testimony from places not within this state, and the care of the persons and estates of those who are non compos mentis; and the legislature shall vest in the said courts such other powers, to grant relief in equity, as shall be found necessary; and may, from time to time, enlarge or diminish those powers, or vest them in such other courts as they shall judge proper, for the due administration of justice.

VII. The judges of the court of common pleas of each county, any two of whom shall be a quorum, shall compose the court of quarter sessions of the peace and orphans' court thereof; and the register of wills, together with the said judges, or any two of them, shall compose the register's court of each county.

VIII. The judges of the courts of common pleas shall, within their respective counties, have the like powers with the judges of the supreme court, to issue writs of certiorari to the justices of the peace, and to cause their proceedings to be brought before them, and the like right and justice to be done.

IX. The president of the court in each circuit, within such circuit, and the judges of the court of common pleas, within their respective counties, shall be justices of the peace so far as relates to criminal matters.

X. The governor shall appoint a competent number of

justices of the peace, in such convenient districts in each county, as are or shall be directed by law; they shall be commissioned during good behaviour, but may be removed on conviction of misbehaviour in office, or of any infamous crime, or in the address of both houses of the legislature.

XI. A register's office for the probate of wills and granting letters of administration, and an office for the recording of deeds, shall be kept in each county.

XII. The style of all processes shall be, The commonwealth of Pennsylvania; all prosecutions shall be carried on, in the name and by the authority of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and conclude, "against the peace and dignity of the same."

ARTICLE VI.

I. Sheriffs and coroners shall, at the time and places of election of representatives, be chosen by the citizens of each county: two persons shall be chosen for each office, one of whom, for each respectively, shall be appointed by the Governor. They shall hold their offices for three years, if they shall so long behave themselves well, and until a successor be duly qualified; but no person shall be twice chosen, or appointed sheriff, in any term of six years. Vacancies in either of the said offices, shall be filled by a new appointment to be made by the governor, to continue until the next general election, and until a successor shall be chosen and qualified as aforesaid.

II. The freemen of this commonwealth shall be armed and disciplined for its defence. Those who conscientiously scruple to bear arms, shall not be compelled to do so, but shall pay an equivalent for personal service. The militia officers shall be appointed in such manner, and for such time as shall be directed by law.

III. Prothonotaries, clerks of the peace, and orphan's courts, recorders of deeds, registers of wills, and sheriffs, shall keep their offices in the county town of the county in which they respectively shall be of-

ficers, unless when the governor shall, for special reasons, dispense therewith for any term not exceeding five years, after the county shall have been erected.

IV. All commissions shall be in the name, and by the authority of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and be sealed with the state seal, and signed by the governor.

V. The state treasurer shall be appointed annually by the joint vote of the members of both houses ; all other officers in the treasury department, attornies at law, election officers, officers relating to taxes, to the poor and highways, constables, and other township officers, shall be appointed in such manner, as is, or shall be directed by law.

ARTICLE VII.

I. The legislature shall, as soon as conveniently may be, provide by law for the establishment of schools throughout the state, in such manner, that the poor may be taught gratis.

II, The arts and sciences shall be promoted in one or more seminaries of learning.

III. The rights, privileges, immunities, and estates of immunities, and corporate bodies, shall remain, as if the constitution of this state had not been altered or amended.

ARTICLE VIII.

Members of the general Assembly, and all officers, executive and judicial, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support the constitution of this commonwealth, and to perform the duties of their respective offices with fidelity.

ARTICLE IX.

That the general, great, and essential principles of liberty may be recognized, and unalterably established, We declare,

I. That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain inherent and indefeasible rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness.

II. That all power is inherent in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety and happiness. For the advancement of those ends, they have at all times, an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government, in such manner as they may think proper.

III. That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; that no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry, against his consent; that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience, and that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment, or mode of worship.

IV. That no person, who acknowledges the being of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, shall on account of his religious sentiments; be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this commonwealth.

V. That elections shall be free and equal.

VI. That trial by jury shall be as heretofore, and the right thereof remain inviolate.

VII. That the printing presses shall be free to every person, who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the legislature or any branch of government; and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable privileges of man; and every citizen may freely speak, write and print on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty. In prosecutions for the publication of papers, investigating the official conduct of officers, or

men in an official capacity, or where the matter published is proper for public information, the truth thereof may be given in evidence. And, in all indictments for libels the jury shall have a right to determine the law and the facts, under the direction of the court, as in other cases.

VIII. That the people shall be secure in their persons, houses, papers and possessions, from unreasonable searches and seizures; and that no warrant to search any place, or to seize any person or things, shall issue without describing them as near as may be, nor without probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation.

IX. That, in all criminal prosecutions, the accused hath a right to be heard by himself and his counsel; to demand the nature and cause of the accusation against him; to meet the witnesses face to face; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour; and, in prosecutions by indictment or information, a speedy public trial, by an impartial jury of the vicinage; that he cannot be compelled to give evidence against himself; nor can he be deprived of his life, liberty or property, unless by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land.

X. That no person shall, for any indictable offence, be proceeded against criminally by information, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger, or, by leave of the court, for oppression and misdemeanor in office. No person shall, for the same offence, be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall any man's property be taken or applied to public use without the consent of his representatives, and without just compensation being made.

XI. That all courts shall be open; and every man, for any injury done him in his lands, goods, person or reputation, shall have remedy by the due course of law, and right and justice administered without sale, denial or delay.—Suits may be brought against the commonwealth in such manner, in such courts, and in such cases, as the legislature may by law direct.

XII. That no power of suspending laws shall be exercised, unless by the legislature or its authority.

XIII. That excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel punishments inflicted.

XIV. That all prisoners shall be bailable by sufficient sureties, unless for capital offences, when the proof is evident or presumption great; and the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it.

XV. That no commission of oyer and terminer or jail delivery shall be issued.

XVI. That the person of a debtor, where there is not strong presumption of fraud, shall not be continued in prison after delivering up his estate for the benefit of his creditors, in such manner as shall be prescribed by law.

XVII. That no ex post facto law, nor any law impairing contracts, shall be made.

XVIII. That no person shall be attainted of treason or felony by the legislature.

XIX. That no attainder shall work corruption of blood, nor, except during the life of the offender, forfeiture of estate to the commonwealth; that the estates of such persons as shall destroy their own lives shall descend or vest as in case of natural death; and if any person shall be killed by casualty, there shall be no forfeiture by reason thereof.

XX. That the citizens have a right, in a peaceable manner, to assemble together for their common good, and to apply to those invested with the powers of government for redress of grievances, or other proper purposes, by petition, address or remonstrance.

XXI. That the right of the citizens to bear arms, in defence of themselves and the state, shall not be questioned.

XXII. That no standing army shall, in time of peace, be kept up without the consent of the legislature: and the military shall, in all cases, and at all times, be in strict subordination to the civil power.

XXIII. That no soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

XXIV. That the legislature shall not grant any title of nobility, or hereditary distinction, nor create any office, the

appointment to which shall be for a longer term than during good behaviour.

XXV. That emigration from the state shall not be prohibited.

XXVI. To guard against transgressions of the high powers which we have delegated, We declare, That every thing in this article is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall for ever remain inviolate.

SCHEDULE.

That no inconvenience may arise from the alterations and amendments in the constitution of this commonwealth, and in order to carry the same into complete operation, it is hereby declared and ordained,

I. That all laws of this commonwealth, in force at the time of making the said alterations and amendments in the said constitution, and not inconsistent therewith, and all rights, actions, prosecutions, claims and contracts, as well of individuals as of bodies corporate, shall continue as if the said alterations and amendments had not been made.

II. That the president and supreme executive shall continue to exercise the executive authority of this commonwealth as heretofore, until the third Tuesday of December next; but no intermediate vacancies in the council shall be supplied by new elections.

III. That all officers in the appointment of the executive department shall continue in the exercise of the duties of their respective offices until the first day of September, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, unless their commissions shall sooner expire by their own limitations, or the said offices become vacant by death or resignation, and no longer, unless re-appointed and commissioned by the governor; except that the judges of the supreme court shall hold their offices for the terms in their commissions respectively expressed.

IV. That justice shall be administered in the several counties of this state, until the period aforesaid, by the same justices, in the same courts, and in the same manner as heretofore.

V. That no person, now in commission as sheriff, shall be eligible at the next election, for a longer term than will, with the time which he shall have served in the said office, complete the term of three years.

VI. That, until the first enumeration shall be made, as directed in the fourth section of the first article of the constitution, established by this convention, the city of Philadelphia and the several counties shall be respectively entitled to elect the same number of representatives as is now prescribed by law.

VII. That the first senate shall consist of eighteen members, to be chosen in districts, formed as follows, to wit: The city of Philadelphia and the counties of Philadelphia and Delaware shall be a district, and shall elect three senators: the county of Chester shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the county of Bucks shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the county of Montgomery shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the county of Northampton shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the counties of Lancaster and York shall be a district, and shall elect three senators: the counties of Berks and Dauphin shall be a district, and shall elect two senators: the counties of Cumberland and Mifflin shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the counties of Northumberland, Luzerne and Huntingdon shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the counties of Bedford and Franklin shall be a district, and shall elect one senator: the counties of Westmoreland and Alleghany shall be a district, and shall elect one senator; and the counties of Washington and Fayette shall be a district, and shall elect two senators; which senators shall serve until the first enumeration before mentioned shall be made, and the representation in both houses of the legislature shall be established by law, and chosen as in the constitution is directed. Any vacancies which shall happen in the senate, within the said time, shall be supplied as prescribed in the ninth section of the first article.

VIII. That the election of senators shall be conducted, and the returns thereof made to the senate, in the same manner as is prescribed by the election laws of the state for conducting and making return of the election of represen-

tatives. In those districts which consist of more than one county, the judges of the district elections within each county, after having formed a return of the whole election within that county, in such manner as is directed by law, shall send the same, by one or more of their number, to the place herein after mentioned within the district of which such county is a part, where the judges so met shall compare and cast up the several county returns, and execute, under their hands and seals, one general and true return for the whole district; that is to say, the judges of the district composed of the city of Philadelphia, and the counties of Philadelphia and Delaware, shall meet in the state-house in the city of Philadelphia; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Lancaster and York, shall meet at the court-house in the county of Lancaster; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Berks and Dauphin, shall meet at Middletown in the county of Berks; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Cumberland and Mifflin, shall meet in Greenwood township, county of Cumberland, at the house now occupied by David Miller; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Northumberland, Luzerne and Huntingdon, shall meet in the town of Sunbury; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Bedford and Franklin, shall meet at the house now occupied by John Dickey, in Aar township, Bedford county; the judges of the district composed of the counties of Westmoreland and Allegany, shall meet in Westmoreland county, at the court-house in the town of Greensborough; and the judges of the district composed of the counties of Washington and Fayette, shall meet at the court-house in the town of Washington, in Washington county, on the third Tuesday in October respectively for the purposes aforesaid.

IX. That the election of the governor shall be conducted, in the several counties, in the manner prescribed by the laws of the state for the election of representatives; and the returns in each county shall be sealed by the judges of the elections, and transmitted to the president of the supreme executive council, directed to the speaker of the senate, as soon after the election as may be.

Done in Convention, the second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifteenth. In testimony whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names.

THOMAS MIFFLIN, President.

JAMES WILSON, &c. &c.

JOSEPH REDMAN, Secretary.

JACOB SHALLUS, Assistant Sec'y.

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Among other useful laws of this state, of a public nature, are, one declares all rivers and creeks to be highways; a law for the emancipation of negroes; a bankrupt law, nearly on the model of the bankrupt laws of England: and in the year 1794, the legislature of Pennsylvania, with a view to soften the rigour of penal law, passed an act, declaring that no crime, except murder of the first degree, shall be punished with death. Murder of the first degree is defined to be, a killing by means of poison, by lying in wait, or with other kind of wilful, deliberate, premeditated intention, or which shall be committed in the preparation or attempt to perpetrate any arson, rape, robbery, or burglary.

All other kinds of killing shall be deemed murder in the second degree. The kind of murder to be ascertained by a jury.

Persons liable to be prosecuted for petit treason shall be proceeded against and punished as in other cases of murder.

High treason is punished with confinement in prison and the penitentiary house, not less than six, nor more than twelve years.

Rape not less than ten, nor more than twenty-one years.

Murder of the second degree not less than five, nor more than eighteen years.

Forgery not less than four, nor more than fifteen years, with payment of a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars.

Manslaughter not less than two, nor more than ten years, and giving security for good behaviour during life.

Maiming not less than two, nor more than ten years, with a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

Persons being charged with involuntary manslaughter, the attorney-general, with leave of the court, may wave the felony and proceed against them as for a misdemeanor, and give in evidence any act of manslaughter ; or the attorney may charge both offences in the same indictment, and the jury may acquit the person of one or both.

The benefit of the clergy is for ever abolished,

A
BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
BETTERING-HOUSE

IN PHILADELPHIA.

.....

Extracted from Brissot's Travels in the United States.

.....

“ THIS hospital is constructed of bricks, and composed of two large buildings ; one for men, and the other for women. There is a separation in the court, which is common to them. This institution has several objects : they receive into it the poor, the sick, orphans, women in travail, and persons attacked by diseases produced by unchastity.— They likewise confine here vagabonds, disorderly persons, and girls of scandalous lives.

“ In this hospital there are particular halls appropriated to each class of poor, and to each species of sickness ; and each hall has its superintendant. This institution was rich and well administered before the revolutionary war. The greater part of the administrators were Quakers. The war, with its destructive concomitants, introduced a different order of things. The legislature resolved not to admit to its administration any persons but such as had taken the oath of fidelity to the state. The Quakers were by this excluded, and the management of it fell into hands not so pure. The spirit of depredation was manifest in it.— Upon the report of the inspectors of the hospitals, the legislature, considering the abuses practised in that administration, confided that of the Bettering-House again to the Quakers. Without any resentment of the affronts they had received during the war, and only anxious to do good and perform their duty, the Friends accepted the adminis-

tration, and exercise it as before with zeal and fidelity.— This change has produced the effect which was expected.— Order is visibly re-established ; many administrators are appointed, one of whom, by turns, is to visit the hospital every day : six physicians are attached to it, who perform the service gratis.

“ Every sick and every poor person has his bed well furnished, but without curtains, as it should be. Every room is lighted by windows placed opposite, which introduce plenty of light, that great consolation to a man confined, of which tyrants for this reason are cruelly sparing. These windows admit a free circulation of air ; as they are not very high, and are without grates, it would be very easy for the prisoners to make their escape, but the idea never enters their heads. This fact proves that the prisoners are happy, and, consequently, that the administration is good.

“ I could scarcely describe to you the different sensations which by turns rejoiced and afflicted my heart in going through their different apartments. An hospital, how well soever administered, is always a painful spectacle to me. It appears to me so consoling for a sick man to be at his own home, attended by his wife and children, and visited by his neighbours, that I regard hospitals as vast sepulchres, where are brought together a crowd of individuals, strangers to each others, and separated from all they hold dear. And what is man in this situation ? A leaf detached from the tree, and driven down by the torrent—a skeleton no longer of any consistence, and bordering on dissolution.

“ But this idea soon gives place to another. Since societies are condemned to be infested with great cities, a house like this becomes the asylum of beneficence ; for, without the aid of such institutions, what would become of the greater part of those wretches who here find a refuge ; so many women ; so many persons blind and deaf, rendered disgusting by their numerous infirmities ?—They must very soon perish, abandoned by all the world, to whom they are strangers. No door but that of their common mother earth would receive these hideous figures, were it not for this provision made by their common friend, society.

“ I saw in this hospital all that misery and disease can assemble. I saw women suffering on the bed of pain ;—

others, whose meagre visages, rendered disgusting by eruptions, attest the fatal effects of incontinence ; others, who waited with groans the moment when heaven would deliver them from a burden of life, because afflicted with excruciating pain ; others, holding in their arms the fruit, not of a legal marriage, but of love betrayed. Poor innocents ! born under the star of wretchedness ! Why should men be born predestinated to misfortunes ? But, bless God, at least, that you are in a country where bastardy is no obstacle to respectability and the rights of citizenship. I saw with pleasure these unhappy mothers caressing their infants and nursing them with tenderness. There were few children in the hall of the little orphans ; these were in good health, and appeared gay and happy. Mr. Shoemaker, who conducted me thither, and another of the directors, distributed some cakes among them, which they had brought in their pockets. Thus the directors think of their charge even at a distance, and occupy themselves with their happiness. Good God ! there is then a country where the soul of the governor of an hospital is not a soul of brass !

“ Blacks are here mingled with whites, and lodged in the same apartments. This, to me, was an edifying sight ;—it seemed a balm to my soul. I saw a negro woman spinning with activity by the side of her bed. Her eyes seemed to expect from the director a word of consolation—She obtained it ; and it seemed to be heaven to her to hear him. I should have been more happy had it been for me to have spoken this word : I should have added many more. Unhappy negroes ! how much reparation do we owe them for the evils we have occasioned them !—and they love us !

“ The happiness of this negress was not equal to that which I saw sparkle on the visage of a young blind girl, who seemed to leap for joy at the sound of the director’s voice. He asked after her health ; she answered him with transport. She was taking her tea by the side of her little table.—Her tea !—My friend, you are astonished at this luxury in an hospital—It is because there is humanity in its administration, and the wretches are not crowded in here in heaps to be stifled. They give tea to those whose conduct is satisfactory ; and those who by their work are

able to make some savings, enjoy the fruits of their industry. I remarked in this hospital, that the women were much more numerous than the men; and among the latter, I saw none of those hideous figures so common in the hospitals of Paris, figures on which you trace the mark of crimes, misery and indolence. They have a decent appearance: many of them asked the director for their enlargement, which they obtained.

“But what resources have they on leaving this house? They have their hands, answered the director, and they may find useful occupations. But the women, replied I, what can they do? Their condition is not so fortunate, said he. In a town where so many men are occupied in foreign commerce, the number of unhappy and disorderly females will be augmented. To prevent this inconvenience, it has been lately proposed to form a new establishment, which shall give to girls of this description a useful occupation, where the produce of the industry of each person shall be preserved and given to her on leaving the house; or if she should choose to remain, she shall always enjoy the fruit of her own labour.

“This project will, without doubt, be executed; for the Quakers are ingenious and persevering when they have in view the succour of the unhappy.”

THE END.



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